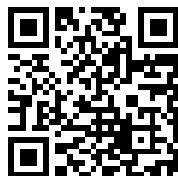

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ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON



**Field Marshal Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixstowe
G.C.B., G.C.M.G.**

ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON

A Record of the Career and Campaigns of
Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby

By
RAYMOND SAVAGE

With a Preface by
DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

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To
THE HONORED MEMORY
OF MY BROTHER
JOHN ARDKEEN SAVAGE
CAPTAIN FIRST BATTALION
THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT
KILLED IN ACTION ON THE RIVER AISNE
SEPTEMBER 17, 1914

—
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS story of the career of Lord Allenby has been written because there are still large numbers of people who appear to know little of his personality and achievements, both of which are very remarkable. However unworthy my effort, as it is bound to be, it is sincere, and is an attempt to tell something more of this great soldier than is generally known. In the telling it has been necessary, particularly with regard to the campaigns in France, to re-cover a certain amount of old ground in order to show events which led up to Lord Allenby's individual work. Perhaps it is wise to add that Lord Allenby himself has no knowledge whatever of the contents of this book, but realizing his generosity, I feel sure he will forgive errors and any opinions with which he may not agree.

R. S,

P R E F A C E

THIS book, in recounting the life-history of a distinguished commander, includes that period of his career—during the Great War—when I had the good fortune to get to know him and was inspired with the deepest admiration for his character as a man and a soldier. Of this period the most important part was from half-way through 1917 until the cessation of hostilities, during which time Field-Marshal Lord Allenby was in charge of the campaign directed against one national army—the Turkish—holding the left of our combined enemies' continuous front.

To him in 1918 was given the task of eliminating this army from the struggle; and we are now afforded an insight into his method of doing so. We are shown the bigness of his conception of the rôle he had to play, and given a picture of the hammer-strokes he dealt in carrying it out. His action in Palestine and Egypt during this time was a continuous record of achievement. It comprised the capture of Jerusalem and the Holy Places—which had such a far-reaching moral reaction on the whole world; a protracted, step by step, organized progress, not only against the enemy, but in face of immense natural obstacles; and the final triumphant advance which culminated in overwhelming success. It was, indeed, the series of smashing blows commencing with the break through of the Turkish lines on the plain of Sharon in September, 1918, which

PREFACE

finally crumpled the Turkish military power. These taken together went to form one of the most complete victories known to history; and it is perhaps not inopportune to recall that the burden of this stupendous effort was borne entirely by the British Empire.

It is still early to assign to the operations in the different theaters of war their proper value as contributory factors toward the final victory. But by his brilliant conquest of the Turks this great captain, whose story is so well told in this book, earned the gratitude of all the Allies, and particularly of the British Empire.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

CONTENTS

PART I

INTRODUCTORY AND SOUTH AFRICA

Rise to Fame—Origin—Descent from Oliver Cromwell—Character—Religious Legends—Entry to Jerusalem Compared with That of Ex-Kaiser—His Mother—Lady Allenby—Entry to Sandhurst—The Inniskillings—South Africa—Zululand—Early Promise—Adventures—Natal—Cetewayo—John Dunn—Cape Town—Bechuanaland—Brighton—Staff College—Marriage—South African War—Peril of Troopship *Persia*—General French—Individual Exploits—Modder River—Kimberley—Australian Press—Elandsfontein—Barberton—Flying Columns—Johannesburg—The Little Dutch Girl—Villiersdorp—Durban—Home. 15

PART II

THE GREAT WAR—FRANCE

1914—Importance of the Cavalry—Mons—Von Kluck—Von Marwitz—Audrenghies—Valenciennes—Maubeuge—Le Cateau—St. Quentin—Cambrai—Cavalry Exploits—Von Kluck's Admission—Cressy—Picardy—Chaos—The Marne—The Turn of the Tide—Cavalry Fighting—Allenby's Work at Sablonnières—Braisne—The Aisne—The Northampton—Troyon—The White Flag—The Saving of the *Pas de Calais*—Armentières—The Lys—Hollebeke—Whyschaete—1915—Cavalry in the Trenches—Allenby and the Children—Hooge—Picardy—1916—Vimy Ridge and Arras—The Orphaned Child, Azenis—Michael Allenby—The Hindenburg Line—Allenby's Great Victory—Appointment to Egyptian Command. 71

PART III

THE GREAT WAR—PALESTINE

Résumé of Position in the Middle East—Plan for Attack on Egypt—Von Kressenstein—Attack on Canal—Romani—Gaza—Lloyd George and His Determination to Eliminate the Turk—Appointment of Allenby, June, 1917—Conditions of Egypt and Forces on Arrival—A New Spirit—The Romantic Elements—Colonel

CONTENTS—*Concluded*

Lawrence—Changes in Staff—Chief Officers—The Preparation—Lady Allenby—The Death of Michael Allenby—Gaza—Beerseheba—The Attack—The Collapse of the Turks—The Steady Push to Jerusalem—Jaffa—The Capture of Jerusalem—The Departure of the Turk—Joy of Inhabitants—Allenby's Entry—The Jordan—"The Dead Sea Fleet"—The Lull—Actions on the East of the Jordan—The Duke of Connaught—"The Bull"—The Medical Services—Y. M. C. A.—Strenuous Training—The Great Attack of September 18-19, 1918—Allenby's Faith in His Troops—The Crusader's Road—The Cavalry—A Smashing Victory—Sir Pertab Singh—The Sweep and the Utter Collapse of the Turk—Damascus—Aleppo—The End—The Greatest Cavalry Victory in History—Results of the Victory—Allenby's Honors—His Mother.	179
After the War in Palestine—Zionism—The Jewish National Home—Allenby's Triumphant Tour and His Personality.	321

PART IV

POST-WAR—EGYPT

The Situation—Pre-War History—El Azhar—The Egyptian—Cromer and Kitchener—The Milner Commission—Intrigues—Allenby's "Policy"—Zaghlul—Assassination of the Sirdar—The British Community in Egypt—Moscow and Islam—Allenby's Triumph—His Prestige as a Soldier and Statesman, and His Place in History.	331
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PART I
INTRODUCTORY AND SOUTH AFRICA

ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON

PART I

INTRODUCTORY AND SOUTH AFRICA

Rise to Fame—Origin—Descent from Oliver Cromwell—Character—Religious Legends—Entry to Jerusalem Compared with that of Ex-Kaiser—His Mother—Lady Allenby—Entry to Sandhurst—The Inniskillings—South Africa—Zululand—Early Promise—Adventures—Natal—Cetewayo—John Dunn—Cape Town—Bechuanaland—Brighton—Staff College—Marriage—South African War—Peril of Troopship *Persia*—General French—Individual Exploits—Modder River—Kimberley—Australian Press—Elandsfontein—Barberton—Flying Columns—Johannesburg—The Little Dutch Girl—Villiersdorp—Durban—Home.

ON THE ninth of December, 1917, the whole world was thrilled by the news of the capture of Jerusalem and, with the obvious exception of the enemy, rejoiced in the knowledge that this City of Contention, sacred alike to Christian, Mohammedan and Jew, had been freed for ever, after four centuries of oppression and misrule, from the yoke of the Turk.

From the moment that the message was first flashed to the four quarters of the globe, the name of Allenby was one with which to conjure, and the whole world applauded him, not only because the sentimental side of the Palestine campaign appealed, but because he had, by one swift stroke, established himself as a leader of outstanding and daring quality. From that moment, too, Allenby became the hero of countless

stories, some true, but many grossly inaccurate and exaggerated.

Weary with the incessant trench warfare on the Western Front and the *communiqués* which appeared to tell so little, both soldiers and civilians were startled and at the same time heartened, by the news of the smashing blow which Allenby had delivered to the Turkish armies of the East.

Although his qualities were known and appreciated by the military, both from his services during the South African War and during his period as inspector-general of cavalry, his name was not familiar to the general public before the war, nor indeed, in spite of his magnificent work in France, until he leaped into fame as the conqueror of the Holy Land. Even to-day thousands are unaware of the genius and character of this man, whom I believe to be the most outstanding and distinguished public man which the British Empire possesses to-day. Curiously enough, America appears to know more about Allenby than his own countrymen, and scarcely a month passes without the appearance of articles in the leading newspapers and periodicals speaking warmly of his work during the war and in Egypt after the war. Many Americans have discussed him with me, and I believe that there is no Englishman living whose reputation stands so high in their estimation as does that of Lord Allenby. With their enthusiasm it is natural that they should seize upon the romantic side of his campaign in Palestine and make the most of it, but they realize the deep underlying character of the man himself and speak of him as the outstanding success of the war.

Edmund Henry Hynman Allenby is one of the most difficult of men to discuss from a biographical point of view, because to know him slightly is never to scratch even below the surface of his mind or character, while to know him well is to induce to hero-worship. Therefore it will be my endeavor to place on record plain facts as to his career, and also opinions as to his character which are not merely my own, but which have been arrived at by careful study and only after frequent discussions with those who have had personal knowledge of him for very many years.

Born appropriately on St. George's Day, 1861, at Brackenhurst Hall, Southwell, he is descended through both parents from old English stock, sturdy landed gentry of the fast-disappearing type, with their hospitable homes in hunting shires, and with civic and social traditions profoundly rooted in the chivalry and Knight Service of the romantic past of "Merrie England."

It can truthfully be said of Allenby that he started life with a marshal's baton in his knapsack, for he has no history of military ancestry, and indeed, so far as can be ascertained, is the first professional soldier of his family. Yet in his blood there flows a strain which after all these years may well have helped to mold his iron-willed purpose, fearlessness and uprightness, for not only physically and mentally is he a replica, but in lineage he is actually a descendant, of Oliver Cromwell. The statue of Cromwell which stands outside Westminster Hall recalls Allenby in feature and build, while the death-mask of the Protector, now in the London Museum, bears a startling resemblance to his face in profile.

The Rector of Thorganby, who lived in the perilous days of the Reformed Church under Edward VI, was the eldest son of Richard Allenby of Ulceby, who died in 1557, and the grandfather of Thomas Allenby, who married Dorothy Hynman during the reign of Charles II. Hynman Allenby, the fourth of this line, married a descendant of Oliver Cromwell and built Kenwick, the country-seat where their grandson Hynman, Lord Allenby's father, was born in 1821. The interesting link with the Lords of Powis, the adventurous Earl of Essex, and Oliver Cromwell was made through the Protector's second daughter, who married Ireton, her father's trusted friend and deputy, on whose estates near Nottingham many of the Ironsides were recruited. The great-grandfather of Mrs. Hynman Allenby of Kenwick was a grandson of Bridget Cromwell and Henry Ireton.

A big man, not only in stature but in mind, foresight and ideals, Allenby betrays many of the qualities and characteristics of the Protector, and it is no exaggeration to state that he is the type of man who, from his thoroughness and genuine "bigness," would have been bound to succeed in any career he had adopted. He was born to lead rather than to be led, and this trait in his character has always been so marked that he has sometimes been misjudged and has inspired a certain amount of fear and jealousy, both of which would have been dissipated had a closer study been made of his personality. He entered the army from force of circumstances, and by sheer hard work and strength of character rose to the highest rank in the service.

To meet him for the first time, under conditions of military discipline at any rate, is to undergo a some-

what trying ordeal. His keen gray-blue eyes, under heavy brows, search the face while he probes the mind with sharp, almost staccato, questions about everything under the sun except that which is expected. He can not suffer fools gladly, and demands an unequivocal affirmative or negative to every query he makes. He has a habit of asking questions upon the most abstruse subjects, and an unpleasant knack of catching out any one who gives an evasive answer for the sake of politeness. I remember an unhappy officer who, one night at general headquarters in Palestine, was enjoying an excellent dinner in his mess, when Allenby suddenly wheeled round on him with this disconcerting query, "What is the difference between a Baptist and an Anabaptist?" I was the officer, but, as I had on leaving Oxford just before the war studied a certain amount of theology, I was fortunately able to answer correctly. The question, however, startled me so much (it was rather like finding mayonnaise sauce in the middle of the meringue instead of cream) that I hesitated for a moment, and so the chief never believed me until I had hunted through all the offices in general headquarters and produced a dictionary to prove my statement!

For all his remarkable military gifts, for all his sternness and apparent hardness, Allenby has a wonderfully human side to his character. His twin passions may be said to be his love of children and his love of nature, for children have always been able to wring his heartstrings, and birds and animals come to him without hesitation or fear. During the most fateful days of the Expeditionary Force in France he yet found time to make friends of little children and to

visit them in their sickness, and his affection for his horse "Hindenburg," and later on for his pet stork at the residency in Cairo, is well known.

In Palestine, twelve hours before his final victory over the Turkish armies in 1918, he discussed with me the flowers and shrubs of the district, as though his *métier* in life was that of a head gardener rather than a military leader. Apart from his knowledge of horticulture and ornithology, which is very considerable, he is a scholar of no mean attainment, being a keen student of the very best English literature, while he has also a profound knowledge of some of the early Spanish writers. I am told on unimpeachable authority that he can quote Milton's *Comus* almost word for word, but he would be a brave man in more ways than one who dared to ask for confirmation by a personal performance!

Some of the most persistent stories that have been circulated about Allenby are centered round the fall of Jerusalem, and he has been pictured almost as having entered the Holy City with a crucifix in his right hand and a Bible in his left. Only a short while ago he told me that he was still pursued with letters commending him for having made his general staff kneel in prayer with him before his troops went into action. During my return home from a recent trip to America I made friends with a most excellent American, who informed me that a British ex-army chaplain told him a few months before that he had positively with his own eyes seen Allenby go down on his knees in the mud as he entered Jerusalem and "offer a prayer." The stories that he carried a Bible with him wherever he went, that he made his general staff



General Allenby leaving the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem,
December 13, 1917.

The Black Watch marching through the streets of Beyrouth.

meet him every morning for a Bible-class, and that he used to read family prayers every night in his own mess, and so on and so forth, are legion. They are, however, all entirely untrue, and it is fully time that the legends as to Allenby's ultra-piety should be destroyed, not out of any desire to hurt anybody's feelings, but because Allenby himself has an intense dislike personally for these stories and is essentially a man who loathes advertisement of this kind that places him on a pinnacle, the erection of which he heartily despises. The plain truth is that while Allenby is no lover of formal religion and has always particularly tried to avoid giving any cause for the growth of religious legends about himself, he is profoundly, sincerely, and in the best sense of the word, religious. I have in my possession letters written by him which prove this fact beyond doubt, but they are far too intimate and confidential for publication.

His personal action upon entering Jerusalem, and the manner in which he received its surrender, showed alike his humility and his desire to pay respect to an historic city sacred from religious associations to millions all over the world.

In 1898 the ex-Kaiser William II of Germany paid a visit to Jerusalem, entering the actual city by a special opening made for him between the Jaffa Gate and the Tower of David. He rode in like a popinjay king of the theater upon a white horse, clad in a white mantle, with a crown of gold on his head. Allenby entered on foot, and caused the old Jaffa Gate, which had fallen into disuse, to be opened, so that he could pass in by the old route without using a breach in the walls which had been made for a display of megalomania.

A comparatively poor man, he never attempted to exert influence on his behalf as he could easily have done, and in later days actually refused positions which would have brought him prominence, because he preferred to win his way without accepting favors. As a result his name and titles to-day stand as Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixstowe. Felixstowe he took out of affection for the place of his childhood days, and Megiddo because his final triumphs in the Middle East saw their climax on the Plain of Megiddo, which is, in fact, known as the Plain of Armageddon.

Of the actual days of Allenby's youth, even when at Haileybury, there is little to record, but there was one influence which was to guide and inspire him all through life, and which had a profound significance in the molding of his character. That influence was his mother, one of the most remarkable and forceful characters it has ever been my privilege to meet. His father died at Felixstowe in 1878, leaving his widow with three sons and three daughters, and here Mrs. Allenby continued to reside until her death in 1922, at the advanced age of ninety-one.

Mrs. Allenby was a woman of great strength of character and indomitable spirit, with a puritanical strain which made her life one continuous story of service to her God and her country.

Many cavalymen who fought in South Africa remember with gratitude the comforts which were sent out through her efforts, assisted by her daughters and others in Felixstowe. In that exposed East Coast town, from which a number of residents were driven during the Great War by the frequent air raids and the men-

ace from the sea, she spent the closing years of her very long and useful life busily engaged in works of charity. Soldiers who guarded the coast against German surprise saluted Mrs. Allenby, not only because she was the mother of the famous general, but in recognition of her own courageous work and her resolute faith expressed both privately and in public.

The relations that existed between Mrs. Allenby and her eldest son were irradiated with charm. In the intimate and formative days of his youth his character was strengthened by the exalted uncommon sense of a mother who avoided every negative influence that would curb his high spirits and courage; and she inculcated the highest principles by a rare quality of mind which developed self-reliance, self-control, sincerity and manliness. Their mutual sympathetic understanding remained unimpaired through long years, and bridged vast distances. During his periods of foreign service, on arduous marches and after desperate battles, he never failed to write her letters of vivid description, pen pictures remarkable for concise power, but which also expressed his solicitude for her welfare, and a concern for her cares and the family problems. In return his mother also wrote by every mail, letters which reflected a deep and intelligent interest in his career and his campaigns, hiding her keen anxiety during times of danger, and expressing strong confidence in his judgment. From junior subaltern to field-marshal the record was maintained.

Writing to General Allenby soon after he had left France to take command in Egypt, the late Bishop of Durham paid the following tribute to Mrs. Allenby, who was then in her eighty-seventh year :

"Every day we were kindly welcomed to look in and see her, and I can not help writing to express to you a little of the affectionate admiration with which I think of her in her noble, beautiful, generous queenly old age. With her I always feel close to a great personality, and a very very good one. Her wonderful vitality seems to fill and influence all her surroundings indoors and out. . . ."

Mrs. Allenby, who was intensely interested in my efforts to write of her son's career, generously handed to me the whole of the correspondence which had been maintained between them, both in the South African War and the Great War, and while most of it is too intimate to reveal, I feel justified in placing on record Lord Allenby's own words which he added in his letter to his mother after quoting the Bishop of Durham's letter. He wrote: "I have written to thank him, and have told him that he has drawn a true word-portrait of you."

A few months later congratulations were pouring in to her from every part of the world when her son's startling victories had culminated in the capture of Jerusalem.

With such a foundation of love and trust Allenby started his life, and upon that foundation has been built a career which, for the sake of the Empire, it is to be hoped profoundly is by no means finished.

His success has been closely bound up, too, with his married life, for in Lady Allenby he found a comrade who has, by her personality and really remarkable gifts of tact and graciousness, won rare affection from all who have come into contact with her. Officers and men who served in Egypt and Palestine during the war owe her many a debt of gratitude for her fore-

thought and kindness, while her tact and stately presence were of inestimable value during the trying days of her husband's pro-consulship in Egypt.

Intended for the Indian Civil Service, he failed in his examination, and, as I once heard him declare in a public speech, he then went to "cram for the Army because he was too big a fool for anything else!" Coached by Mr. Adams, of Colville Square, Allenby entered the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1880; and in the entrance examination, with 5,865 marks, he was fifth on the list of one hundred and ten successful candidates, which included General Sir Francis Edward Younghusband. He was placed in the "First Ride." He passed his final with honors; proficiency in fortification, military topography, gymnastics and riding were engrossed on his special certificate. His conduct was "exemplary," and in military administration and law, tactics and drill, his marks were far above the average.

In a letter of warm congratulation at this success, an old friend, the Vicar of Ashbocking, expressed the pious wish that all his future laurels would be as bloodless, and after quoting extracts from a homily on the "virtues and temptations" of military life, added: "Your name thus begins to take a place in history"—and Allenby was gazetted to the Sixth Royal Dragoons (Inniskillings,) serving several months of his arduous African career before he actually received the Queen's Commission.

Part of the Union Brigade, immortalized at Waterloo and Balaclava, the Sixth Dragoons were rounding out in South Africa their second century of achievement. The gay life of cavalry officers depicted in

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popular fiction might be fittingly compared to the heavy duties and hardships of Allenby's service with the famous regiment that was closely identified with the series of events which in two decades built up the enormous area of British South Africa. This exciting and potential service, much of it unrecorded, provided excellent scope for Allenby's special qualities. As a practical school for initiative, its demands aided the development of the most brilliant cavalry leader of our times and the graduation of a commander of always victorious armies. A complete and fascinating volume of historic importance could be compiled from Allenby's home letters from Africa.

At twenty-one he started his Army career without an iota of influence. His long service in an isolated sphere deprived him of the enormous advantages of the wide military and social friendships, associations and contacts which his personality would have insured at home stations or in India. Destiny works often through devious channels; but for many years those elements that contribute so much to success were lacking. He won through by sheer force of character and ability, without favor or fear, sticking resolutely to his regiment and seeking none of the comfortable or spectacular posts which are so great an aid to advancement.

Long after he left Sandhurst his instructors remembered him with affection; they appear to have expected great things of him. He was tall, well built and clean cut; he looked a typical soldier when he entered the Army. He was reserved, definite in speech and act, without a particle of affectation and full of balanced enthusiasm. He never shirked responsibility;

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and though he chafed under petty routine, he was always ready to volunteer for the most laborious duty. In Africa, if there were tiring missions to perform, generally entailing long and often dangerous rides across country, "Send Allenby" was the ready solution at headquarters, which insured that the task would be carried out efficiently and cheerfully.

At the Wiltshire maneuvers one day Allenby had cause to approach one of the umpires and ask him for some information. The umpire being very self-important and haughty replied: "I'm not here to give information," to which Allenby quickly retorted: "No, of course not. I ought to have realized that you are here for ornament, naturally." He then rode off leaving the umpire gibbering with rage.

During his early service in Natal in 1882 the Sixth Dragoons were holding the Caudine Forks to two vital spheres of Imperialism, the cross-roads where the forward policy of Empire had been halted, subordinate to the vacillations of statesmen, a reaction where duty and destiny already had laid the trails in British blood. Bankrupt and defenseless, the Transvaal had been annexed to save the disrupted community from the united reprisals of organized native armies thirsting for revenge on its troubled borders. This protective guardianship brought on the Zulu War, with the costly disaster at Isandhlwana, the murder of the prince imperial of France, followed by the victory of Ulundi, and the capture and exile of Cetewayo. Saved from the Zulu danger, irritated by a sometimes tactless control, Boer extremists invaded Natal, ambushed the wagon-trains returning from Zululand, and secured equipment and ammunition to aid in their amazing

victory over Sir George Colley's slender forces surprised and annihilated at Majuba. The Dragoons landed two weeks later to find an Armistice arranged on the invaded field—magnanimity and generosity to redeem the chaos of misunderstanding. Four troops marched to Potchefstroom and two to Zululand escorting emissaries with liberal concessions to the Boers and to the Zulus, framed to enable both races to settle in bucolic content within their adjoining frontiers. Then the cavalry retired to Natal to wait and watch.

This generosity was mistaken for pusillanimity. President Kruger unified the quasi-Republic and plodded diplomatically for greater concessions. But extremists talked openly of wresting Natal from the small *rooinek* garrison, and adventurers from the Transvaal drove their wagons contemptuously through the explicit encroachment clauses of signed conventions to seize native territory in Upper Zululand. Mourning losses in murderous raids and in defense of Empire, the colonists in Natal were continuing developments. But the sinister shadows remained on both frontiers, while the authorities at home pursued a policy that once would have restricted British South Africa to the environs of Table Bay. Camped on the veld in the upper valleys, the Dragoons were ravaged with enteric, and suffered losses until they were moved.

They resumed their anxious task of watchful waiting, therefore, at Pinetown, seventeen miles from Durban, a small settlement chiefly famous for the old Trappist monastery where native children still are taught handicrafts in practical preparation for the Kingdom of Heaven under the ægis of the order's stern decree—*Sub silentio*. The location provided ample

space and time for drills and training, with the simple diversions and hospitality of a small colonial community to vary the monotonous and often uncomfortable life in an exposed camp. In Natal bracing air from the mountains frequently blows ice-cold at night, not only in wintry June, but after the torrid days at Christmastide, when torrential summer cloudbursts, with murderous hail and lightning, persist to autumnal March, alternating to the long periods of drought and blinding storms of dust which coat man and landscape red.

A fearless rider from boyhood, with an innate affection for, and an excellent knowledge of, horses which needed unceasing care under these conditions, Allenby at once attained a status and influence in the regiment unusual for a young subaltern. Camped in the open, his tireless concern for the horses, not only in his troop but during his turns of regimental duty, which grew frequent when many officers were detached for special service, accorded well with the tradition of the command that achieved many difficult operations with a minimum sacrifice of horses under conditions hazardous for heavy cavalry.

It is of vital importance for every trooper instinctively to consider his mount, and the spirit must be imbued by influences and methods beyond the limitations of text-books. These experiences in Africa were invaluable, and bore excellent fruit in later years, when Allenby became inspector of cavalry. His magnificent work in the hardening and training of both horses and men under active service conditions stood severe tests, with excellent results, in the open fighting in 1914.

Allenby had no use for those whose soldierly qualities were confined to "spit and polish," and was of the opinion that a fine horse was worth living up to. Upon one occasion he remarked to a subaltern whose riding boots were not polished sufficiently well to his liking: "Your boots may be an honor to yourself, but they are no honor to your horse."

As chargers were not suitable for African conditions, the officers used army horses. The first time that Lieutenant Allenby led his troop on the left during an advance in line, he maintained the regulation pace on a stolid mount as the speed was waggishly accelerated—the line raced impetuously over him, brushing his flanks as it parted momentarily and thundered into the distance. But he could enjoy the good-humored chaff of the mess, for his reputation as a daring rider already was established. He proved a great acquisition to the polo team—he tipped the scales at one hundred eighty-six pounds, a formidable rival with his speed and audacity which occasionally involved the rider in serious accidents. Cannoned by the bolting pony of an opponent at a later period in Natal, he had serious concussion, being unconscious for five days and on the sick list a month, though he completely recovered, thanks to his iron constitution.

Shortly after the first incident with his troop, he was again leading when a deep *vlei*, which had escaped the notice of the ground scouts, loomed suddenly in the path of the galloping line. These swamp-pits are death-traps. Without a moment's hesitation the young leader raised his arm in signal to halt his men as he spurred for the impetus for a blind leap which cleared the gulf, though the mare only just reached the swampy

border beyond and floundered back heavily as her rider gained a footing and dragged her to safety.

Allenby's vitality and interest in the country led him to seek wider activities than garrison life and social attractions offered at intervals in Durban or Pietermaritzburg. Natal provided an excellent variety of hunting, shooting and fishing under adventurous conditions. He missed no opportunity for riding to remote and wild regions for sport, regardless of weather. British and Dutch settlers in isolated districts were always glad to offer their hospitality when he was hunting in their vicinity, and he upset many preconceived notions and prejudices among colonists bred to despise Englishmen. Keenly interested in *fauna* and *flora*, he sought every species of game; and also rare ferns and flowers to send to his mother. This botanizing covered a wide field, ranging from the riot of tropical vegetation on the coast, which is steadily modified on the ascent inland through the semi-tropical and temperate, to Alpine anomalies in the mountains beyond.

Discovering the Garden Colony on Christmas Day, 1497, Vasco de Gama called it *Natali*, and described it as Paradise. And Nature lavishly supplied the serpents—the lordly python, and dangerous species from the pugnacious *momba*, that grows to ten feet, attacks boldly and kills in an hour, to the puff adder. Returning one morning from early stables, Allenby encountered a death-dealing snake resting in ingenuous placidity. Unheeding his warning, a brother officer who stooped to investigate was struck on the hand. With characteristic decision, Allenby killed the reptile and rushed his friend to the cookhouse, where

the spot was seared with red-hot meat skewers. Lacking ammonia, a bottle of whisky was administered, and several hours later the patient awakened with headache and a black, swollen arm, which gradually subsided.

From a tree the *momba* has been known to strike and kill a rider passing below; it will sometimes pursue and it rears high, thus striking above the riding boot. Captain Malone, the riding master who won the Victoria Cross in the Balaclava charge, was struck when returning from the horse lines with Allenby, who killed the snake. Hasty examination showed that the fangs had caught a fold in the cloth, scarcely grazing the skin, a fortunate escape. After rain the camp was infested with reptiles, and Allenby never missed an opportunity to slaughter snakes, often diverting a promising shot when stalking game. He had some narrow escapes when hunting in the bush. Riding in Zululand, he shot an immense *momba* coiled in a tree, and blew the head off a nine foot specimen which chased his dog and turned boldly to attack when he approached.

At various periods in Natal he enjoyed adventures on the coast, fishing in shark-infested waters, crocodile hunting in the rivers, and sailing out in the maelstrom of surf and current on the bars. When swimming with another officer off the edge of Zululand, they started a hazardous gleaning for oysters on an outer ledge to augment their lunch. The feast was interrupted by a tremendous wave, which pounded them on the reef, and in its recession left their bruised and breathless bodies clinging precariously to the edge of the fin-flecked cauldron below. There were later

adventures also when Allenby was visiting the mouth of the Tugela with his colonel and some staff officers. Camping on the Zululand side, they shot enough giant turtles to surfeit the iron-rationed garrison up country with the fare of lord mayors. Rowing out with his friend Forbes to overtake fugitive turtles, their shots startled a resentful hippopotamus perilously near their frail craft in a shark-infested current; but they pulled clear and circled round for several shots, none vulnerable hits, until the leviathan disappeared angrily seaward.

Some of the shot turtles drifted down to a steep sand-bar, attracting a small army of sharks, and as Allenby roped a four hundred pound chelonian, the hungry maws of foiled maneaters snapped below. He fired at one persistent brute, and in its rushes of impotent fury it landed suddenly, writhing and snapping at his feet. He jumped clear, but it seized a dog and needed several shots for its quietus. Fresh excitement was caused by a hippopotamus which strolled quietly along a sand-spit at close range, stared reproachfully as it received two hurried shots, and instead of charging, paddled its huge bulk gracefully into the depths.

But these sporting incidents were interludes during exacting military service. In 1882 the exiled Zulu king, Cetewayo, was in London pleading for his throne. As an impressive primitive he appealed strongly to the Little Englanders and many influential humanitarians. In equable division Zululand had been turned over to its thirteen tribes, with a nominally protected reserve in the south, between the Umhlatoo and the Tugela, administered by a British

resident with seventy mounted native police. Without consulting the Zulu chiefs, it was decided to restore the picturesque monarch to his bereaved subjects.

The Natal garrison was preparing for Christmas when the royal despot landed at Port Durnford, a name poignantly recalling his most sanguinary victory. Many officers and men of the Dragoons were detached to arrange for the royal progress to Ulundi. Two troops also, and the band, provided the escort with mounted infantry, and a generous wagon-train for wives and other chattels. But when the column finally conquered the raging Tugela, the triumphal entry was greeted in sullen silence. Cetewayo's federated kingdom once had comprised a group of tribes traditionally vassal to the strongest; but his theory of *e pluribus unum* had lost its potency, for the tribes had tasted freedom and resented the despot. The chiefs refused men to rebuild the royal *kraal* and flouted his commands. His own Usutos rallied to him loyally, and as disorder grew, the troops moved into camp on the Reserve to watch events.

Bitterly disappointed that his troop was not among those selected to march up country, Allenby found abundant work at headquarters. Zululand and sickness had created a great shortage of officers. He was in charge of his troop, and the routine also involved every phase of regimental duty, which was an excellent training for a young subaltern. When a long and heavy rainy season set in, the exposed camp site became an island, with the ford at the adjacent creek often dangerous even for mounted men. In a region where the Atlantic currents race up to meet the untamed heat of the Indian Ocean, the storms are

unsurpassed for fury. Most duties were performed on horseback, pickets were a nightmare in the blinding deluge, and life in camp was sodden and monotonous. It was difficult to keep the horses conditioned and the men cheerful. In both Allenby was successful.

There was little time for sport or rest; but as the weather improved, he was the leading spirit in organizing gymkhanas, in which troopers joined with zest and to which the colonists rode in from long distances. His activity found many outlets, chiefly in improving the site of the mess, where he laid out a garden for rare plants, and started a herd of antelopes to augment the menagerie, which included baboons and a python. He helped to level a tennis-ground with courts made from well-puddled ant-heaps, which dry with a firm but resilient surface. He also set out a low border of Australian wattles, which had grown into majestic trees when he finally left Africa, and were a distinctive feature of the landscape.

Civil war was soon raging in Zululand. In spite of the fact that the Government had decided to remain benevolently neutral after restoring Cetewayo, fugitives had flocked to the Reserve, where order was maintained with difficulty and white settlers and missions were threatened with massacre. Reinforcements were needed, but Natal could not be denuded of troops; and it was September before the Ninety-first Highlanders arrived, and a column, which to Allenby's delight included his troop, could be spared to march up country. There was great delay in getting wagons and guns across the treacherous Tugela. Dismounting near the river, Colonel Montgomery, of the Forty-first, commanding the column, was bitten by

a giant *momba*. His aide-de-camp wished to suck out the poison—with equal courage the colonel refused to allow him to take the risk, and galloped back to the surgeon—too late. He was one of the five regimental commanders sacrificed to African conditions during unrecorded operations, which had an important bearing on subsequent history.

When the force reached Eshowe, Allenby found plenty of scope on the turbulent Reserve for his activity. Heavy fighting was taking place near Ulundi, and the cavalry had patrols by day and outposts at night. But Cetewayo's star had set. His once invincible Usutus were losing their fight for ascendancy waged against the disciplined *impis* of Usibepu, a loyal and friendly chief. In the final battle, Cetewayo's bodyguard was routed. Surviving the *assegais** flung at his massive body in the sanguinary struggle, the king abjectly craved sanctuary with the troops at Eshowe on October twentieth, ten months after he had been restored to his unwilling country. He was allotted quarters on the Reserve with his wives and headmen, and a great influx of his fugitive warriors followed, a charge which added greatly to the duties of the troops and the troubles of the resident. Fearing that the king might be reinstated by British aid, the tribes across the river were ready to fight, and the Reserve, therefore, had to be closely guarded.

During this time Allenby first met the famous white chief, John Dunn, who marched up with a thousand of his superb warriors to solve the tangle. He gathered all the important chiefs for a palaver with the authorities, and bluntly suggested that a little frank-

*A light spear or javelin tied with iron.

ness might clear the air, because 20,000 tribesmen were ready to challenge the king's restoration. Assured that the protection extended implied no intention of helping the despot's cause, the chiefs retired satisfied, though one asked angrily, "Why was this firebrand send into our standing corn?"—a question which might well have been put to the bicameral advocates of Cete-wayo at Westminster.

Allenby was royally entertained by John Dunn at his camp. Of course they talked sport, and a cordial invitation was extended for hunting and shooting in the territory of this unique chief with whom Allenby was to be associated in the subsequent campaign. For a short time matters were smoothed over through Dunn's simple intervention. The tribes settled down, and Allenby found opportunity for some spirited runs after buck, though the going was dangerous and he had serious spills. He also again narrowly escaped a swamp pit, veering at full gallop as a companion plunged in, and dismounted in time to assist the rider to land as the horse sank from view.

Among other minor adventures, just before Christmas, Allenby had a lively trip to Durban to bring back money to pay the Zululand garrison. Using a Cape cart and four mules, he experienced an exciting time at the drifts which a heavy thunderstorm had made almost impassable. The cart was submerged, the mules entangled, and he waded neck deep to get clear. With the money packed unostentatiously in a portmanteau, he crossed the frontier at night too promptly for the relays and escort to meet him. As the heat was intense and a new storm threatening, after a short bivouac he decided to push on up country,

and he drove into camp with the money next morning as though the convoy of specie in turbulent Zululand in the night watches was a very humdrum affair. His capacity for fast country travel was a joke in the regiment. Later, when scouting far in the bush, he received orders to proceed on a mission down country. With characteristic promptitude, after a heavy day's duty, he rode thirty-five miles to camp that night, and restarted at two A. M. with two horses, which he used alternately to cover fifty miles before breakfast. He then drove a post-cart with relays to reach his destination in time to report that night. These are somewhat trivial incidents to record; but they give an insight into his thoroughness.

Unable to secure British support, the baffled Cetewayo listened too eagerly to promises made by the adventurous Boer squatters up country, who were anxious to obtain a royal grant for the land that they were appropriating. In the north the Usutus were regathering; on the Reserve they were busily making spears and shields. Deciding that British impartiality was being carried too far, the clear-sighted Usibepu resolved to raid the Reserve quietly at night to remove Cetewayo to summary justice. The news that the raiding horsemen were on their way reached the cavalry late at night, in a raging thunderstorm, with half the force on outpost. Allenby's troop was off duty, and thus was available to participate in the wild ride through the deluge to sweep the bush beyond the royal *kraal*. Nothing could be seen or heard in the tempest, and so for safety the officers bundled the livid Cetewayo, his wives, brothers and headmen, into ambulances and escorted them back to camp.

Drenched guards held the trail; but the raiders had turned back. Watchfully Christmas was passed in unbroken heat and blinding storms. Constant vigilance was now necessary to guard the Reserve, and pickets often kept the subalterns in the bush on alternate nights. The saddle-girths could not be loosened, and the incessant duty was a heavy strain on horses and men. While Cetewayo was carefully protected, his relatives attempted their last *coup* up country, but the filibusters failed to help and Usibepu routed the royalists—this final disaster to his prestige proving fatal to Cetewayo. His sudden death on February 8, 1884, anticipated the plan to send him to the Cape for his own and his country's security.

Owing to the hostility of the tribes, it was impossible for his people to take the body to the royal burying-ground, and the prolonged obsequies caused further unrest. Lashed in a blanket with the face exposed, the giant form was propped against the ridge-pole of the stifling *kraal*, like a monster papoose. The fetid horror was surrounded continuously by wailing women, stolidly awaiting the proper interment when some of the younger wives would be stunned by knobkerries and thrown alive to the corpse of their lord and master. Thus passed the great Cetewayo, one of that small dynasty of supermen who dominated enormous territories by Spartan warriors of meat-eaters who exterminated the vegetarian tribes. This sanguinary king, whose name raised the goose-flesh of one Victorian generation, had been restored to sow a veritable crop of dragon's teeth and die begrudged a few feet of African soil.

Many weeks after, when an escort of Dragoons to

the royal burying-ground had been refused, the corpse was taken secretly and buried in the *Inkahula* with ceremonies that can only be surmised. The country immediately settled down, the *impis* disbanded, and the troubles seemed over. But the Usutus on the Reserve refused to pay hut tax, and their women attacked Mr. Osborn, the resident, with knobkerries, abusing his chivalry which refused to let his police fire. Attempting to arrest Dabulamanzi, the late king's brother, the civil forces were driven back by a thousand warriors. When the Dragoons rode out, the resident with his seventy police and two white officers were holding their own on a convenient hill. The Zulus now drew off, and though one sweep of the troops would have settled the matter, there was a standing order to avoid hostilities at all cost. These interlopers therefore still skulked on the Reserve at a safe distance, and matters dragged on thus until June.

Fourteen weeks after the final convention was signed by the Transvaal surrendering everything except rigid guarantees for native territories and rights, Usibepu reached the camp at Eshowe, exhausted and broken-hearted, to ask for protection. When he had gathered his men to repel a sudden attack made by the Usutus, a large band of white raiders had ridden round his *impi*, pouring a relentless fire into the compact mass. His herds had been driven off, his *kraals* looted and burned, and neither age nor sex had been spared. But nothing could be done except to promise that the Dragoons would arrange to escort the stricken people to a secure site on the Reserve.

General Smyth now arrived, and Allenby enjoyed a few blissful weeks as an extensive reconnaissance was

carried out. As he rode in advance with scouts and friendlies through the dense Zululand scrub, Usutus, after a lusty war chorus, shouted from the ridges that they had no quarrel with *amasojer*, but challenged the levies to fight in the valley. They fled rapidly when the troops came up. All the forces were now gathered to sweep the mountainous tangle near Cetewayo's grave and the remote regions of the Reserve, and after toilsome marches the Usutus were driven north. This display of military authority in the protected area had a salutary effect, and it alarmed the white invaders in the north, who advised their dupes to make peace with their rivals. The Usutu chiefs and two white delegates arrived for a conference in July, and promised to restore stolen cattle and leave their neighbors unmolested, so the request of the friendly tribes for annexation was again deferred.

To guard the filibuster leader and his companions from reprisals, Allenby and an escort were sent to see them safely across the Umhlatoo. The Boer leader was a picturesque and forceful character whose ascendancy over the natives was proved by the notches on his ready gun. On the journey he talked very freely on the situation and offered excellent sport if Allenby could plan a hunting trip. He was secretly acquiring a large tract of Zulu territory and became dictator of a small republic afterward merged with the Transvaal.

Sketches and photographs of the tedious operations in Zululand emphasize the remarkable resemblance between many phases in South Africa's development and the winning of the West in North America. The head-dresses, war dances, incantations and creeds of the Zulus and the Indians were much alike. Some

of the widely reproduced drawings of Remington made with the United States cavalry during the last Indian War would almost serve to illustrate episodes in Zululand, where the sketches made by Remington of the Dragoons have preserved excellent records. The annihilation of Durnford's command by Cetewayo, and the subsequent massacre of Wilson's force by an offshoot of Zulu kings, Lo Bengula, were no less poignant and heroic than Custer's last stand which has been immortalized throughout the world. The exodus of the Mormons, the great *treks* of the Boers, and later the raiding of wayward sons and adventurers beyond the borders of orthodoxy in Utah and the Transvaal, provide striking analogies. There were the same emigrant trains, attacks by natives on white pioneers, and defense behind laagered wagons. Even the hectic gold rush of 'forty-nine found a rough parallel on the Witwatersrand thirty-six years later.

A few months after this Zulu compromise which threatened to stalemate imperial progress in the east, a new move on the vast African chess-board started in the west. Bands of adventurers from the Transvaal were filching territory in Bechuanaland and proclaimed the republics of Stellaland and Goshen. Khama, the Christian king of the Bamangwato, a monogamist and prohibitionist whose enlightened rule had made him famous abroad, and all the subsidiary chiefs, begged for a British protectorate to stop this aggression. The invaders treated all protests with contempt. The climax came with the brutal execution of Bethell, the British adviser of Montsioa, chief of the Baralong at Mafeking, and a brother of an officer of the Eighty-second who had served with Allenby in Natal.



General Bailloud and General Allenby at Ismailia.

Early in 1885, therefore, an expedition under Sir Charles Warren left Cape Town to take over the terrorized countries, and the Dragoons were brought down country to provide a seasoned cavalry unit for the campaign. The advance across the parched Karoo Desert was hot and tedious in the summer drought; and Allenby had plenty of marching, as for a time his men provided the escort for the commander-in-chief. After his interview with President Kruger, who repudiated the raiders, Vryburg, the capital of Stellaland, was taken by the mounted forces, and Van Nickert, the *soi-disant* President, was captured and charged with inciting murder. As a number of reckless Transvaal burghers planned to rescue this popular dictator, an armed officer remained in his room night and day, a duty which was shared by Allenby. Reported as sullen and intractable, the prisoner, who was a famous lion hunter, quickly detected a fellow sportsman and beguiled the long hours by revealing a rich store of hunting experiences.

Friend or foe, during these interesting years, Allenby met most of the great actors in the many-sided South Africa drama. Upon white or black his personality always made an impression, and many years after, when his name became famous, a host of people in Africa recalled even a brief acquaintance. During his service he gleaned facts from many angles and view-points, and probably few Englishmen had a wider opportunity for gaining intimate human experience which would have been a rich equipment for an administrator. He was always reserved, and he was equally a welcome guest in the highest official circles and in remote colonial homesteads.

When affairs in Stellaland were adjusted, the troops marched to Mafeking, one hundred and ten miles north, and on March thirteenth the cavalry surrounded the settlement of the rebels on the Rooi Grond. The leaders, however, had fled. Started by genuine burghers, the township had been a refuge for horse thieves, cattle lifters and illicit diamond fugitives from Kimberley, and they had scattered widely. Bethel's grave was discovered and the young soldier's body was given a military funeral at Mafeking.

Allenby visited Montsioa and was regaled with fearsome dishes by the aged king, who had been a *protégé* of Moffat and Livingstone and was overjoyed by the deliverance of his capital. Mafeking for two years had been in a state of siege, constantly attacked by freebooters, who carried off crops and cattle and made life unsafe outside the stockade. By proclamation the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland was now created, with an area of 51,424 square miles. Under the subsequent convention signed with King Khama, the northern territories to the Zambesi, 275,000 square miles, became the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The expedition therefore had achieved an immense step in securing expansion to Rhodesia, and on the route of Warren's march the extension of the first 1,300 miles of the Cape to Cairo railroad was soon in operation.

In May Allenby accompanied his commanding officer and Colonel Carrington, who was to command the Protectorate forces, for a ceremonial visit to King Secheli at Molopolole. This gave him an opportunity for hunting in the famous Kalahari Desert, where he encountered a magnificent black *wildebeeste* or gnu, which escaped after an exciting chase for six miles.

Lions were reported, but to his disappointment none could be tracked during his visit. The Dragoons continued to patrol the new colony, and in July Allenby joined the engineer officers on a map survey across the lower Kalahari, where he had splendid sport and visited Kuruman, the isolated town of ostrich hunters, and Moffat's old station where his daughter met and married Livingstone.

In August Allenby took charge of the cavalry depot at Cape Town while the regiment remained up country, awaiting a call to the Nile but detained in South Africa because of trouble brewing in Zululand. After a long interval the Dragoons were finally hurried back to Natal. But when matters came to a head early in 1888 Allenby was a captain, and after leave was posted to the depot at Canterbury in preparation for embarkation for Durban with a draft of recruits. Chiefly by empty promises to restore Cetewayo's son Dinizulu, the white rebels had secured three hundred square miles of the best land from royalists, and established the new republic. At the request of the chiefs the remainder of Zululand then was annexed to the Crown. After exchanging most of his substance for shadow, Dinizulu started war on the loyalists and instead of receiving the promised backing, found himself repudiated by his allies and in armed conflict with the British.

The Dragoons had been in action when Allenby embarked; but fortunately for his peace of mind he learned nothing until he reached Cape Town, for news traveled slowly. On the mental horizon of the general British public Africa then loomed only when stirred by the massacre of some unsupported outpost.

A smug platitude—"they died like Englishmen"—and the matter was forgotten. The White Man's Burden must not press unduly on parochial imagination and pocket. Economically, apologetically, and almost fur-tively, a handful of men were carrying out the policy that reclaimed one million square miles of healthy country for the Empire. A vision, now translated to practical reality, it awaits fulfilment until the sturdy spirit of the early Dutch and British emigrants can be fostered in our over-crowded spoon-fed masses, and a statesman arises big enough to divert a hundred millions from the annual pauperization funds to colonization in lands from which pioneers wrested a living without a hundred pence.

When Allenby heard the news at the Cape, the voyage to Durban became a nightmare of delays. Five days were consumed at Table Bay, a week-end lost at Simonstown. He had already made an excellent impression at Cape Town; the coveted post of military secretary now might have been his for the asking. But when visiting Government House he could not curb his anxiety to reach the front; his one thought was the regiment. The steamer took two weeks to reach Durban, and on reporting at the base the first order nearly broke his heart. Remounts were needed for the Dragoons and mounted infantry and he was selected for the important work of purchasing army horses.

Up country things were moving slowly. Routing the loyalist *impis*, the royalists had swept far and wide—police and magistrates were besieged, stores and missions looted, and the troops were holding the approaches to the Hlopekula Mountains while columns were being organized. Baden-Powell was attached to

one flying column: Allenby arrived just in time to be appointed staff officer to a second.

With regulars, Basutos and John Dunn's loyal warriors, his column crossed the Umvolosi, and pushing in Somkeli's outposts in the swampy littoral, invested the tortuous lair in the reed-beds of Lake St. Lucia. In five days the chief and many other leaders and renegades surrendered with a thousand stolen cattle and the band which had killed a storekeeper. The column then swung round above the river and drove a force of Usutos back to their stronghold in the Ceza bush where Dinizulu and the main force were lurking.

Usibepu's people had been flanked and cut up trying to defend the police post at Ivuna, but the chief brought back his remnant, and an advanced line was established with Allenby's Troop E of the Dragoons, mounted infantry, and the friendlies. The force held the trails, skirmished and raided round the impenetrable trackless tangle, capturing many prisoners and cattle. Desertions now took place in hundreds and the surrounding country was soon pacified. Much of the work was done by night and involved many an exciting incident, especially in clearing the caves. In September Allenby's horse fell on him, causing his removal to the base, and when he returned to duty the chiefs had arranged to surrender.

Early in 1889 Allenby succeeded Page Henderson as adjutant at Regimental Headquarters at Pietermaritzburg. Colonel Froom died of enteric, and his successor, Colonel Martin, and the two senior majors in succession received special appointments; a new adjutant, therefore, had continual responsibility with the divided regiment. Returning home at the end of

1890, the Inniskillings were quartered at Brighton. Constant instruction in the art of burnish and polish and parade formalities was necessary, but social festivities, which could not all be cut, interfered seriously with the work of the adjutant. "Life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements" was Allenby's favorite maxim at Brighton.

Allenby had no use for text-book methods and was wont to impress upon subordinates that the quickest way to outwit an enemy is to do that which he does not think you will attempt. He was impressing this idea upon a class of young officers one day when, as he was riding across some broken country, his own horse stumbled and fell, throwing him right over the animal's head. As he got up he turned to his young pupils and said: "There, gentlemen, you have an illustration of what I have just told you. No one in the world would have thought I should dismount like that!"

One day at maneuvers Allenby and an A. D. C. found themselves on the top of a desolate hill with only three hard-boiled eggs and a few biscuits for luncheon. Near by was a solitary newspaper representative whom Allenby approached and asked: "Excuse me, sir, but what have you got for lunch?" The journalist produced some excellent sandwiches and a well-filled flask and Allenby remarked: "Good! Will you ask us to lunch with you? We will swap a couple of eggs for some sandwiches!" A merry luncheon party ensued and incidentally Allenby made a friend for life of the journalist.

In 1894 Allenby passed his Staff College examination and rejoined the regiment in time to join the escort to Queen Victoria during her memorable visit

to Aldershot in July. Part of the Royals arrived to escort the Kaiser, and as the Scots Greys were in camp, the historic Union Brigade was reunited. In 1897 Allenby was gazetted major, and two years devoted to new tactics and training at the Curragh bridged the time to the South African War.

In 1896 Captain Allenby married Adelaide Mabel, daughter of H. E. Chapman, of Donhead House, Salisbury, and every step of their subsequent career testifies to their splendid comradeship which has grown deeper as the years have passed.

Allenby's love for children has always been marked, and this side of his character was clearly revealed in his deep pride in his only child Michael, who showed in his very early days an unusual intelligence and strength of will. Michael was destined to die young, and while he never lived to see the almost unparalleled measure of homage, gratitude and the accruing honors which were heaped upon his father, he eventually met his death as a soldier, having earned a decoration and high recommendation for personal bravery.

When the South African War broke out and the *Inniskillings* sailed, Major Allenby and his squadron embarked in the *Persia*. From Queenstown they encountered successive storms, and the horses suffered severely. With every care several died, and at Madeira, Allenby arranged for the ship to wait for several hours to enable the men to rest and the animals to recover. But the warm African waters remained tempestuous and on November eighth, approaching Cape Verde Islands in a heavy sea, the *Persia* broke her propeller shaft and drifted helpless before a high wind and waves.

Six miles away in the sunrise mist rose the island

of São Antonio, the steep peak of a submerged volcano rising sheer from the depths, and there was no deviation of wind or current as the ship drifted slowly by deadly urge toward the cliff-face against which the waves cannoned. Distress guns and rockets met with no response from the lighthouse. Paid out to its last link, the anchor hung futile in the seven hundred fathoms charted close to the mountain shore. As most of the crew were lascars, Allenby called for six volunteers from his squadron to man a lifeboat under a ship's officer, to try to reach St. Vincent twenty miles away to summon help.

On the plunging *Persia*, during six hours of slow drift toward the vertical lee-shore, every item of military routine continued. Allenby and his five officers held revolver practise on deck and kept the men interested. But as the signals were unheard and the drift accelerated, an order for lifebelts was given, and the squadron was drawn up at attention on deck.

A memorial in Chelsea Hospital pays tribute to the courage of the colonel and men of the Inniskillings who perished when the *Europa*, carrying part of the regiment to the Crimea, took fire at sea. The same superb discipline was shown when this unusual disaster threatened. But the drift slowed, the vessel veered in the deflected recession of the thwarted waves thundering on the cliff, and then the anchor caught providentially on an uncharted spur, dragged but caught again and held precariously for a time. The eleven boats now were launched, each in charge of two or three soldiers; but only to be battered and dragged astern to plunge half-swamped on leash, a forlorn hope indeed to disembark a full complement and evade the fatal shore,

The anti-climax was dramatic, for as all eyes scanned the unbroken horizon, a tug suddenly rounded the point and a line was soon made fast to ease the strain. Major Allenby's chief concern now was to get on board the twenty-five Dragoons in the cluster of half-submerged boats, but all efforts failed, and the loss of some of these volunteers seemed inevitable. Then H. M. S. *Diadem*, belching smoke, rounded the point, her band playing and crew cheering as she raced to help. One by one the imperiled men caught ropes and were dragged on board the warship, not long before the flotilla was reduced to matchwood and torn away by the heavy seas. Hawsers were now made fast to the tug, and at sunset the *Persia* was dragged from her dangerous position and towed slowly to St. Vincent through the night under the searchlights of the *Diadem*. The fortuitous elements which led to the rescue were remarkable. The sail of the little craft that went for help had been torn away broaching the planking, and it was sinking with all hands when a Portuguese fishing-smack bore down and carried the crew to St. Vincent. The *Diadem* had arrived there to coal; but her slacked fires would need two hours for steam. By rarer chance an ocean-going tug had arrived from Liverpool with steam up. While Captain Niblet and Commander Yelverton were rushing their preparations, the tug was sent on in advance.

The delay at St. Vincent lasted seventeen days, full of conflicting rumors, and was a bitter disappointment to Allenby. When the marooned force, taken on by the *Goth*, arrived at its destination, the regiment was operating near Arundel under French. Unfortunately the remounts issued to Allenby at the Cape to replace

his losses developed mange, and this entailed a further delay. Yet everything worked propitiously. When General French was called from Ladysmith to command the cavalry, he escaped investment by a miracle, for Boers on the railroad were waiting for a pickax from their wagons to destroy the track as the train raced through. As the invasion burst on Cape Colony, French led the cavalry toward Arundel to limit the advance. The Inniskillings had an allotted task when Allenby arrived, and his squadron therefore was selected by the army commander to play a special independent rôle. Thus fate brought into intimate relationship two men who later were destined to play great parts together in a sterner struggle.

By mobility, audacity and bluff, French's cavalry had pinned down superior forces of the enemy and held a very wide front on which in the open they could not now have maintained more than a hundred men per mile. By holding widely detached *kopjes** and a long chain of outposts, the advance of the enemy into the open colony had been checked, and this enabled all the reinforcements to be sent on to Natal.

When Allenby arrived, the black week of the war was closing. In Natal Buller was checked on the Tugela. In Cape Colony Methuen and Gatacre had met serious reverses and were on the defensive, while the cavalry was extended between the widely separate forces and was protecting the vital railroad junction. Operating five hundred and seventy miles from Cape Town, French was keeping the enemy perplexed and puzzled, and gradually forcing a retirement. From Naauport he had pushed his headquarters up twenty

*Hillocks.

miles and compelled the Boers to concentrate on the chain of ridges surrounding Colesberg and the Orange River. In the wide reconnaissance and tireless feints on the flanks Allenby had an excellent opportunity to carry out some telling exploits and utilize unusual initiative. His small command took part in many interesting enterprises which would take much space to recount.

Excellently served, a *Creusot* on the main Boer position outranged the British artillery and inflicted monotonous damage. By night, with his squadron and a section of horse artillery, Allenby circled round the enemy's outposts and crossed the open veld to within three thousand five hundred yards of the offending gun. With the early rays of the sun he opened fire on the emplacement, his first shells causing several casualties and the utmost confusion. Under the impression that the lines were turned and an assault imminent, reserves were brought up, but for thirty minutes the unsupported guns fired steadily. Allenby was expending his last rounds when a flight of pompom shells stampeded his horses. While suspicious commandos were closing in cautiously, he patched up his gun teams from which several horses had been killed, and galloped off through the *kopjes* to safety.

Having shepherded the Free State forces to their almost impregnable bridge-head protected by the steep *kopjes* environing Colesberg, French found that the enemy was being heavily reinforced. Delarey and De Wet were preparing an effort to break through the slender but formidable cavalry cordon to revive the flickering rebellion in the colony on which their hopes had been based. In order to disclose their dispositions

on the Orange River and the bridge that linked the Free State with the bulge of occupied territory below, Allenby undertook a daring night reconnaissance. With his own and a squadron of the Tenth Hussars, mounted infantry and horse artillery, he marched thirty miles, encircling the Boer flank and leading his column undiscovered toward the main artery of the position. A reserve commando camped beside the bridge approach made it impossible to blow up the structure, so he decided to do his best with gun fire. The dramatic attack in the vitals of the salient in the dim dawn created widespread confusion and loss as the shells rained against the bridge. But only Allenby's coolness and forethought saved the column when daylight disclosed its strength, and commandos closed on all sides. Detachments had been posted to hold his devious line of retreat; the Dragoons, with the Hussars under Lord Kensington, held off the converging Boers as the guns galloped back and retired alternately as the mounted infantry held the way to a defile through which the force raced and escaped. It was a minor success; but all news was then very depressing, and the next day Allenby's exploit was flashed to the world. This somewhat annoyed him, as he always disliked publicity.

During January, 1900, the cavalry experienced hard fighting and won ground, but after the arrival of infantry, French withdrew the mounted forces secretly for his march to Kimberley. Every front was deadlocked. Since 1914 new light has been thrown on the discounted conviction of Roberts and Kitchener that a delay in retrieving our prestige threatened to develop the temptation in Europe to exploit a situation which

was already believed to have involved Great Britain in disaster. With Cronje strongly entrenched astride the main railroad from Cape Town, an advance to Bloemfontein and Pretoria to relieve the pressure in Natal was impracticable. Depleted by twelve weeks' fighting, short of remounts, and with reinforcements several days off, French agreed to start with the forces available for a wide detour to relieve Kimberley from the east, and so to threaten Cronje's rear. The Inniskillings were held at Colesberg, but Allenby's squadron accompanied the column as advance guard.

The march of one hundred and fifty-one miles across desert tableland barren as the Sahara, at the close of the summer drought, was a hard one. Approaching the Riet River on February twelfth a patrol, directed by Prince Alexander of Teck, who was attached to Allenby's squadron, discovered a commando with guns holding Waterval Drift. To retain the element of surprise there was no time for pitched battles. While the advance guard was fighting, the wagons were laagered and left with mounted infantry; the guns engaged, and the cavalry crossed a difficult ford by a feint and turned the position. The lightened column marched next day to the Modder River in blazing heat and left the trail littered with dead horses and prostrated men. On the fertile strip by the river another commando was holding the ford, but again a crossing was forced at apparently inaccessible points. Stripped to barest essentials, with emergency rations, the march was resumed on the fifteenth toward Bloemfontein. A strong force encountered at the cross-roads guarding Cronje's lateral communications was driven back by a salvo of shells and a devastating charge of the brigades

straight at the *kopjes*. Then the winded cavalry wheeled westward and rode unannounced into Kimberley after sunset, the horses "pale" in muddled lather, the men black-lipped from thirst. The Diamond City, a prize beyond the dreams of Midas, was saved as it started its fifth month of siege, but as the joy bells announced the good news and the wan people flocked to the streets to greet their deliverers, the tired column camped in the outskirts to water and doctor the spent horses, one thousand five hundred of which lay dead on the plains.

Reduced to forty-two men, Allenby's command was augmented by the residue of the New South Wales Lancers and attached to the Scots Greys as French reorganized his diminished forces at sunrise, deciding first to deal a blow to the investing forces north of the city. A long running fight ensued; but as the final pursuit ended, the Boers turned on the Scots Greys as they were picking up their widely scattered wounded, and Allenby checked a serious situation by a brilliant flank attack. When the regiment limped back that night to Kimberley, news arrived from the south that Cronje had evacuated Magersfontein and was retreating full speed to Bloemfontein. Partly rested, only Broadwood's depleted brigade could move, and French led it out at once to head off Cronje, leaving the exhausted regiments on guard.

Cronje knew that the cavalry division was fighting his northern command well up on the Mafeking road, and marched confidently through the night, choosing the farthest drift on the Modder to cross to Bloemfontein. At ten-forty-five next morning nearly fifty miles east of Kimberley, French's guns halted him in

his tracks, and he turned at bay, driving his wagons and guns under the overhanging bank of the narrowed river with four thousand riflemen to burrow defenses on the upper slope.

Allenby doctored his horses, and that evening had the rare luxury of a bath and bed, dining at the sanatorium with Cecil Rhodes, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. Any idea that he might again aid in the relief of Mafeking was dispelled by news from French. Food and troops were moving to Kimberley, and the cavalry rode off to help their leader, reaching Koedoesrand Drift in time to head off De Wet, while Cronje sustained his amazing resistance from the rim of his lair, facing an inferno of shells, and with his retreat choked by dead horses. Lord Roberts arrived with the infantry; but he continued to inflict heavy losses until February twenty-eighth, when the anniversary of Majuba was celebrated by the capture of his entire force, and also by the relief of Ladysmith.

Still far ahead of their wagons, the cavalry now raced for the flank of the Boer commandos concentrated at Poplar Grove, and again turned the next position at Abraham's Kraal. On March twelfth Allenby's squadron participated with the Greys and Remington's "Tigers" in the charge north of Bloemfontein, cutting the railroad, and the isolated capital surrendered. The Inniskillings now marched up from Colesberg, and Allenby took command of the reunited regiment. The New South Wales Lancers remained as an extra squadron, and the following extract from a despatch published in the Australian press is of interest:

"ALLENBY'S OWN

"The squadron of Lancers is now attached to the Sixth Inniskilling Dragoons and under the command of Major Allenby. This officer is almost worshipped by the colonials, who would go anywhere and do anything under him. He has the reputation of being able to handle cavalry with any other man in the British Army. His promptness in tight corners and coolness under fire have not a little to do with the spirit of hero worship which prevails. . . . They now call themselves 'Allenby's Own.' "

Thousands of Free Staters had now accepted an amnesty, and the army halted while the railroads were restored. The cavalry horses were in a pitiable condition, but the necessary rest was cut short when Botha and De Wet swept down the southeast side of the capital, cutting up isolated garrisons. The race to head off the raiders finished the horses; the First Brigade could only muster two hundred mounts after the first stage, and Allenby's last charger collapsed after it had carried him for forty-five miles. But the raid was turned, although it was late in April before the Boers were driven north, retaining guns, prisoners, and well-stocked wagons owing to the fatigue of the cavalry.

Remounts now poured in; but before they could be conditioned the army restarted on May third for the three-hundred-mile march to Pretoria. The cavalry made long detours to turn the flank of the enemy on the Sand River and at Kroonstadt, and Allenby had lost two hundred horses before the Vaal* was forced on the queen's birthday. Four days later he led the

*A river in South Africa.

Inniskillings to open the attack on the flank of the strong position on the Witwatersrand, with its conglomerate soil, city, people and policy, and in grim irony the cavalry fought dinnerless and breakfastless round the hills encircling Johannesburg, looking down on its vast wealth, and securing the fabulous prize as an asset for the future progress of the country that it had disrupted. With its surrender the troopers rode wearily on for Pretoria, and when the limit of their endurance seemed reached, they were involved in a running fight through the environs, and the main forces marched in unopposed. The government with its bullion had already steamed out, and as the troopers chased the armed forces beyond the capital the scattered Boer Army was encountered as it re-gathered on the steep ridges of Diamond Hill, sixteen miles to the northeast, across the railroad to Delagoa Bay. When Lord Roberts moved up on June eleventh the last formidable battle raged for nearly three days, with the cavalry heavily engaged on the flank and men and horses too spent for pursuit when the Boer forces broke up, Botha continuing to retire along the railroad.

With garrisons to maintain from the Kalahari to the Indian Ocean, and operating one thousand and fifty miles from the base, the Army now paused for reorganization, for no farther advance was possible until the mounted units were rehorsed. Remounts having arrived, and Viljoen's raid having been checked, French invaded the Eastern Transvaal at the end of July, driving the Boers eastward along the railroad in a series of stubborn rear-guard actions which culminated in the capture of Machadodorp, after

which the Boers blew up their guns and burned many train-loads of supplies. President Kruger, crossing the frontier, departed for Holland, and large forces surrendered or escaped for internment in Portuguese territory. During the initial campaign Allenby marched on the extreme right above the Komati, and in the highlands, in the July cold of the South African winter, the men suffered severely. He lost an officer, several troopers and many horses from exposure in one terrific hail-storm. On August fourteenth his patrols gained touch with Buller, who had brought the Natal Army through the passes for the final drive against the frontier.

The Inniskillings led the precipitous march and attack that captured Elandsfontein, and the cavalry again changed flanks with the infantry to close the cordon by a sweep across the steep amphitheater of mountains surrounding Barberton. Climbing heights more suitable for Alpine *chasseurs* than cavalry, Allenby, with the Dragoons, two squadrons of Carabiniers, and a pompom, appeared behind the forces holding the almost perpendicular defile of Red Hill, turned other dominating positions, and opened the difficult mountain road to the secure enemy stronghold as the commando fled south into Swaziland. When the column came up, General French offered Allenby the honor of leading the advance to take over the town; but in consideration for his overstrained horses, he declined, and after a brief rest marched in with the guns. Winding thirty miles along the crests and descending by steep chutes, the surprise was complete. Thirty locomotives were taken and reserve stores which fed all the columns for several days until the

supply trains came up. This secure base in the fastness, the last town held by the enemy, was considered impregnable, yet was captured without the loss of a man. But through delay in sealing the passes on the northern flank, Botha and Steyn escaped from the cordon, and Viljoen, with one thousand six hundred burghers and field-guns, flocked into the unhealthy *boscheveldt* for the three-hundred-mile *trek* round to the north of Pretoria, to support the energetic measures of Botha and De Wet which prolonged the war for twenty months.

From Barberton Allenby marched up the mountains and occupied Eureka City and the Sheba gold mine which the enemy had been working. During the return march of the cavalry many horses and mules died of exhaustion in climbing the Duivels Kantoer, and many others were killed by a terrible thunderstorm in which both Allenby and his trumpeter were stunned by shock but escaped injury. When the column reached Ermelo in October, Botha had rallied thousands of surrendered burghers, and there was heavy fighting to Heidelberg, where Allenby was attacked on both flanks when his force in advance was widely extended. He calmly rallied his men and changed front, driving back the stronger party and averting disaster. The cavalry now returned to Pretoria to refit, and he became lieutenant-colonel by brevet in November.

Losses in junior officers had been severe, and Lawrence E. G. Oates was one of the new subalterns who joined the Inniskillings. During his early service he remained with the wounded of his scuppered patrol, refused all demands to surrender, and with two men held the enemy off all day, though he was soon severely

wounded. His party was rescued at nightfall. Thus he started the career which closed when he stumbled out to die in the raging blizzard to lighten the burden of his companions after reaching the South Pole with Scott.

Early in 1901 Allenby was selected to lead one of the eight flying columns organized to sweep the country systematically and circumvent the raids that were so daringly carried out by the enemy. His command comprised the Scots Greys, the Carabiniers, detachments of the Inniskilling Fusiliers and artillery. After the concerted drives against the frontier and the block-house line, which Botha skilfully evaded though large forces were captured, his column started in June to clear the Magaliesburg. Following the failure of some impressive operations, Allenby had not hesitated to express strong convictions in high quarters which perhaps were not at first universally appreciated. But the thoroughness and vigor of his methods soon compelled attention. Cooperating with Bruce Hamilton across the heights, he soon tamed the incorrigible mountain region. Leaving his camp standing as a blind, he moved before daylight, evaded watchful scouts, and climbed into inaccessible lairs, clearing one retreat after another and destroying *caches* of ammunition and supplies used to support the raiders in the Pretoria district. In a fight with Kemp's commando one of his shells exploded a wagon of dynamite about to be used to destroy the railroad, and the whole laager was blown to pieces. During other wide drives he captured a large number of prisoners, wagons and thousands of cattle. Praise from Lord Kitchener was rare, but his command received it in good measure.

In September, after his column had cleared the country between the Crocodile and Elands Rivers and captured Preller's commando, the horses were worn out and the force retired to Pretoria to refit. Remounts arrived; but before they were trained, Botha made a rapid diversion in the direction of Natal, and the column entrained for Dundee. At midnight, in their first bivouac, news arrived that Gough's column had been ambushed and cut up at Vryheid. Allenby started at once and reached De Jager's Drift to cooperate with other forces under Bruce Hamilton, to head off the commandos on the Buffalo River. This checked the advance, but the raiders invaded Zululand. When Allenby's patrols were across Rorke's Drift, news arrived that the enemy was attacking the garrison at Hala, forty-five miles away. He pushed eight hundred cavalry and a battery across the flooded river, and, cooperating with the forces under Spens, rode through the night, the enemy decamping as they approached, leaving many dead and wounded. Then news came that Grobler was attacking Fort Prospect, and after another weary dash through heavy rain the troops found that the Boers had been warned and were in flight. In sixteen days' operations in Zululand, through incessant rain-storms and rapid marching, Allenby lost two hundred horses; but the raiders were successfully foiled, and at the end of October Zululand was clear, and Allenby went to Standerton to refit.

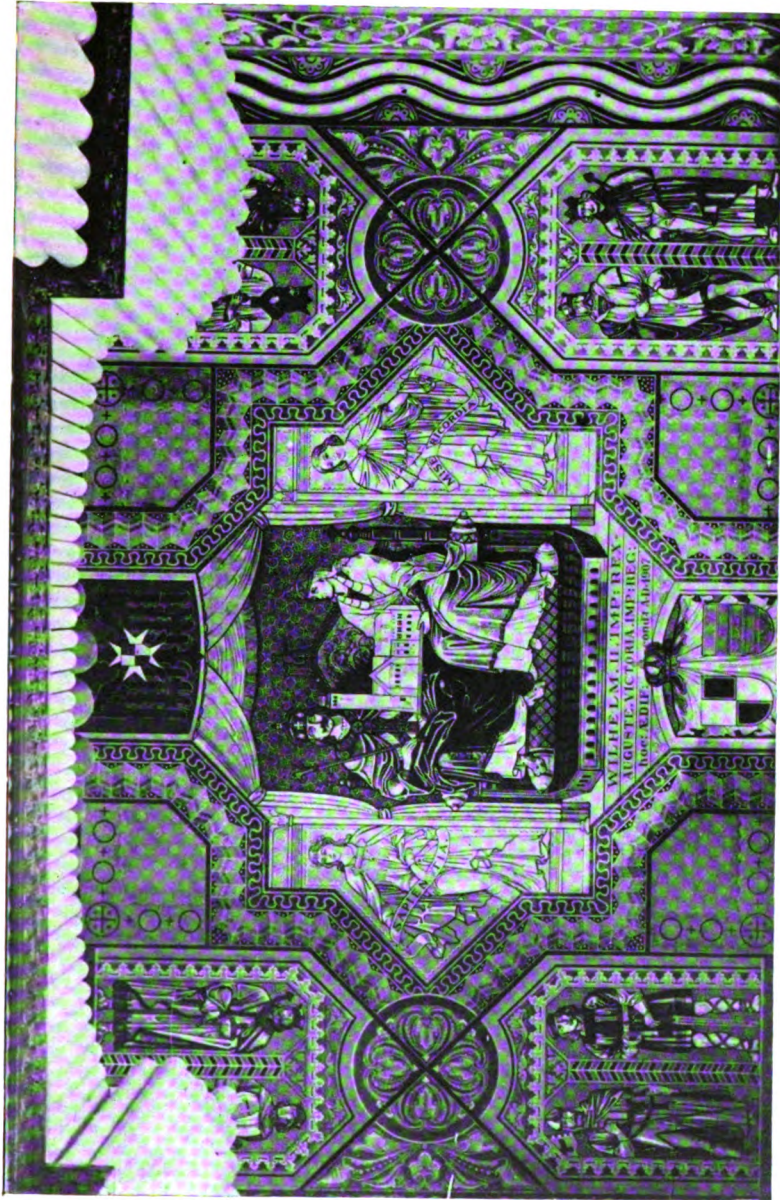
Following a conference in Pretoria with Lord Kitchener, who ordered two weeks' rest and was arranging for large reinforcements for the command, Allenby returned to Standerton at night just in time to receive

the information that Botha had ambushed Benson's column near Bethel—the colonel and ten officers being among the killed. Allenby rode hard through the night with Bruce Hamilton and De Lisle, and chased the enemy, but by using led horses Botha's men traveled fast, and the unseasoned remounts of the cavalry suffered heavily in the fruitless pursuit. The column was now heavily reinforced and had successful operations near Ermelo. December was intensely hot and wet. The command was holding a front of thirty miles along the Olifants River, and patrolled a large territory. The herds that had been rounded up developed *rinderpest** and had to be slaughtered; and there were many night operations. After two unbroken years of strain and exposure Allenby succumbed to low fever and was moved to a hospital in Johannesburg, and afterward went to Durban to recuperate.

By an instinct evidently telepathic, Mrs. Allenby at this time made sudden plans to go to Africa for a few weeks to feel at least that she was in closer touch with her husband at the front. On the coast he recovered quickly, however, and by the middle of January, 1901, was back in the saddle. By a strange irony, when she reached Durban a few weeks afterward, his column was involved in operations close to the Natal railroad, from which a few hours' journey by train would have enabled them to meet.

Headquarters were now in Johannesburg, where the mines had restarted and city life was becoming normal. Waiting for orders Allenby met many old friends, including some of his own captures out on

*Cattle plague.



Picture of the Kaiser and Kaiserin on the ceiling of the German hospice, Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

parole, who retained a warm respect for the leader who pressed them so vigorously, but was so considerate to his prisoners and took such care of the enemy wounded.

In the public gardens he offered his stick to a little girl of seven who was trying to reach down into the pond. Using it and restoring it, she asked incredulously, "Don't you hate the Dutch?"

"No! Do you?" he replied in surprise.

"Of course I don't hate my own people!" she retorted proudly, still gazing open-eyed at the big officer who was smiling so kindly, and yet must be one of the ogres that she had been taught to fear.

"Well, then, we are both good friends," said Allenby; and so it was, for he often met his *protégée* and played with her.

There were drives, marches and counter-marches, chiefly efforts to limit the activities of Botha, who evaded all concentrations, although Allenby surprised and took prisoner his brother-in-law General Emmet. The capture of Viljoen and Bester also had proved a serious loss to the bold raiders in the east; but a few hard blows were still dealt. The enemy was weakening, but Allenby could not take two days' respite when trains to the coast were temptingly near. On his birthday near Villiersdorp he fought his last battle, which the gunners celebrated by a final salvo of forty-one rounds against the ridge which the enemy then proceeded to evacuate. Next day a white flag came in asking for an armistice. It was too cloudy to heliograph the news; but the column suspended operations and a tacit truce was arranged until messages could be exchanged. Negotiations hung fire while Botha

was conferring with De Wet and Steyn in the south, and the columns made a final drive to the Lindley-Kroonstadt line before the armistice was proclaimed. Then came Peace sealed by Botha's chivalrous slogan: "*Let the blood of the Brave who found their graves in South Africa be the cement to now bind us together.*"

Allenby was now free to take a few days with his wife at Durban, a reunion which had a short interruption while the columns were broken up and permanent garrisons arranged. Then came promotion to command the Fifth Lancers, one of the first regiments for home service, with a grant of four months' leave, which left a few days more to visit together the haunts of his early days in Natal before taking the first liner home.

After many interruptions, family life was a great delight to Colonel Allenby. To most men a reaction would have followed the very long years of isolation, hardship and exposure, and the many hundreds of nights spent in open bivouac under trying weather conditions or in the saddle. But even in his hours of relaxation, the laborious idleness of social gaieties held few attractions for him. He devoted his energy to the new problem of military training connected with the policy of far-sighted leaders who planned to weld the British Army to a compact unit prepared to face the exigencies of modern war. Allenby was a brilliant exponent of the "Cavalry School" which reorganized the tactics of that much-debated arm of the service in order to retain the old spirit and dash of mounted combat; and also to provide a mobile force capable of fighting dismounted with equal efficiency,

in addition to meeting the manifold requirements of reconnaissance, screening, and advance and rearguard action, under the severe modifications imposed by the magazine rifle.

The record of stirring events leaves no space to devote to the important decade of cavalry training, in which the hard practical years of Allenby's varied African service bore full fruit, when recognized merit opened the way to wider fields after his command of the Fifth Lancers. Promoted temporary brigadier-general on October 19, 1905, Allenby took over the Fourth Cavalry Brigade in the Eastern Command. He established a high standard of efficiency, and was a popular leader, though his ideals of training were rigid, and the routine that he imposed was far more exacting than tradition had led the cavalry subaltern to expect, especially in the easy-going era when statesmen saw only a mirage of security, and the flutter of arbitration treaties drowned the saber-rattling in Europe. Again promoted in 1909, Major-General Allenby became inspector-general of cavalry in April, 1910.

Allenby never hesitates to say exactly what he means and this is well illustrated by his remark to a certain colonel who on maneuvers had made a perfect mess of his job and had made Allenby furious. At the conclusion of the day's operations Allenby called all the officers around him in a semicircle to discuss the work of the day and he commenced his address thus: "There are four kinds of fools. Fools, damned fools, b——y fools and *you*, Colonel X——!"

During the period to the outbreak of the Great War, when he was appointed to command the cavalry in the

field, the mounted forces were brought to a degree of proficiency which soon attracted attention abroad, and helped to revive a keen interest in the British Army in those foreign departments of intelligence that had hitherto regarded it as a negligible factor. "The horses are superb, the physique of the men unsurpassed; and their all-round training has no equal. If only there were more of them, they could outmatch any cavalry in the world"—such was the comment of a well-informed Continental observer who saw the magnificent and far too rare spectacle of the complete Cavalry Division at work. But the general public at home was not very interested in the wide Army reforms carried out, though there were grumbles at the paltry sums expended for maneuvers.

The group of leaders whose watchword was "Preparedness," and who loyally supported the ideas of General French for training the Army to meet modern European conditions, had very little encouragement, and they were often objects of ridicule. Their unostentatious methods entailed self-sacrifice, constant study and hard work. They were regarded as fussy alarmists by many politicians who well knew the existing commitments should Germany violate Belgian territory to reach France. The work continued in the improvement of the organization of one cavalry and six infantry divisions as an Expeditionary Force, but the military genius which trained men could not provide adequate grants for the necessary artillery. In machine-guns even the Cuban Army had a greater proportion than our forces.

PART II
THE GREAT WAR—FRANCE

PART II

THE GREAT WAR—FRANCE

1914—Importance of the Cavalry—Mons—Von Kluck—Von Marwitz—Audregnies—Valenciennes—Maubeuge—Le Cateau—St. Quentin—Cambrai—Cavalry Exploits—Von Kluck's Admission—Cressy—Picardy—Chaos—The Marne—The Turn of the Tide—Cavalry Fighting—Allenby's Work at Sablonnières—Braisne—The Aisne—The Northhamptons—Troyon—The White Flag—The Slaying of the *Pas de Calais*—Armentières—The Lys—Hollebeke—Whytschaete—1915—Cavalry in the Trenches—Allenby and the Children—Hooze—Picardy—1916—Vimy Ridge and Arras—The Orphaned Child, Azenia—Michael Allenby—The Hindenburg Line—Allenby's Great Victory—Appointment to Egyptian Command.

IN ENGLAND the war had been talked of for so long and derided so loudly, while its portends conflicted so strongly with our normal and complacent outlook, that its possibility had been relegated to the negative limbo of the unpleasant and improbable. In France for several years pacific doctrines, largely socialistic, had prevailed. The disciples of Jaurés preached a gospel of international brotherhood and a federated Europe without internal frontiers, and the teachings of Hervé had affected the discipline of the reserves. The more moderate policies of leaders like Briand, Millerand and Clemenceau also restricted many measures for national defense. But the crisis in Morocco awakened France from a trance and converted her leaders. The Army and Navy were reorganized and the full scope of conscription restored. The Committee of Defense had specifically recommended that extensive forts and field-works should be maintained

between Lille and Maubeuge and through the Ardennes to Longwy, with a strategic railroad along the open frontier. Even these measures continued to prove unpopular to the Socialists and led to the anti-militarist riot in Belleville during the *Quatorze Juillet* celebrations in Paris in 1913. After great opposition, Monsieur Messimy managed to get a modified bill passed making three inadequate grants for defenses on the open northern frontier a few weeks before the war broke out. None of these things created much public interest in England. This apathy presented a singular contrast to the magnificent and spontaneous response made when the long-deferred storm broke.

After spending five years in training the Army at Aldershot and perfecting the work as Chief of General Staff, Sir John French was the natural selection to command the Expeditionary Force. Statesmen have been blamed for deferring a declaration of England's irrevocable determination which might have averted the war earlier in the crisis. But the prompt decision to recall the great soldier from a retirement brought about by a political misunderstanding won unstinted praise at home and abroad. Fortunate, too, was the choice of those generals who were to share the responsibilities of the great hazard—Murray, Chief of Staff; Robertson, Quartermaster-General; Macready, Adjutant-General; Haig and Grierson with the First and Second Army Corps; and Allenby in command of the Cavalry.

The story of the war is an oft-told tale that can never die; for the prevalent idea that those four years of agony and horror which tore out the vitals

of the world can be dismissed as an unhappy memory is inconceivable. As its obsessions fade, a new interest is seeking the perspective to secure a comprehensive view of the vast struggle. Restricting this story to the operations in which General Allenby participated or controlled, the first and last periods that fall within its scope were marked by picturesque movement and incident which relieve some of the tragic monotony of modern warfare.

The British Army landed with no developed plan of campaign. On the hypothesis of a German invasion, transcripts had been made of conversations in Brussels between Colonel Barnardiston and General Ducarne, and of Colonel Bridges with General Jungbluth outlining a precautionary exchange of ideas on the disembarkation of one hundred sixty thousand men in Belgium for combined operations. The rapidity of events made reinforcement of the Belgian Army impracticable, and rendered abortive the offensive planned for the combined French and British Armies across the frontier.

General French had the strongest discretionary powers, while conforming to the strategic plan of the French headquarters. There were certain to be exacting cavalry problems, and Allenby was faced by a preponderance of incalculable over the calculable elements. Germany had emphasized as the special function for her cavalry a rapid flanking irruption to destroy communications and paralyze the supply. Also *Die Reiterei allezeit voran!* Facing the German outer flank, the Cavalry Division at least was certain to encounter vastly superior numbers in its complex rôle. But the rushing tidal wave of invasion gave no time

for plan. Energy, prudence and ability of the highest order were shown by every British leader in averting disaster. But fertility of resource, brilliance of direction and rapidity of decision under the stress of great emergency had the greatest test in the disposition of the mounted forces.

Every unit of our original Army was indispensable; but during the first great crises the importance of the cavalry was emphasized. Allenby did much to bring the training and initiative of the mounted branch to such perfection that in reconnaissance, screening and fighting it demonstrated its superiority over the combined cavalry divisions of von Marwitz. Under his masterly direction, guarding the threatened flank and covering the retirements, his division was the greatest asset in saving the British Army from annihilation during the strategic retreat, and thus in preventing the turning of the entire Allied line which would have resulted in the loss of Paris. Numerically insignificant as it was in the organized clash of two million men, yet, as a small obstruction can stop a powerful engine or ruin the turbines of an ocean leviathan, the British cavalry proved a definite factor in wrecking the success of the right wing in the impressive German plan of campaign planned by von Schlieffen in 1905 and slightly modified by his successor, von Moltke, in 1914, but with stronger forces on the western flank.

On the Aisne, before Allenby was withdrawn to support the breaking center, his thrust between the First and Second Armies was demoralizing the distended forces on von Kluck's inner flank to a stage where a farther retreat was seriously considered. In the subsequent race to Flanders, Gough's dash through

Bethrune, combined with the work of the French cavalry and the march of Byng's brigade with the Seventh Division in Belgium, seriously disorganized the advance forces of the invaders on open roads to the Channel. As the enemy massed at Menin, Allenby wheeled the united cavalry divisions to fill the formidable gap south of Ypres, and cemented the precarious line formed across Belgium with the forces extended in North France over the frontier. This defense was unprecedented, for dismounted troopers played a conspicuous part in damning the Teutonic flood and saving the Channel ports. Von Moltke's thrust for Paris, and the strategic conception of his successor, von Falkenhayn, for the reaction across Flanders to North France, both lost their initiative through prompt cavalry action.

With mobilization orders on August fourth, one cavalry and four infantry divisions were moved to France by the fourteenth and had taken over their Belgian position by the twenty-second. The Third Army Corps was embarking; the cavalry therefore formed the only reserve. The cavalry division under General Allenby comprised:

First Brigade, Brigadier-General C. J. Briggs, C. B.—Second Dragoon Guards, Fifth Dragoon Guards, Eleventh Hussars.

Second Brigade, Brigadier-General De Lisle, C. B.—Fourth Dragoon Guards, Ninth Lancers, Eighteenth Hussars.

Third Brigade, Brigadier-General H. Gough, C. B.—Fourth Hussars, Fifth Lancers, Sixteenth Lancers.

Fourth Brigade, Brigadier-General Honorable C.

E. Bingham, C. B.—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, Sixth Dragoon Guards, Third Hussars.

The independent Fifth Cavalry Brigade, under Sir Philip Chetwode—Second Dragoons, Twelfth Lancers, and Twentieth Hussars—occupied Binche and covered the reconnaissance excellently. One regiment from each of the other brigades was detached to act with the infantry divisions.

When the storm burst, French mobilization was based on concentrations for the Franco-German frontier, but as the flower of the French Army was preparing to launch its offensives in Alsace and Lorraine and north of the Verdun-Toul barrier, fifty-five German divisions were pouring across Belgium and Luxembourg to France. The enemy mobilization had been more thorough, and the obliteration of the forts at Liège and Namur proved far more rapid than the estimates of the French General Staff had allowed. French field armies were built up rapidly along the north frontier. On the left of the Third Army based on Verdun and deploying to attack the Crown Prince in Luxembourg, the Fourth Army on the Meuse, and the hastily constructed Fifth Army along the Sambre, extended the front across Belgium through Charleroi. The British Army was to continue the line through Binche and Mons, to Condé north of Valenciennes, preparatory to a united offensive to check the invasion.

On August twentieth, with some success in Alsace, the strong French offensive in Lorraine was checked and a retirement enforced. On the north front the Third and Fourth Armies were heavily involved with the German center, the Fifth Army was just complet-

ing its deployment on the Sambre, and the British were only starting to move up. But the powerful army groups of the German right wing now had all their Reserve Corps. Von Buelow was blasting his way through Namur, the Saxons on his left were preparing to force the Meuse to attack the rear of the Sambre position, and on his right von Kluck had forced the Belgian Army through Brussels and was free to wheel on the flank to envelop the Sambre line from the west; then the French Fifth Army was to meet its *Sedan*, and the direct roads from Belgium to Paris would be open. Thus closed the critical Thursday.

When the battle of the Frontiers developed, the French had eighty-two infantry divisions, the British four (reinforced to five), and the detached Belgians seven. But on the Sambre there were only ten French divisions. The First, Second and Third Armies of the enemy's right wing comprised thirty-four infantry divisions, a totally unexpected strength, with the British facing the complete First Army.

On Friday and Saturday the British took over their front with another division on the way to complete the link with the French. Recalling stories of "two thousand spies" distributed on the path of invasion, and the reputed order of the Kaiser for a concerted effort to walk over the "contemptible British Army," it is interesting to note that the Germans had not the slightest idea that it had reached Belgium, otherwise their dispositions would have been very different. From a Dutch newspaper the General Staff learned only on the eighteenth that British troops had landed "at Boulogne" and expected them therefore on the Lille road.

The retreat from the Mons front has been pictured profusely in a halo of epic prose with little regard for the wider significance of the Anglo-French operations which still offer a fertile field for the historian. On Saturday the occasional rumble of guns far on the right rear was mistaken for thunder. The three German armies were supposed to be checked on the Meuse, hammering at the clamped gates of Namur, and following the Belgian Army to Antwerp. But the Namur ring was breached in ten hours and, without waiting for von Kluck, von Buelow was already before Charleroi, attacking along the Sambre. As the British were extending eastward toward Binche on the Mons-Charleroi road, part of his advanced forces were moving west by the same highway, but from which they turned south, following the curve of the Sambre for nine miles, in the gap between the French and British Armies, to force the river at Thuin on the French flank, following in reverse crossings made by Napoleon when he marched his five corps to Waterloo.

All the armies were acting with an amazing lack of information. Had there been a proper *liaison* with the French, part of von Buelow's advanced forces would have been in a precarious position with the British behind it, or had the German reconnaissance been more thorough, von Buelow might have waited a few hours for von Kluck to reach Mons, and loosed strong forces against the British right rear. The Sambre battle was scheduled for Sunday; but von Buelow drove the French back rapidly from the river, and they retired far too hurriedly for the Saxons to force the Meuse south of Namur in time to menace the rear, or to develop any plan of the General Staff.

Leaving the Belgian Army to his Third Reserve Corps and Landwehr, von Kluck with five corps, and still controlled by von Buelow, now was wheeling rapidly south to conform. His rôle was definite. When the French armies were engaged along the entire front he was to march on the open flank, to roll up the line eastward when the French stood for a decision. But Paris was his goal—to mask its defenses for the siege-trains and to keep the supposedly shattered field armies from reaching the capital.

On Saturday and on Sunday morning, with his division in reserve, General Allenby sent extra squadrons to extend the reconnaissance northward. This screen of reticence blinded indifferent German observation, foiling Uhlan motor-cyclists and hunting odd patrols of von Kluck's divisional cavalry. The British Army was still expected in the direction of Lille, where the roads from Calais and Boulogne marked the most direct communications with England. Von Kluck had prepared for a strategical exploration to the west, and the discovery of British cavalry near the cross-roads at Soignies and a clash with a squadron at Casteau did not necessarily conflict with reports of troop movements at Tournai, east of Lille (the detraining of French territorials mistaken for British troops), and other reports from the same direction, which probably referred to the lone Scottish battalion and artillery thrown out to guard the roads on the extreme left and subsequently obliterated.

The Second Corps therefore was sent through Grammont down the road to Tournai ready to meet this phantom menace to the outer flank, to which a vast concentration of cavalry was also directed. Sub-

sequent reports of strong British detachments along the canal west of Mons indicated no great strength, and did not change the dispositions.

The Cavalry Corps under von Marwitz, diverted by a tedious detour, was built up by the army cavalry of the entire right wing, three full divisions with horse artillery, armored cars, and formidable machine-gun units in lorries, and the pick of the *Jaeger** from the three armies. Those who witnessed its march westward described the command as a veritable army of horsemen and guns sweeping like an irresistible flood, and taking many hours to pass a given point. Fortunately, to avoid choked roads, its detour was too wide to make it available against Allenby's overworked troops on the flank during the first retirement. Von Kluck, however, had also very strong divisional cavalry, and several patrols of dragoons and hussars were shot down or routed, and gained very little information, making, besides a poor offensive achievement.

Unconscious of isolation, preparing for two corps which had been reported south of Brussels, the troops on Sunday were still taking over their front, and many men were washing or bathing in the canal; in the towns and villages the bells were ringing and the streets were thronged with people, when shells suddenly screamed over the main position. The cavalry had clashed with patrols at daybreak, and there was some firing at the outposts when the squadrons fell back; but it was ten o'clock when the batteries with von Kluck's covering troops came into action, and the British positions were unmasked. Fighting still developed slowly at some points along the twenty-two-

*Sharpshooter.

mile front; but many outposts were driven in to the line south of the canal, and followed up so rapidly that engineers were shot or bayoneted as they blew up the bridges. Wheeling back his right to the high ground behind Bray, Haig had no difficulty in holding his own. The center was furiously assailed, and there were heavy losses as the front was drawn back south of Mons. The single cavalry brigade on the right flank at Binche was attacked and forced to retire by the corps that was linking the two armies, and which was wheeling rapidly south on the right of von Buelow with definite objectives. It was not therefore involved in attacking the exposed right flank of the British.

When precise information was received, von Kluck had many difficulties to face before he could deploy adequate forces along the entire British front. His army was facing generally west and marching on the diverging western roads that radiate from Brussels like the spokes of a wheel and were beautifully designed for the unfolding of that vast army which poured out steadily through the capital for three days and nights. The army now was racing against time, and was to change direction from the general line Alost-Mauberge, to wheel southward on a wide front, with the right sweeping round toward Lille and Douai, and with the many excellent roads from the north to Paris available for the rapid march of parallel columns.

Only the Ninth Corps on the left, the pivot of the wheeling army, had an interest in Mons itself, and that incidental in carrying out orders to retain touch with the Second Army at Maubeuge, and to mask the fortress against which the siege-guns soon

would be sent from Namur. This was the corps reported by Joffre to be moving south, as confirmed by British reconnaissance. The glaring under-estimate of the overwhelming forces soon to be employed against the British Army has often been a subject of criticism, but it is readily understood when the direction of von Kluck's initial advance is considered and his speed. The patrols of the Ninth Corps clashed with the cavalry at Casteau very early on Sunday, and advance forces were engaged with the outposts at Obourg at six A. M. Its leading brigades were not deployed until ten fifteen A. M. for the attack along the line of the canal northeast of Mons to force the crossings. Delays in issuing battle orders show the difficulties suddenly created at headquarters by lack of information.

Allocated to roads passing west of Mons toward Valenciennes and definitely warned of British forces along the canal between Mons and Condé, the Third Corps had no idea of the strength or dispositions to be faced. Its patrols blundered suddenly into the British outposts established to the north at Tertre and Ghlin. Effectively screened by the woods, the leading battalions remained in the Bois de Baudour and Bois de Ghlin awaiting orders until two P. M. before the attack was seriously opened west of Mons.

When alarming news from the Ninth Corps reached First Army Headquarters at Hal, many changes had to be made. Operating in a settled countryside, intersected by canals and rigidly set out with farms and villages, von Kluck fortunately found great difficulty in getting reserves forward, in suddenly changing the direction of his columns farther north and

utilizing roads along which the transport of the involved forces had already moved. It was three o'clock before the engagement became general, and then only two corps were engaged. It was after six p. m. before the Fourth Corps could get any troops in action on the right of the Third Corps, against the left of the British line at Harchies, northeast of Condé, after forced marching from Ath. In the meantime, the Cavalry Corps was looking for the British Army toward Courtrai, sweeping the country north of the Tournai-Lille road. But it was placed under the direct control of von Kluck that night, and ordered to turn south to act on the flank west of Valenciennes. All these muddles, however, saved the British Army from a serious disaster.

The British Staff was cheerful and confident on Sunday morning. The generals met the commander-in-chief soon after daybreak at Sars, and the situation was reviewed. Outposts were strengthened, and arrangements made for Allenby to lead an immediate advance if the enemy were thrown back.

As the Ninth Corps closed in, von Quast pushed dragoons and a brigade across the canal at Haine to the east of the main British front. As strong supports were soon moving against Haig's right flank at Bray, he drew it back to the high ground to the south. The enemy did not immediately push forward, as the other division had great difficulty in forcing the crossings nearer Mons at Obourg and Nimy until howitzers were brought up. This division made slow progress, losing heavily, and when Nimy was taken there were severe reprisals against the villagers. Although some of the forces holding the canal were en-

veloped and captured, the First Corps held an excellent position on the heights and repeated attacks broke down.

The brigade at Nimy during the afternoon pushed its way into Mons and was rapidly supported, continuing a very heavy attack on the right of the Second Corps, which was steadily drawn back. The center and left were now very heavily engaged also at many points along the front farther west. The attacks of the Third Corps had been very strongly pressed with little success, and the villages along Smith-Dorrien's front were the scenes of bitter fighting; but in spite of the fact that von Lochow had thrown in all his reserves, little progress was made on the ten-mile front after the British were consolidated south of the canal, except at Jemappes, where howitzers paved the way. At nine-thirty p. m. the German fire died down, and some of their regiments were withdrawn because of heavy casualties.

Compared to the losses in subsequent battles, the proportionate casualties on both sides were not heavy. The Second Corps lost fifteen hundred in killed and wounded; but those of the First Corps were negligible. News now had arrived that the French had definitely retired; the pressure was increasing and both flanks were in the air. The army had consolidated on high ground after dark, but every hour reinforcements were marching down toward Condé to envelop the left, and at midnight, therefore, plans were made for retirement to France at dawn to a line west of and resting on Maubeuge.

The First Corps fell back across the frontier by alternate divisions, after making a spirited feint to-

ward Binche which threw the enemy on the defensive; but the pressure on the Second Corps demanded extraordinary circumvention. When the retirement started, both the Fourth and Third Corps were pressing Smith-Dorrien, who had taken over the Second Corps on the death of Grierson, while a division of the Ninth Corps was soon attacking his right, south of Mons, and a vast concentration of artillery added to the peril of the two exposed British divisions. Fighting desperately and suffering heavy losses, the Third Division fell back and made a magnificent stand at Frameries, fought off envelopment, and retired southward. The Fifth Division farther west was also fighting heavily. Before daybreak Allenby had thrown forward the cavalry on the extreme left to check Sixt von Arnim's efforts to envelop the flank; but the mounted forces were finally withdrawn to relieve the immediate pressure on the Fifth Division. The Duke of Alenburg then crossed the Mons-Valenciennes road and occupied Quiévrecchain, to be checked by the Nineteenth Brigade, sent opportunely to Valenciennes from guarding communications. These fresh troops on the flank were a great help to Allenby in covering the retirement.

The fighting raged across the Valenciennes road to Elouges, where most of a battalion was cut up or captured, and to Audregnies, where Reichenau's brigade worked rapidly round the immediate flank when Allenby was bringing in cavalry to give direct support and to loosen the enemy's tenacious grip of the retiring forces. De Lisle at once ordered the Ninth Lancers and Eighteenth Hussars to charge the flank of the massed infantry; but the squadrons

rode into barbed wire and lost heavily from machine-gun fire. The brigade rode round, however, and brought dismounted support to the menaced line, helping to run the guns back by hand as the enemy surged over the field.

When the sounds of battle broke unexpectedly on Valenciennes there was great excitement, which turned to horror when the historic city realized the significance of the hurrying lines of ambulances and flanking troops escaping through the suburbs. Thousands rushed to the streets; the shock was incredibly sudden, for it stunned, and the interlude was too short for flight. A few women screamed hysterically and many knelt to pray in the street; then the enemy marched in, and for the citizens who had started the day so normally, life was for ever changed.

None of the German divisional leaders were given freedom of action. Covering the retirement down the roads across the frontier the squadrons fought a masterly rear-guard action, supported by the horse artillery and retiring by alternate squadrons. Then suddenly all pursuit ceased, except by the enemy's cautious divisional cavalry. The Second Corps reached the selected line on the Maubeuge-Valenciennes road, and halted on the left flank of the First Corps, which was resting with its right flank protected by the fortress.

There was little respite for the worn troops on the Maubeuge line, and no rest for the cavalry, which covered the outer flank that the enemy had determined to turn. The Second Corps was closing in, the cavalry corps moving round from the west to envelop the left. Von Kluck now had his army complete, and was de-



Men of the Devonshire Regiment in a front-line dugout.

Types of American Y. M. C. A. workers on the British front. General Allenby praised these men highly.

veloping a simple strategic plan to encompass and roll up the English line against the obsolete fortress on the right, which was undergunned and undermanned, its circle of cupola defenses mere egg-shells for the siege-trains now crunching their way from Namur. Allenby had only the Nineteenth Infantry Brigade on the flank with his cavalry division, which had to provide two extra brigades for outposts and to cover the front during the retirement. Though immense forces were closing in, patrols and raiding cavalry were held off, and the defensive screen of an army standing to fight was vigorously maintained until next day. When the army marched off, it dissolved and rode out as the trap closed, balked of its prey.

On a front of nearly three hundred miles in the most stupendous battle in history, the Allied armies now were recoiling from the concerted blows of seven powerful army groups. On the eastern frontier the French armies were able to fall back to strongly entrenched positions, but the unsupported barrier of field armies extended northwest across France from Verdun through Maubeuge was unable to stand. With vastly superior forces in the west, the Germans were likely to win the war on land if they could inflict a severe local disaster. Hence the Allied decision to maintain an unbroken front by keeping the line hinged firmly on Verdun and swinging it back toward Paris until distended enemy communications or a strong position justified a stand. Much now depended on the British Army on the outer flank. If the line could be enveloped and crumpled eastward, nothing could save Paris or prevent irretrievable disaster to the armies.

The sacrifice, however, entailed the abandonment of nine of the most productive provinces: 3,400 communes covering 15,000 square miles of territory with a population of 4,700,000. Before its final recovery, 6,300 square miles were utterly devastated, 2,600 towns and villages destroyed, 2,500 miles of railroad damaged, while the bridges, viaducts and tunnels blown up by both sides were 2,114 in number.

The British rear-guards were clear of the Maubeuge position by five-thirty A. M. on the twenty-fifth. One battalion had been detached to strengthen the doomed garrison of the fortress—a pawn to be sacrificed in the grim tragic game. But the main German columns poured on all day down the roads farther west, leaving the citadel and forts to be invested by von Zwehl's reservists and obliterated by the siege-train. The tragedy was completed by September seventh. Self-abnegation and heroism were entombed in the ruins; the gibbering maniacs found crouching alive by a miracle were sent to Torgau, wards of the merciless Brandes.

Foiled at Maubeuge, von Kluck's columns were again racing southwest on a twenty-mile front, determined to repeat the effort for envelopment from the direction of Cambrai. The four British divisions were retiring on parallel roads to a selected and partly entrenched line based on the important intersecting cross-road between Cambrai and Avesnes. The First Corps was retiring east of the Mormal Forest on the roads covered by the Ninth Corps and down which many French units were retiring. Haig's march, therefore, was greatly delayed and the enemy was close behind.

Marching to the area of Le Cateau, the Second

Corps and Allenby's composite force covering the outer flank toward Cambrai were now retiring alone before von Kluck's Second, Fourth and Third Corps, which were marching in full strength as Landwehr brigades were taking over the lines of communication. It was an anxious day for Allenby and an exacting one for every mounted unit. Von Marwitz was now a most definite factor, for the line of retreat was converging to roads covered by the cavalry corps, and the Roman road, Arras-Cambrai, offered a splendid line to ride down to intercept the British march, and either to harry the transport preceding the columns or to attempt a night raid on the almost exhausted division. Hurrying up country, however, the Fourth Division had detrained at Le Cateau and was already entrenched on the line toward Cambrai. The presence of Snow's eleven eager and rested battalions lightened Allenby's almost impossible task, and averted disaster.

Owing to developments, the corps commanders were warned at night to continue retirement as soon as possible; but a halt was imperative for rest and rations for the troops which had been fighting and marching for sixty hours practically without sleep or food. The enemy, however, gave no respite. Their columns had halted before sunset; but the cavalry scouts reported that they were closing in down every road, and already the outposts were clashing.

Allenby hurried to the Second Corps Headquarters at Bertry to confer, for his reports showed that the dispositions of the enemy would make retirement impossible to cover unless carried out at once. But the First Corps had not arrived on the line on the right, and the outlying Fourth Division on the left would

have great difficulty in conforming in pitch darkness. Rapid withdrawal, therefore, might involve both these commands; and after midnight the closing in of heavy forces indicated that a hurried retirement in the night before the roads were clear of transport might lead to a vigorous artillery pursuit or a hampered battle. Hence General Smith-Dorrien's decision to fight a delaying action while in a selected position.

The First Corps reached the cross-roads too late to take over the line to Le Cateau, and went into billets for a few hours' rest just as the pursuing Ninth Corps marched down the roads in the dark. Throwing up hasty obstructions, the guards at Landrecies suddenly opened a concentrated fire as the column entered the town, and the street was piled high with dead and dying in the debacle. But columns on the adjoining roads attacked and surrounded Maroilles, creating a very serious situation which was finally relieved by the arrival of French divisions from Avesnes, on the German flank. Before dawn Haig's forces were able to resume their retirement.

At Le Cateau daylight was heralded by a murderous fire from the massed German batteries. Trees toppled, buildings were razed, and the ground trembled under the thunderous fire, but the open formations and excellent use made of cover along the front soon proved its advantage over the concentrated German elements. In the unequal artillery duel, the over-matched British guns found a vulnerable and tactically important target in the serried lines of batteries. The terrific shelling subdued the fire in certain sectors, but when dense infantry waves advanced confidently, they were

repeatedly shattered by the dazed troops in the shell-torn lines. In these crises, too, "silenced" batteries reacted with vituperative outburst. There were few merits to the British position, superficially entrenched and lightly held; but the three divisions exacted a heavy toll from the vastly superior forces closely massed on a comparatively narrow front.

The roar of the British field-guns was drowned by the bursting shells of the concentrated German artillery. The few British machine-guns sputtered pitifully against the close array which blasted the path for dense masses of infantry. Superb fire discipline, coolness and courage could not entirely atone for this shameful national economy which was to cost thousands of lives and invite unparalleled disaster.

With the right flank uncovered, Le Cateau was captured soon after daybreak, and there were heavy British losses on that flank; but the plan for envelopment from the Cambrai roads was thwarted by the Fourth Division and Allenby's mixed command on the outer flank. Though backed by the fire of five hundred and forty guns and howitzers, every massed attack was repulsed, and for seven hours the British divisions more than held their own against the First Army. But losses were steadily mounting, and during the afternoon orders were given for each division to start retirement toward St. Quentin, down its allotted road. The ammunition columns had been sent back, but reserves of shells were piled by the guns, and as the devoted artillery masked the movement, the firing line melted away imperceptibly. The infantry withdrew coolly and were soon pouring back down the roads in orderly disorganization, but the few com-

panies left to sustain the firing line fought to absolute extermination.

The day's losses were nearly eight thousand and thirty-nine guns. The scene closed with extraordinary gallantry, the Germans a hundred yards away firing heavily as they closed in on the guns which were being run back by hand, or blazed the last furious rounds as the teams swung the limbers to the trail-eyes and galloped out of action. Its gunners shot down, the Thirty-ninth Battery was overwhelmed fighting; but as the enemy was taking it over, volunteer drivers galloped up, filched some of the guns, and all but one team got clear. The last bursts of point-blank fire accounted for the *berserk* rage of the closing foe at some points, where the captured and wounded were battered to death with rifle-butts.

Allenby's casualties on the outer flank were about five hundred, most of them in the Nineteenth Brigade. The intervention of the cavalry corps was again a complete fiasco. Von Marwitz was ordered to head off the British and intercept the retreat at all costs. The arrival of the Fourth Division was unexpected, and when he planned to pass round an open flank, he found Snow's Twelfth Brigade blocking the way and received very salutary punishment. One mounted division above Solesmes was just too late to intercept the British flanking column. The horses seemed to be more fatigued than the tireless German infantry who had been making forced marches for three weeks.

French forces in the west now gave the British some help. Sordet's picturesque cavalry corps, which had made a definite junction with the Belgian Army at Gembloux and had fought its way back to France

with men and horses dropping from weariness, brought batteries in action south of Cambria. This lightened Allenby's task in covering the left of the Fourth Division and enabling it to march clear after its terrible baptism of fire. D'Amade, who was the French attaché during the South African War, also attacked a column near St. Quentin with two divisions from Arras. Units of the growing Sixth Army moved to the Somme. These now relieved some of the pressure on the flank and enabled the forces that had fought and marched without definite rest or food from Sunday until Thursday night to reorganize and retire in more regular stages.

The First Army, however, continued to press closely. The right corps captured Amiens, on which the British lateral communications with Havre were based. No stand could be organized on the Somme, nor along the Noyon-Laon-Rheims ridges. Indented but still intact, the entire Allied line therefore continued to swing back to the Seine, its left on the Paris defenses.

After the fighting near Cambrai on the twenty-sixth, Allenby's scattered cavalry division had new elements to face. The cavalry corps had cut a broad swathe down the Lille-Paris roads always too late in emergencies but efficient in overwhelming territorial town guards, exterminating detachments of the fathers and grandfathers of France and levying fines from the cities. After capturing Bapaume and Cambrai, its mixed columns were diverted to lead von Kluck's advance and harass the British retirement; for the next sixty miles, therefore, spirited cavalry combats added spectacular effects to the most picturesque

backgrounds of the war. From Belgium to the Oise scattered fragments for the British cavalry epic could only be gathered four years later—widely distributed graves on isolated farms, some carefully marked in German; deeds recounted or scenes pointed out by returning peasants; a cross etched on a wall with the inscription, "*A la mémoire d'un vaillant soldat Anglais*"; moldering accouterments of men and horses arranged on low mounds at the edge of a thicket. These were eloquent of a thousand unrecorded incidents: of handfuls of cavalry sacrificed in delaying actions—an oblation made that others might live; of men who died while observing, in order that the enemy should not observe; of scuppered patrols that fought to the end to enable one man to get clear with the warning.

Allenby's cool forethought, determination and energy, and the magnificent quality of the officers and men of the cavalry and horse artillery, stood a thousand tests which embraced every principle in cavalry tactics and training. Acting as reserves, covering retirements under heavy fire, in spirited rear-guard actions against vastly superior forces, and guarding the exposed flank of the entire Allied line, the work entailed heavy exertion and ceaseless vigilance. The prevention of enemy reconnaissance through the boldness and initiative of patrols, which missed no opportunity of fighting or capturing hostile scouts and intercepting despatch riders, greatly contributed to the safety of the army. The German Staff has recorded the difficulty experienced in securing information, and von Kluck himself has frequently stated that if he could have succeeded in out-

flanking the British Army during the retreat, the war would have been won. He has expressed admiration for the way in which his constant efforts were frustrated—a tribute to all arms, but especially to Allenby's ubiquitous division.

Liberal support by *Jaeger* and machine-guns carried in special lorries, the German Cavalry Corps now made more concentrated efforts; but the net result only emphasized the moral superiority already gained over the enemy's mounted forces.

Late on the twenty-eighth, Allenby, who had established his headquarters at Cressy, received news that two cavalry columns had left St. Quentin on the respective high roads to La Fère and Noyon, on both of which tired British columns were marching to bivouac. Plans were at once made for a simultaneous attack. On the La Fère road, Chetwode with the Fifth Brigade turned back below Cherisy and surprised the column. As the leading squadrons recoiled in confusion and the first regiment became a tangle of plunging horses and contrary orders, the impetuous charge of the Scots Greys and Twelfth Lancers wrought terrible havoc. Further west Gough with the Third Cavalry Brigade also seized an excellent opportunity. After wiping out a small French detachment on the Somme canal, the second column was pushing south when it was surprised at sunset and thrown back by Gough's force, which had no heavy cavalry, but completely routed the crack Lancers of the Guards, inflicting very heavy losses. Thus in both cases the tables were completely turned in efforts to harry the jaded British retirement.

Reorganized with artillery, *Jaeger*, and other units,

the eastern column, however, again followed Haig through Soissons, and attacked the Second Division on September first when halted in the Forêt de Villers Cotterets. The Guards Brigade met the onslaught, the Irish Guards checking the cavalry charge with steady volleys and receiving the impact with the bayonet. The enemy was thrown back after severe fighting. There was spirited cavalry skirmishing on the outer flank as the beautiful forest regions below the Oise swarmed with hostile patrols. At Nery the effective surprise by Gough on the Somme was reversed by the same column which pounced on the rear of the First Cavalry Brigade in a difficult area. With its escort dispersed by concentrated field and machine-gun fire at close range, L Battery came into action and expended every round in its limbers at five hundred yards before the few survivors escaped the rapid envelopment. Securing aid, however, from an adjacent column, the First Brigade delivered a brilliant counter-attack, dispersing the mounted forces, capturing two German batteries intact and all the lost guns.

In Picardy the cavalry on the flank had wider opportunity to see both the picturesque and poignant aspects of the invasion. Retaining their conspicuous uniforms at that time, the French troops in these towns gave a living representation of vivid scenes familiarized and immortalized by the pens and brushes of French writers and artists after the Franco-German War. The peasants, the patient nuns, the houses, churches and châteaux, made a familiar background. Thus Cuirassiers in a village street, country carts, and ambulances driven by *pantalons rouges*, and many

other scenes might have stepped from a De Neuville canvas. Aeroplanes and motors struck the only modern note. There were hundreds of French lads on the road—the 1914 class which had just been called to the Colors, and the younger grades fleeing to evade impressment as the country was steadily occupied. And in every quaint church kneeling women prayed for their loved ones swallowed by the insatiable Moloch, adding the supplication, *Saurez la France! Ne l'abandonnez pas*, as the ruthless gray hordes rolled down like a tidal wave.

Many towns and villages were evacuated *en masse* when the troops moved on, for the people remained hopeful to the last, and then fled in panic on the unchecked approach of reality—a sad stampede of unprotected women and children, boys and old men, with cripples, invalids and decrepit who could not keep up but were afraid to be left. Swelling to thousands, the tragic human torrents were first flowing west, laden with treasures discarded as weariness overcame sentiment. Later the hungry frightened pilgrimage was striving for Paris, but southward from this Mecca of the peasant mind thousands of citizens were pouring for safety, an exodus which in three days filled the roads for sixty unbroken miles with every asylum overflowing. At the capital every exempt male was slaving on a broad perimeter of seventy-five miles to encircle with field works and trenches the former *enceinte*.

The scene from the air was impressive. On the straight and excellent roads, for scores of miles, parallel columns were moving down in apparently endless processions. Streaming fugitives, the long wagon-

trains, and the retiring forces of the Allies, battalion after battalion, battery after battery, were moving southward. Dotted with covering troops, the ominously short intervals behind the rear-guards led back to the gray-clad invading hosts; league on league of cavalry, infantry and artillery, moving confidently forward on every road. Behind poured the transport—the steaming field kitchens which kept the troops excellently fed, siege and ammunition trains, pontoon and bridging sections which rapidly replaced the innumerable bridges destroyed by the Allies, entrenching plows, and vast trains of motor-lorries. At the back of this efficient mechanical transport a fleet of motor vehicles operated, in cars numerically equal to General French's army. Including thousands of private automobiles run by their owners, this Motor Corps, directed by Waldemar, son of Prince Henry of Prussia, supplemented the work on the rear communications while the railroads were quickly repaired.

In the advance the massive wireless equipments of the Signal Corps gave the final note of modernity by which the vast army was directed, linking the groups and maintaining the guiding hand of the *Grosser Hauptquartier* back on the Meuse. But as orders were flashed and reports sent back over the vast battlefield, adroit experts on the Eiffel Tower were confusing and jamming the service night and day, a factor in the final discomfiture which left the right wing with undecipherable gibberish during most critical stages.

Rain or shine, early or late, when the cavalry were moving out for reconnaissance, retiring from action, or trailing in for a brief bivouac, the men were always heartened to find their commander waiting at some

cross-road or in the village square to salute the tired squadrons, to keep an eye on arrangements and to give a word of praise or encouragement in season. Formations were often widely separated, but this sense of personal direction and interest was always maintained, regardless of distance, and it infused the men with confidence under conditions of the utmost depression.

As the advance cavalry were moving forward to scour the forest regions of Compiègne in which strong patrols of uhlans and hussars were already reported, Allenby was waiting as usual to see his troops pass. Other members of the Headquarters Staff joined him, and the retiring infantry columns were pressing on close behind when a French car drove up rapidly. Controlling the battle areas of ten armies, Père Joffre had come in person and unannounced, to greet the British forces which had guarded his threatened flank, and to survey the ground in the last lap of the spectacular race with von Kluck for Paris. His tactful words of sympathy and praise were brief, but he was greatly encouraged by the spirit of the British troops. During his short conference with the Staff, dull explosions and distant firing announced the destruction of the bridges on the Oise as the rear guards fell back; but from that hour not a whisper was heard regarding the evacuation of the capital. The vast line across France was unpierced; Joffre saw that the flank would not be turned, and with full confidence he could afford to lure the eager enemy across the Marne and then choose the hour and place to stand and fight.

The restraint shown by von Stockhausen at Amiens was not a conspicuous trait of his colleagues when they

crossed the Oise. The presence of Prince Eitel modified neither looting nor severity, though he paid scrupulously for his own requisitions. After he left Château Sevier at Choisy most of its art treasures were carted away. Several beautiful châteaux owned by Americans were despoiled, notably Au Fond des Forêts at Rosoy and the Château de Chamnant near Senlis. Both these were occupied by the British and left in perfect order. The Germans tore down the Stars and Stripes, removed the valuables and wrecked the interior.

Reunited on the Marne, the British divisions made a spectacular stand on the river and blew up the bridges. On September third the army halted on the Seine southeast of Paris—von Kluck had lost the race by twenty-four hours. But with superb confidence the right wing prepared for a decisive blow against the Allied forces which had been harried for two hundred miles in thirteen days, and now must stand or abandon the capital and the rear approaches to the barrier forts. The Second Army had swept through Rheims and Epernay, and with the Third was deploying on a wide front. But lengthened communications had absorbed many men for guard and garrison, and events in Russia delayed the replacement of losses. Their line was consolidated too far eastward for von Kluck's original intention to march round Paris from the west to attack the rear of the Allied armies. He turned southeast therefore, ready to close up on von Buelow's flank, to smash through the small British Army during the frontal attack and roll the line eastward, cutting off the Allies definitely from the capital before starting investment. His orders for September fifth for the

Second and detached Fourth Reserve Corps were to prepare to cover respectively the east and the north front of the "entrenched camp of Paris"—a fact overlooked in most versions of this debated battle.

For the first time the movements of von Kluck's overmarched army were leisurely. The eyes of the General Staff that day were on Nancy, two hundred and nineteen miles away, and everything was coordinating on the pulsating front Paris-Verdun. But a spectacular success farther round the curving line promised to simplify the final operations. Following the pounding of three hundred and eighty siege-guns, after Fort Manonvillers and its garrison had been crumpled up at the cost of three German lives, the Bavarians were preparing to storm the battered heights of Amance, to open a road direct from Germany through the eastern barrier. The Cuirassiers of the Guard and the Kaiser were waiting to march into Nancy, through which the victors could reach the rear of the Allied armies from the east as the fighting developed between Verdun and Paris. Giant howitzers from Metz also were smashing the forts farther north on the Toul-Verdun barrier, with only ramparts of flesh and blood in entangled field-works to replace the shattered steel and concrete. Through this threatened breach shells were soon raining on the defenders across the Meuse, where the Crown Prince was driving a wedge west of Verdun to complete its isolation and break the Allied center. The vision of certain victory at every point replaced the most ordinary precautions.

Relying implicitly on the power of its guns and indomitable armies, the German Headquarters Staff neglected the most simple intelligence work. The evi-

dence should have quieted the fiction-fed spy obsessions of many excellent people at home who diverted energy to costly and ridiculous measures and the absurd perturbation of minor civil authority. No warning was issued that the Allies were preparing for the offensive—no report was sent of the 5,000 taxicabs which poured reinforcements north from Paris and built up the Sixth Army across von Kluck's flank, nor that the British, reputed to have lost half their effective strength, had replaced the sacrificed 15,000 with 19,000 fresh troops. Foch, too, with the Ninth Army from Alsace, was in line between the Fourth and Fifth Armies solidifying the front. Lusty choruses of jubilation from the German lines reached the outposts on this first night of relaxation at the very hour that Joffre's message reached the Allied armies—*"The hour has come to advance at all costs, and then to die where you stand rather than give way."*

At daybreak on September sixth the flanking army started the offensive, the British left changing front to conform—the First German Army stood within a huge rectangle which threatened to become a forceps. In order to hold off the French extending from Meaux north along the Ourcq, von Kluck cleared his impedimenta with amazing celerity and wheeled to crush the menace to his flank and rear, leaving his cavalry and strong covering forces in the south to screen his maneuver. His punitive counter-attack cost the French heavy losses; but the British and Fifth French Army took the offensive and moved north, destroying his idea of stabilizing his flank and moving his active corps in echelon to cooperate on von Buelow's exposed right.

The reinforced British cavalry had been redistributed: the First Division under Allenby, the Second under Gough, and the Third and Fifth Brigades, to operate respectively with the First, Second and Third Corps. On the night of the fifth the enemy advance cavalry were six miles below the Grand Morin, ready to strike at the British flank, and levying heavy penalties for bridges destroyed by the Allies. On Sunday, the sixth, the terrorized inhabitants of Courchamp, Jouy, and Courtacon, accused of warning patrols, were forced to burn their homes and farms, and hostages were lined up for execution when the sudden advance of the British and French armies fixed the historic demarcation of Germany's thirty-third invasion of France. Ruthless ferocity marked its flood tide, with precedents recurrent from 100 B. C. as the mounted forces fell back before the impetuous rush of the Allied cavalry that was leading the advance north.

Spectacular fighting developed next day, when the cavalry corps, with vast superiority of machine-guns covering the roads on which von Kluck's columns were wheeling and pouring back, was repeatedly flanked and forced to retire by the British. At various cross-roads and in the open, detachments of these horsemen would stand impressively. When the British troopers eagerly responded to this challenge to mounted combat, the enemy would open out, lurking lorries would dash forward to vomit machine-guns and *Jaeger*, to mow down the exposed squadrons before they could seek cover. This ingenious ruse was soon countered by sending out sections of horse artillery to the flanks before making provocative advances and smashing up the combination before it could function. Thus the

enemy gained little time for the strong rear guards of the active corps to prepare defenses on the crossing of the Petit Morin, toward which the Fifth French Army was also fighting its way, facing the indeterminate Seventh Corps farther east, which was supposed to form a flexible link between the First and Second Armies, and was being forced to an anomalous position. At night on the seventh Allenby's patrols found a strong force holding an excellent entrenched line across the river near Sablonnière on the Rebais-Soissons road.

Early next morning Allenby forced a crossing higher up the river between these forces and the stronger command which was bitterly opposing the French at Montmirail. This fighting started the definite breach between the First and Second Armies. The cavalry, followed by Haig's first division, brilliantly flanked the position as the frontal attack developed from La Tretoire, and though the artillery galloped clear to escape envelopment, there was a large haul of prisoners and machine-guns. Reinforced, the enemy counter-attacked and was again flanked and most of his artillery captured; but the Second and Third Corps had made their crossings and the British Army romped to the Marne. Pulteney, on the left, fought all the next day to replace a destroyed bridge at La Ferte, and cleared a vital approach to the Ourcq. Farther east Allenby and Gough got their cavalry over the Marne so quickly on the heels of the discomfited rear guards that no serious opposition could be organized, and the First and Second Corps advanced several miles to the north.

Facing west, with his main forces unfolded against

the Sixth Army, von Kluck was fighting confidently on this morning of the ninth, sheer weight forcing the French back, and from Brussels Lepel was marching night and day with half a division to turn their flank from the north. At midday, angrily protesting that there was time to deal the Sixth French Army a smashing blow and then move back in echelon to confront the British, von Kluck was peremptorily ordered to break off and retire to the Aisne without delay. But during his discussion with the Chief of Intelligence from great headquarters, his covering troops on the Marne had been dispersed, and the precautionary order to retire probably averted his envelopment and isolation as the British closed on his flank and marched north along the Ourcq.

The decision for retirement came from von Buelow. Left with five divisions to hold off sixteen, de Castelnau at Nancy for three days had hurled back the picked Bavarian storm troops—a shambles had ended the spectacular battle to break through, staged for the Kaiser. The Crown Prince was in a *cul de sac* near Verdun. Success, therefore, had to be sought in the west. For three days the Second and Third Armies had seen victory in sight. Losses were very heavy, but both wings of Foch's Ninth Army had been driven back and a decision might be snatched if von Kluck could cover von Buelow's exposed right flank now overlapped by the extended Fifth French Army. When the staff investigated the situation, Allenby's reconnaissance had discovered a vital chink in the defensive armor—the flanking and rout of the covering troops at Sablonnière had opened the way to the gap between the First and Second Armies to the British and part

of the Fifth French Army, and adequate forces could not be diverted in time to the Marne before the breach became irretrievable. From that discovery the German front fell to pieces, section by section. At noon von Marwitz reported that he could no longer hold back the British.

The Staff supported von Buelow's contention that contact with von Kluck was essential for success. He proposed to swing back therefore to the Rheims plateau, the First Army to conform. With his command restored over the entire right wing, and with supports railed from the Seventh Army in Alsace, he claimed that the offensive could be immediately resumed with the necessary coordination. This assumption was soon proved ridiculous.

Von Buelow's frontal attack broke down also on the ninth. With its center protected by the St. Gond marshes, Foch's left wing had again been forced back; his right was recoiling before the Guards and retirement was imminent. In the morning, however, he turned the Morocco division westward in the salient of his center, enfilading and crumpling up the German right. Von Buelow had ordered the engagement to be broken off when possible, and no supports were sent forward. That evening the same division turned eastward, and, massing his artillery, Foch fell on the inner flank of the Guards in similar fashion. The guns in the salient took heavy toll as the enemy fell back across the restricted roads through the marshes. On the tenth the Second and half the Third Armies were in full retreat. The second crushing fine on Epernay had just been remitted in return for the humanity shown to the German wounded, when the artillery went

clattering through the streets, followed by the army in full retreat. Foch was over the Marne on the eleventh driving the Germans through Rheims to the heights north of the city.

The deadlocked Fourth French Army, reinforced, now made headway, and was operating across the Camp de Chalons, the Long Valley of the French Army where every range was known. The junction of the Third with the Fourth (Wurtemberg) Army was broken, and the latter retired. This uncovered the right of the Fifth (Crown Prince's) Army which had driven south, west of Verdun, and was now assailed on both flanks. Before Nancy the Bavarians had retired to the frontier. Prostrated at the collapse of his grandiloquent plans, von Moltke ordered all the armies to conform and consolidate on a defensive line on the series of ridges which extend across France along the Aisne across Champagne and the Argonne, and was soon himself in retirement.

The sweep of the British Army along the Ourcq from the Marne to the Aisne in pursuit of von Kluck's wheeling columns had few of the aspects of the debacle so widely depicted. It is true that guns and vast quantities of stores were captured with two thousand prisoners, but his chief effort against the extreme left of the Allies had succeeded. He had bent back the encircling French flank from his western communication and cleared the roads through Betz and Nanteuil, and he retired full of fight from the widely opened rectangle to the Aisne, his right at Vic toward Compiègne, his left near Vailly. Thus his forces at first covered only nine miles of the river east of Soissons and a very small section of the famous Chemin des

Dames in rear, along which his army is shown massed so strongly in all popular war maps. On September twelfth von Buelow was curved above Rheims, his right definitely in the air with a gap of twenty-five miles between him and the First Army. Driven from the Marne, on the eleventh part of the Seventh Corps was fighting desperately near Fismes to check the left of the Fifth Army, while the British continued their march north. In the light of subsequent knowledge, by a closer *liaison* between the two armies this force might have been enveloped and eliminated in its isolation before it crossed the Aisne and strengthened von Kluck's flank.

On the evening of the eleventh Allenby pressed one column closely as it prepared to hold Braisne where the road to Laon crosses the Rheims-Soissons highway, and which is a junction from which other roads branch to the towns and bridges along the river. He attacked and gained the heights above the town at 7 A. M. next morning, and his guns shelled the lines of retreat on the descent to the Aisne Valley. Supported by the Third Division, he cleared stubborn detachments from the environs and gained the town after sharp fighting. This opened diverging approaches to the river, enabling the infantry to close in while the artillery secured positions to cover the crossings and to bombard the enemy on the opposite bank. Some troops crossed at two points that night, but the main attack started next day between Chavonne and Soissons against von Kluck's left, with the Sixth French Army fighting heavily to the west.

The dash of the cavalry in clearing the enemy from the roads to the river was full of picturesque incident.

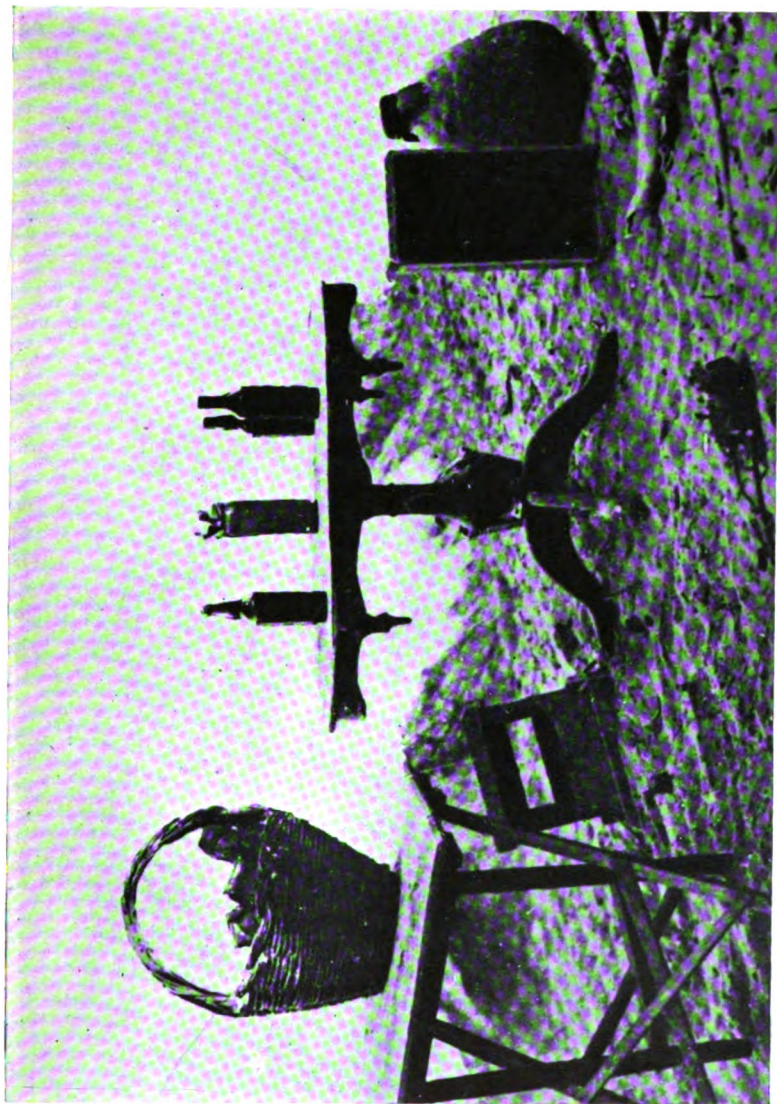
Allenby followed up the enemy at Braisne so closely that they were forced to turn and defend the main bridge over the Vesle which they had planned to destroy. Its capture was of great importance in getting the artillery to the Aisne to open fire before entanglements and trenches could be prepared on the lower slopes opposite. Heavily counter-attacked when fighting dismounted from a sunken road, the Inniskillings dropped back for their horses, and rode up the bank, charging and routing the deceived enemy. Watering their horses at sunset before the final attack, the Second Dragoon Guards were heavily shelled and their horses stampeded. The single horse battery on the flank was overmatched; but the Queen's Bays detoured in the gathering darkness and charged the guns, capturing eleven. By first storming the heights above the town, Allenby avoided heavy street fighting, and the enemy finally dumped reserve ammunition in the river, losing two hundred prisoners while escaping over the Aisne.

Heavy rain and mist spoiled air reconnaissance and greatly added to the difficulties of forcing the Aisne on the thirteenth. Facing von Kluck's divisions, the Sixth French Army, and the British Third and Second Corps east of Soissons, overcame strong opposition in bridging the moat and gaining a footing on the ramparts of the magnificent positions nature has provided from Compiègne eastward. Extravagant hopes raised by the territory and *matériel* abandoned during the retreat were sadly chastened by the strong German defensive. But before the First Corps, the Cavalry, and the left of the Fifth French Army, the harassed Seventh Corps, von Marwitz's Cavalry, and

the Twenty-fifth Landwehr Brigade from the communications were receiving contradictory orders for covering the inner flanks in the gap between the widely separated armies. Driven over the Aisne by the French, elements of the Seventh Corps and the forces that escaped from Braisne closed in and extended von Kluck's left in time to oppose the Guards at Chavonne; and their batteries swept the half-submerged bridge at Arcy, which the Fifth Brigade clambered across. It was evening, however, before the Second Division gained its crossings, for the mixed forces on the heights before them were soon settled on an excellent position.

But Allenby had moved his squadrons northeast from Braisne and gained the aqueduct at Bourg. Pouring across the river at daybreak, driving back scattered detachments, the Cavalry and First Division advanced up the road north leading to Cerny and Laon, a definite thrust against von Kluck's exposed inner flank. Farther east Conneau's Cavalry and the French Eighteenth Corps were across the river marching northeast in the gap on roads leading far behind von Buelow's flank.

For a few hours the strategic disaster which had robbed the enemy of the rapid success essential for victory invited a serious tactical defeat that would have involved the overmarched First Army in complete isolation, and a farther retreat which would have altered the whole course of the war. But from the north there appeared a god from the disordered military machine. Overwhelmed by forces eager to race on to Paris, Maubeuge had fallen on the seventh. In two days von Zwehl had cleared the crazed prisoners



Turkish booby trap near Gaza. Any article upon this table, if touched, would have exploded mines causing terrible havoc.

and booty, and was marching the Seventh Reserve Corps south. Adverse reports from the Marne inspired forced marches without orders, and more serious news from the Aisne led von Zwehl to continue rapidly down the Maubeuge-Laon road. On the twelfth he finally marched forty miles through the day and night, pushing forward his field-kitchens with ample hot *goulash* to fortify his mature reservists, four thousand of whom fell out during the final stages in a sweeping cold rain which was seriously retarding the Allies in the soggy Aisne Valley. At five A. M. on the thirteenth his tired columns had cleared Laon and halted to rest. At nine-thirty imperative orders came from von Buelow for the Corps to take the Rheims road through Berry au Bac, to keep the French from getting behind his right flank on the Vesle far south of the Aisne line. Reasoning that his tired men could not arrive before sunset and that a greater danger might arise if the British completed von Kluck's isolation, he continued his march directly south. The head of his columns reached the front at three-thirty, the Thirteenth Division moving over to Braye, the Fourteenth continuing to Cerny on the road up which Haig and the First Division was pushing toward the Chemin des Dames. Synchronized almost to minutes, von Zwehl deployed his infantry to support the cavalry and Landwehr retiring north in disorder before the British patrols, which were the first target for his batteries. His guns also checked Allenby's advance squadrons which had reached the famous road farther east.

Entrenching, the tired reservists had little opportunity for sleep. At three A. M. on the fourteenth

Haig made a reconnaissance in force up the road and bisecting valley through Vendresse, and by six-thirty the First Division was heavily engaged. The sugar factory at Troyon was captured with the Sixteenth Regiment, and several guns on the ridge, and the British right was pushed close to the Chemin des Dames. Every available unit was thrown in to support von Zwehl's bold counter-attack to check this menace to the flank. The guns were recovered, but the German advance was soon driven back to the top of the entrenched ridge below Cerny. From Braye the Twenty-fifth Brigade moved eastward to turn the advanced British position; but it was enfiladed from the south as it swept along the crest, losing its brigadier and several hundred men.

Farther east Allenby had pushed troops forward up the parallel road from Paissy across the Ladies' road at Ailes, driving back the Landwehr, and approaching the flank of the entrenched line before Cerny. The British artillery also was enfilading some of the advanced trenches. Three times the brigade commanders had reported the position as untenable, but were ordered to hold on at all costs. The advanced lines were wavering, however, and a retirement was imminent when unexpected elements again intervened to save von Kluck's menaced left flank. Following von Zwehl from Maubeuge, part of the siege-train had come straight down the road through Laon at the opportune moment. Far beyond the range of the British artillery, it was brought into action at Chamouille; the heavy shells intended for the Paris defenses inflicted serious losses. The escort also, two fresh battalions, became available at the exact point and moment at the height of the crisis.

With the British center checked by the strong fortified position at Condé, the spectacular advance on the right had distended the front of Haig's Second Division which was pushing up the ascent where trees made artillery support difficult. To relieve the increasing pressure on the flank, von Kluck now ordered the Third Corps and Twenty-third Reserve Division to move down and attack the exposed line from Ostel and Braye. The Guards and the Sixth Brigade met the overwhelming attacks steadily, but the guns could do little, and the enemy gained ground between the First and Second Corps. With no reserves it was necessary, unfortunately, to withdraw Allenby's division from the right to restore the situation. At sunset the last attack was repulsed and the enemy retired to the crest; but without the cavalry the pressure on the flank was relieved. The infantry, however, retained their grip on Troyon. The Northamptonshires on the right, and the Queen's, the King's Royal Rifles, the Sussex and one squadron of cavalry, resisted all efforts to force them back from the edge of the Chemin des Dames. With reserves or the cavalry division available, a great success might have been achieved in strengthening and extending the gain across the narrow section of the plateau.

The enemy made great efforts to force back the point of the threatening wedge. On the seventeenth, however, after severe fighting, the white flag was hoisted, and the enemy stood up with reversed rifles as a sign of surrender. Captain J. A. Savage, of the First Northampton, walked over to parley, but decided that the enemy's action was a subterfuge to discover the strength of the British forces. His men

were standing on the parapet watching, and as he turned to walk back to the company the Germans riddled him with bullets. He was literally shot to pieces. This deliberate act of treachery which was execrated by the press of every country, exasperated the Northamptons, who swept across and exacted a heavy reprisal which forced the enemy back, both sides losing heavily, until a battalion reinforced the outnumbered British, completed the rout, and the enemy's advanced position was captured.

For three days the narrowed gap had yawned invitingly between the First and Second Armies. Torrents of rain fell; mist shrouded the hills, adding to the obscurity of facts created by the urgent need of the cavalry in the trenches when wide reconnaissance might have developed the uncovered circuit to the murderous howitzers. From Nancy French reinforcements were pouring west, but detraining toward Noyon to turn von Kluck's outer flank. With few facilities for rapid concentration to aid the British effort, prompt and adequate support for General French's plan for enveloping the exposed inner flank must have cleared the enemy from the Chemin des Dames and hopelessly detached the First Army. The opportunity passed quickly. On the right, part of the Fifth French Army moved rapidly northeast. Conneau's cavalry corps reached Amifontaine, cut the railroad to Rheims, and temporarily severed important communications of von Buelow.

Crossing the Aisne at Pontavert, part of the Eighteenth Corps captured Corbeny on the Laon-Rheims road. On the fourteenth only a brigade of Reservists held the woods near Craonne, and its

isolated position would have been impossible had Allenby's division remained on the flank.

Railed from Alsace, the Fifteenth Corps finally re-occupied Corbeny, checked the French at Guignicourt, and entrenched; other units dug in toward Rheims, closing part of the gap in a sharp oblique from the Aisne to the Vesle and covering von Buelow. This still left four miles open on von Kluck's flank, but it was taken over by dismounted cavalry, and the German armies were then solidly united. Most German authorities agree that in this time of their great discouragement the gap presented the Allies with the finest opportunity of the whole war.

The debatable decision of the French High Command to turn the outer flank led to a brilliant offensive above the Oise, which was countered; both sides dug in, and the deadlocked front along the Aisne was curved definitely north. There was no victor in this tedious battle therefore. First honors go to von Zwehl, whose initiative saved the situation when the sudden reaction had distracted great headquarters and the collapse of the right wing seemed inevitable even to the strenuous von Kluck. The total British losses on the Aisne were 561 officers, 12,980 men. During the first three critical days von Zwehl's Reservists lost 175 officers, 4,207 men, which proves how his hold was threatened.

With the vast armies grappling to deadlock, sector by sector, the entrenched line leaped northward from the Oise to the Somme and along the Ancre toward Arras. In October the Supreme Commands simultaneously started to reach for a decision in the north. As the Allies prepared for an offensive to secure con-

trol of the mines, industries and railroads in the Lille area, and to turn the enemy front in Artois, the German Staff brought eighteen new corps into line, and regrouped three powerful armies. Von Buelow then struck a heavy blow from Albert toward Amiens, while the Bavarian and Wurtemberg armies and four corps of new troops under von Fabeck moved by interior lines to French and Belgian Flanders, intending to wheel above the Allies' left north of Arras and complete the conquest of Belgium and north France. With the Belgian Army shattered in Antwerp, and only scattered territorial detachments in the northern departments, initial success would gain control of the Channel ports with powerful artillery to command the Straits of Dover and support operations against England. With pressure toward Arras and the overwhelming reaction above the Allied flank, the line was to be pushed outward and southward to the mouth of the Somme or even the Seine. This was Plan II—to initiate the strategy of von Falkenhayn, and its success would have extended the existing line from Metz along the Aisne to the coast, with all north France and Belgium secure.

The dramatic series of events which intervened deserve brief recapitulation because the strategical conception aimed a vital blow at our insular security, and its defeat entailed stupendous sacrifices and a significance which dwarfed the issues of other battles. Every night in early October the French relieved British battalions on the Aisne and the army was secretly moved north. Heavily engaged at Arras, Maudhuy was consolidating, on the defensive, his left above Lens. The British were to pivot on his

flank in a rapid enveloping movement through Lille to turn the right of the main German armies and threaten their western communications. But while the Second Corps marched up from Abbeville and the Third Corps detrained at St. Omer, the Germans were completing their own pretentious unfolding. The invasion of the northern departments had started; eight divisions of cavalry with artillery and motor columns of *Jaeger* and machine-gun detachments were covering the roads far to the west, operating in advance of massive Bavarian columns which had only French cavalry and scattered territorials to check their coastward march.

Gough, with the Second Cavalry Division, reached Bethune on the tenth, driving out surprised mobile forces which had just occupied the town, and, sweeping north, he successively flanked and routed the advanced cavalry detachments covering the front between Bethune and Hazebrouck. By cooperation with the French cavalry, this widespread antennæ of invasion was broken up, reconnaissance thwarted, and the way cleared for the rapid deployment of the Second and Third Corps between the Arras front and Belgium. The British drove back the covering troops, but were forced to the defensive definitely west of Lille, which the enemy captured on October fourteenth. The industrial districts were lost; but these slender forces providentially had built up the Allied front across north France to Belgium, closing the portals to the coast in the face of the Bavarian Army.

The miraculous completion of the Allied line to the north is worthy of notice. The First Cavalry Division reached the frontier on the fourteenth, driving the

enemy from the wooded hills at Berthen. Under De Lisle the First Division was now consolidated with the Second and formed the cavalry corps commanded by General Allenby. Strong forces of enemy cavalry were surprised and driven from the Aire-Hazebrouck region. Bailleul was freed, Gough cleared the forest of Nieppe, and the enemy was promptly expelled from districts where railroads and bridges vital for the Allies had been at their mercy and had been spared for the use of their own troops. The sole achievement of this strong mobile force was the destruction of the station of Cassel, the murder of the Curé of Pradelle, and the terrorism and robbery of lonely women on the farms. The troopers acted shamefully in the Bailleul district; but at adjacent cross-roads Bavarian Dragoons camped in outhouses to avoid disturbing a woman dangerously ill in the farmhouse.

For nearly a week one of the most powerful cavalry forces in modern history had wasted time along the border of the Pas de Calais with practically open roads to Calais and Boulogne before them, and magnificent opportunities for concentration and raiding at vulnerable points which might have crippled the rapid advance of the Allies.

The arrival of the British Cavalry Corps was a complete surprise, and the enemy fell back in confusion by roads across Belgium on which they were expecting their main columns of the northern army groups to sweep into north France. Armentières was retaken with few casualties, and occupied by the Third Corps, whose left was extended across the frontier to Ploegsteert. On the sixteenth the cavalry blew up the barricade on the bridge at Warneton, and three squadrons

held the square for some hours. But the towns had been snatched from the grasp of an approaching Saxon corps, who drove out the troopers and strengthened the German cavalry massed along the Lys. The Saxons had definitely lost Armentières, however, by a margin of minutes, and their guns opened heavily as the infantry dug in on the eastern outskirts and secured this vital link between France and Belgium.

Patrols that had fallen back before Allenby through Ypres were dumfounded to find British columns marching *westward* across Belgium. Antwerp had fallen on the tenth after twelve days' incessant bombardment, its final *crescendo* the tocsin for the armies to sweep forward to north France. Hotly pursued by von Beseler's army of investment, the Belgians were retreating to Calais. From Dunkirk, Ronarch's brigade of Marine Fusiliers had marched into Belgium and brought unexpected support to the exhausted army. But a disconcerting and unexpected factor which thwarted all the enemy's plans was the march of the British Seventh Division and Byng's cavalry. Landing at Ostend and Zeebrugge too late to reach Antwerp, these forces marched inland to Ghent and wheeled on the main roads to Roulers a few hours before the arrival of the advance guard of the German armies that were sweeping impressively across Belgium to north France.

Allenby was operating along the Lys; the Seventh Division and cavalry halted on the roads east of Ypres; French territorials and cavalry held the roads toward Roulers; the sturdy Breton lads under France's youngest admiral faced about at the Dixmude cross-roads. The Belgian Army snatched a

few hours' sleep at Furnes and turned, extended along the Yser, to continue their ordeal. Unconscious of the great strength of the advancing armies, these heterogeneous forces formed a very thin line across Belgium, linked by the Third Corps to the front in France. In five days the huge gap from the coast to the north of Arras was closed—the Allied front now extended for three hundred and fifty miles. Based on mechanical definitions of force, the second ponderous German plan was also checked by unforeseen elements.

For three days Allenby fought to clear the crossings of the Lys, but they were strongly held. Searchlights played on the opposite bank at night, and every movement was checked by furious artillery and machine-gun fire. The Allies still hoped to maintain their initiative. Heavy fighting was developing near the coast; but the plan was still entertained for an advance from Ypres to gain Menin, which was strongly defended, and thus control the high road from Cambrai through Lille to Bruges, which would rob the enemy of an important line of communications parallel to the front. From Menin and Roulers pressure could be brought on the Bavarian flank before Lille and northward to envelop the forces operating toward the coast against the Belgians. As the First Corps was detraining and marching up on the nineteenth, the Seventh Division started to attack Menin from the north, with Allenby cooperating along the river. But the attack was cut short by the approach of powerful columns from Ghent, and Rawlinson drew back and concentrated on the cross-roads east of Ypres. The German armies had deployed across Belgium, the avalanche was approaching and the battle suddenly raged

along the whole front. Attacked now from the east while fighting southward across the river, Allenby wheeled his mounted divisions rapidly to cover the gap of four miles which existed between the Seventh Division before Ypres and the Third Corps which was heavily engaged by columns marching north of Lille. His squadrons were dismounted and assumed the defensive east of the Messines Ridge from St. Yves north, and through Kortewilde along the Comines Canal toward Zandvoorde.

The battle opened on the twenty-first with four corps trying to break through the thin line on the Ypres front, and the dismounted troopers had a full share in a difficult task. Without heavy artillery, they sustained converging attacks from the Warneton roads and from the east against the crossings of the canal to gain the southern approaches to Ypres. The battle opened by the capture of Le Gheir, which uncovered Allenby's right at St. Yves. But as the enemy attacked the exposed flank, the Twelfth Brigade Third Corps debouched through the woods from Ploegsteert, flanked the enemy and completed the rout with the bayonet. After murderous artillery fire, a second column at midday broke through above the left flank of the cavalry toward Ypres. Fighting desperately to hold the canal, the Second Cavalry Division drew back its left. Allenby had not a man in reserve; but by a heavy crossfire the breach was neutralized until the Sixth Brigade of Byng's Third Division galloped down and held the threatened canal crossings at Hollebeke while the Life Guards and the Horse Guards rode to support the flank of the Seventh Division, closing a breach which would have opened direct roads

to the city. From the château on the canal these reinforcements extended Allenby's left northeast along the Zandvoorde Ridge, building the south of the famous salient as the three infantry divisions consolidated on the curving front which formed its apex five miles east of Ypres, with the French continuing the line north.

Germany had maintained her surprise of the war—a superabundance of heavy artillery. In the morning the approach of the new *armeegruppe* had been heralded by scores of field batteries. By night siege-guns were in position at certain points, with the heavy batteries from Antwerp, to open a pitiless bombardment on the lines, and of towns and villages in the vicinity. After dark, pillars of flame marked the last strip of Belgium; scores of townships and hamlets were blazing furiously; rare Flemish architecture was crashing to ruin, and from the holocaust the heart-rending stampede of the helpless inhabitants added to the horrors of the critical night.

Though Haig had now arrived at Ypres with the First Corps, an offensive was clearly impossible. His forces strengthened and cleared the front, and brought welcome relief to the French forces, and especially to the Seventh Division, magnificently holding the main approaches to the city—a defense which gloriously justified the criticized effort to aid Antwerp by providing a force which foiled the enemy's *planmaessig*, and enabled the line to be built up in Belgium. But crushing attacks persisted all along the line, causing appalling losses which threatened the Allied forces with absolute annihilation until the arrival of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Thirty-third French Corps

strengthened the dwindling line and stabilized the front.

With heavy enemy reinforcements in Flanders, Allenby soon was facing increasing pressure south-east of Ypres. The British cavalry had ridden up to head off the advance of the invaders. The unmatched regiments now had flung themselves dismounted to fill the gap between the defenders facing the respective army groups in north France and in Belgium. For two weeks, day and night, they held at bay the vastly superior mobile divisions which linked the two armies, and stopped the massed attacks of storming columns sent alternately from the Belgian command and the army at Lille. It is not difficult to imagine the baffled spirit of the troopers tied to slimy trenches and the irk of courage curbed from a dashing retaliation by the mechanical precision of siege tactics. This accounted for the unrestrained fury of the *mêlée* when the enemy broke in, and the terrible hand to hand fighting when the troopers came to grips with clubbed rifles against ugly saw bayonets.

During this trying ordeal Allenby was tireless and ubiquitous. Keeping in close touch with every part of his sparse line, he launched local offensives and counter-attacks whenever opportunity offered, though no sustained advance was possible against the deadly barrier of machine-guns effectively screened and imperviously sheltered against his light artillery. As October waned, the attacks on his front grew in intensity as the enemy strove to smash through the south of the salient, to gain Ypres and cut off the forces holding the eastern approaches.

Heavy attacks on the twenty-first had forced the

left of the Second Cavalry Division farther back along the canal. The Indian Corps now was supporting Smith-Dorrien's weary forces before Lille. Two battalions from the Lahore Division were sent up to Allenby, who put them in to strengthen Gough's harassed forces at Wytschaete.

Unheeding Bloch's prophecy that modern warfare must degenerate to siege operations barren of decision, or determined at all costs to avoid the deadlock fatal for their aims, the enemy continued to concentrate on smashing through at Ypres. Unlike the British, they could hold their exposed front lines with few men by their abundance of screened machine-guns, and their well-fed and rested columns were able to debouch continually against sectors badly shattered by their unchallenged heavy artillery.

On Allenby's front the howitzers were supplemented by an armored train on the Lille-Ypres railroad, which supported the attacks south of Ypres; and when the campaign failed, they rained incendiary shells on the doomed city. Winter was racing in early, wet and bitter; trench lines were obliterated in mud and blood; there was neither relaxation nor relief for the tired troops. But time after time the miracle happened. When overwhelming masses swamped the front lines, remnants rallied, gaps were enfiladed, and supporting positions with the overmatched field-guns localized the victory. Some of the earlier assaults were made by new formations, divisions of young men of superior class who raced forward in fearless, almost fanatic devotion, singing the national hymn as dense waves were utterly shattered. Troops of first line, "Iron" divisions followed in prodigal expenditure.

For two hundred and eight hours the serried line across Belgium had fought and endured without support. Battered, dented, twice breached, the Ypres salient was finally saved by a stiffening of French veterans. But as Haig regrouped the three shattered divisions east of Ypres, new enemy concentrations restarted the offensive, and all British sectors again were delivered against the unsupported sectors of the three cavalry divisions.

Bombarded in the coastal area by British monitors, and swamped by the floods started by the engineering skill of M. Krogge, the enemy now diverted fresh masses of troops and siege artillery from the north roads to Ypres. The long-range guns that were waiting to move down the coast to open fire across the Straits of Dover and Folkestone remained in the Bruges sidings and were subsequently used to bombard Dunkirk and Paris.

The Kaiser arrived at Theilt on the twenty-ninth; a new drive for the Channel ports was starting. With a straight highway forty miles long, parallel to their front, the enemy was able to concentrate heavy artillery at consecutive points and successively blast the way for storming columns. Following a repulsed attack on Haig's divisions, a heavy and accurate fire was opened at daybreak on October thirtieth on the Third Cavalry Division on the Zandvoorde Ridge. Sections of trenches were blown in and their occupants buried alive, and Byng was forced to retire northwest, uncovering the right of the infantry divisions, and opening a way to the salient. The whole Fifteenth Corps was attacking. Rapid initiative could have exploited the situation to almost certain success. Slaves

to a definite object, masses of the enemy closed up in the gap, guns were brought forward, and the frontal attack vigorously pushed. On their right the enemy could have enveloped the infantry already hard pressed from the east, cut off Haig from Ypres, and only a miracle could have saved the city. Byng's troopers lightly entrenched a new line eighteen hundred yards farther back and stood like a rock. Allenby pushed the Third and Fourth Hussars and Scots Greys across the canal to strengthen this front and protect the left of his Second Division. The infantry slowly drew back their right to conform, and the salient, slightly narrowed, was again secure. Heavy fighting continued until night, when French reinforcements under de Moussy took over the sector, and the Third Cavalry Division was able to resume its unique rôle of mounted reserve available for emergency on the distressed front.

That morning, after he had sent up troops to participate in this battle, Allenby was faced with a sudden attack south of the canal against Gough's division. After a heavy bombardment which shattered the trenches, Hollebeke was taken, and it became necessary to bring up reinforcements from the First Division, which saved a second disastrous situation. Persistent infantry assaults involved heavy fighting, and wave after wave of men was broken by the guns close to the parapet. At the height of the fighting, the dull roar of artillery farther south showed that a third attack was developing. The howitzers had now come into action against De Lisle and the First Cavalry Division at Messines. A furious battle was soon raging in the town, the enemy fighting to get a footing on the

wooded heights of the Monts des Flandres. St. Yves was lost, and at night the enemy had gained the houses in the outskirts of Messines, but were driven out after a desperate house to house struggle.

At daybreak on the thirty-first all the attacks were resumed with redoubled fury. Two corps were concentrated to break through on Allenby's front in the culminating phase of the Kaiser's spectacular battle, and the position seemed hopeless. The Third Corps had extended its left to shorten the cavalry front so that all units could be available on the threatened area to which the regiments that had been diverted north of the canal had returned. But on Gough's flank columns were driving simultaneously along both banks of the canal, driving a wedge toward Ypres between the cavalry and the sectors taken over by the French. Byng's mobile division was already supporting Haig, but at nine A. M. the Seventh Brigade was brought back near Hollebeke, reinforcing the Fourth Hussars and keeping the flank firm on the south bank of the canal. At one point only one Sepoy of the Baluchis was left, and he gained the V. C. by sweeping the enemy with a machine-gun until supported.

At Wytschaete Allenby was just able to hold his own; at Messines the enemy again reached the town. The cavalry fought valiantly from the houses and inflicted heavy losses; but the German machine-guns swept the streets from every angle, sections of artillery were run up by hand, and the barricaded dwellings were brought crashing on the heads of the defenders. After a spirited fight, the famous convent south of Messines was captured—it was regained by a counter-attack during the afternoon, and the enemy

retook it at night. At sunset the town was in ruins and on fire, yet the cavalry made a resolute stand in the western outskirts until the fighting flickered out from sheer exhaustion on both sides. During the night, however, fresh columns of the enemy launched a severe attack along the Messines-Wytschaete position, and by weight of numbers swept over the ridge and broke the line between the two towns. The cavalry were now forced to retire, and the right fell back toward Wulverghen.

When Messines was a flaming ruin, the troops divided and the position hopeless, the cavalry had determined to hold the town until definite instructions were received from Allenby. Sergeant Major Wright of the Carabiniers started off at full gallop to report, but found that the enemy had worked round the flank and was swarming at the cross-roads. Without a moment's hesitation this superb swordsman charged single-handed at the surprised mass, parried the thrusting bayonets, killing six assailants as he opened a wide swathe and hacked his way through, reporting the situation, but saying nothing about his own desperate adventure which in the words of a prisoner who described the incident, was a feat "only done on the films." By a detour he got back to the town where most of the officers had fallen, with instructions to fall back and entrench. A corporal of the Lancers with the only available machine-gun sat alone in the road and held off the enemy while the survivors moved out carrying their wounded, when he rode off with the gun under fire and escaped scatheless. In an hour the regrouped forces had made the counter-attack which regained part of the town for several hours.

Dawn on November first found the scattered squadron grimly holding all points of approach along the front, but the enemy had now driven a deep salient westward, south of Ypres, with magnificent artillery positions on the heights for further success. The two salients had now formed a huge inverted "S"; but the junction of the loops was held firmly across the canal, along which lay the short cut to Ypres. On both banks columns continued the attempt to force their way northeast to the city. A French detachment under Barnard, with two welcome batteries, had reached St. Eloi and brought timely support to Allenby's flank, where the cavalry and Indian battalion continued to contest every foot of ground along the canal under crushing artillery fire. De Moussy, who continued the line across the canal to Haig's front through Klein Zillebeke, was still firmly checking the advance on the north bank, though he had only saved a breach by throwing in the Cuirassiers of his escort and every cook, clerk and departmental unit from his headquarters.

During the morning Allenby was barely holding his own at Wytschaete. After sixteen days' fighting, the climax of a fifty-hour battle had utterly exhausted his forces. From German headquarters peremptory orders had been given to press the attacks at all cost, as decisive victory was in sight, and the Third Reserve Corps was hurrying from the Yser. But at last help was approaching, and the newly arrived French Thirty-second Division moved into support at Wytschaete, and Olleris, with part of the Forty-third, strengthened the flank near the canal. In France part of the Second Corps was snatching a brief rest at Bailleul. After

surveying the front with Allenby, General French decided that it was imperative to use three tired battalions to take over part of De Lisle's trenches so that he could close up northward and consolidate the front with Gough. Conneau's cavalry now covered the right flank in the valley of La Douve. From guarding prisoners at Abbeville the London Scottish also came into line above the river toward Messines. The regular army had fought almost to extinction—the citizen army now was taking over. The offensive immediately restarted, and these territorials lost a third of their strength in the counter-attack when their memorable charge restored the situation behind Messines.

By a night attack Wytschaete was temporarily wrested from the First Division; but at daybreak the cavalry regained the shattered township with French help. Renewed attacks on all points of Allenby's strongly reinforced front were now vigorously repelled, and a brilliant counter-offensive amended the front. The approach was barred and the enemy dug in, covered by an impressive bombardment to which the French seventy-fives were able to make an adequate reply. It was now possible to withdraw the Second Division and the Indian troops, and De Lisle's division took over their trenches, the divisions arranging for alternate reliefs. With sadness as well as pride the corps commander reviewed the haggard, overstrained remnants which now represented the flower of his splendid cavalry.

For thirteen days in the Ypres area the French now bore the brunt farther north with tremendous fighting, but the enemy was again forced to stabilize the front and accept stalemate, in plain sight of the

ruined towers near the inexorable seven-kilometer fingerpost on the Menin road. But the sadly reduced British Army was collected for a supreme ordeal to close the sanguinary struggle that had now extended the vast cemetery to the northeastern sectors. On November sixth a sudden assault along the canal gained ground on the north bank and broke the French line. A charge of the Household Cavalry stopped the triumphant rush, but the heavy losses included the officers commanding the Second Life Guards and the Horse Guards. Five days later the Prussian Guards culminated the battle by their desperate failure on the point of the salient; but the victory left Haig with a skeleton force as the Kaiser went sorrowfully home and the fighting subsided.

The initial cost of saving northern France to the British Army was 3,013 officers, 69,017 men. One battalion of Scots Guards contained sixty men able to answer roll call, and some of the famous cavalry regiments were reduced to mere handfuls.

In January the Cavalry Corps was in reserve, but it was soon again needed in the trenches, and sectors were taken over by the divisions alternately on the front of the Ninth French Army, which was still facing heavy pressure. Failing to make progress, the Germans blew up a section of trenches held by the Sixteenth Lancers at the end of February, and a column stormed the breach; but the reserves dug in as they fought forty yards back and saved the line. The winter dragged out in monotonous deadlock, with the trenches full of freezing mud and water, a nightmare of misery under constant bombardment. Holding only thirty miles of front, the normal British

losses soon averaged one thousand per day. The world stood amazed each time the enemy sacrificed ten thousand men in a massed thrust, decisive in aim. But for miles the normal German front lines were held by a sprinkling of troops on guard, mostly of an inferior grade, with thousands of efficient machine-guns. The fighting men rested in comparative comfort and security in snug dugouts impervious to our field-guns and were not greatly troubled by the paltry fire of heavier caliber which was enforced by the paucity of ammunition. At leisure the enemy's long-range artillery collected its toll. Lacking in mechanical defense, the British front at first could interpose only a living barrier, which was rebuilt daily by the flower of the nation's manhood fed by the voluntary system which involved the public-spirited and patriotic, and at first, by unnecessarily high standards, selected only the best for the futile wastage where a far less capable grade should have borne its share. The cavalry naturally attracted a superlative type of recruits, that included the cream of our adventurous islanders who had flocked back from the Seven Seas—fine material for a mobile reserve of iron troops for great emergencies, but in stern necessity fed to the front lines to be frittered away by snipers and long-range howitzers.

Voluntary enlistment raised 5,041,000 men, and when the last groups of married patriots were being called up, there were 850,000 single unattested men, slackers of military age, who were rewarded at home by enormous wages and allowed to foment strikes. These men held up factories that were making aeroplanes and depth charges when the voluntary army



View from the summit of Nebi Samwil (Tomb of Samuel). Direction of Jerusalem is to the right.

was facing the shambles and the submarines had brought the specter of starvation ominously near.

Allenby's headquarters were established in the famous Château La Motte au Bois in the Forest of Nieppe, where the Baroness de la Grange remained in residence, revered by the British forces and working among the number of homeless refugees existing miserably on the fringe of their devastated countryside. The daily event of importance to the children in the vicinity was the departure or return of *Le Grand Général* from the front. The big car frequently raced off without stopping; but even after critical battles it would return in a more leisurely fashion, and there were always sweets and a few pleasant words for the orphaned mites watching at the doors of the overcrowded cottages and huts. Sidonie and Marthe, who had found shelter in a woodcutter's hut, were the favorites; and long afterward, when they had found a better refuge near Bethune, the familiar car stopped at their door—the General had come to call, and when two big dolls were delivered, the children faced an envious countryside.

In the honors for the defense of Ypres, General Allenby received the K. C. B.* and was created Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

There were great hopes for a mounted action at Neuve Chapelle, and Allenby had the Second Cavalry Division in readiness in France; but the limited success negatived mounted action. During the Second Battle of Ypres in April the Cavalry Corps rushed up in support during the gas attack, and two brigades counter-attacked in the last phase near St. Julien,

*Knight Commander of the Bath.

where they regained important trenches from which the choking defenders had been driven, being bitterly incensed as they moved into action through hundreds of green-faced victims gasping and dying by the roadside.

In April Michael Allenby* passed high up the list for Woolwich, where he took his artillery course rapidly and was sent to the front.

In May General Plumer took over the Second Army, and Sir Edmund Allenby succeeded him in command of the Fifth Corps. Comprising the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Divisions, the corps was holding an exposed position across the Menin road at Hooge, from Polygon Wood south toward Hill 60. For some weeks the region was constantly soaked with gas, but thousands of home-made masks which were sent out the day after the appeal was published, saved the situation and enabled the ground to be held. There were heavy assaults on the whole section, which was a key to Ypres, and during the heavy fighting the cavalry corps was placed at the disposition of its former commander, and brought welcome support to the shattered division.

While Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith were making their memorable visit to Ypres, however, by an ironical coincidence the Germans gave the embattled area a complete rest. Not a shell fell on the stricken city when Allenby conducted them through the gaunt ruins; and he was able to take them over the principal battle-grounds, the blood-soaked salient of which he was now guardian, during an inexplicable lull on those exposed sectors that were utterly dominated by un-

*General Allenby's son.

seen batteries. Strangely also, Nature had made a supreme effort to mask the garish hideousness of the region's stark desolation. Many soldiers were disappointed at this unreal atmosphere which attended the visit of the two men on whom devolved the task of increasing the supply and potency of munitions, and which perhaps encouraged the spirit of optimism with which they returned to London. Some believed that the significant interlude was stage-managed by the enemy, which is doubtful; for there was no respite during Monsieur Clemenceau's visit just before. Like Lord Kitchener he was determined to see everything regardless of risk, and by chance or design the enemy was in a vicious mood, especially when Allenby was escorting "the Tiger" along the front lines and therefore was able to delight his guest with a periscopic view of the enemy in action. The Staff was greatly relieved when the two leaders had completed a discussion on intensive trench warfare with practical demonstrations and were ready to move to a safer locality.

From the outset Allenby methodically studied the situation and prepared to improve his front. Following a surprise attack by gas early in June he retaliated by a short sharp burst of artillery fire, and stormed Bellewaarde Ridge too quickly for the reserves to move up. He gained half a mile of ground on a mile front, taking many prisoners and guns. A feat to which the Honorable Artillery Company contributed. With this improved gain near the lake, he started to mine the strong German redoubt at Hooge. Using only one battalion, the mine was exploded on July nineteenth, and the huge crater was immediately con-

solidated. Thus a cheering success was at last achieved in the sanguinary Ypres front. After farther fighting the Fifth Corps took over a new sector, and the fresh troops had scarcely settled at Hooze before the Germans attacked with the first flame-throwers used on the British front. The scorched and blinded men were driven from part of the redoubt; but Allenby attacked suddenly on the north, enfiladed and recaptured the position and retained his extra ground. This led to constant fighting and culminated at the end of August with the disastrous employment of a new gas that drifted far over the entire position without detection. By this tragedy General Mullins and some hundreds of officers and men were killed, while thousands were invalided. During the Battle of Loos the Fifth Corps attacked on a wide front at Hooze, and tied down a large number of the enemy reserves.

Allenby's headquarters were established at Abeelee and adjoined the convent school, where there were a hundred little war orphans who soon learned to idolize him. Their chief diversion was skipping with odd bits of string; but soon after the General arrived, there came a liberal consignment of fine skipping ropes from England and wonderful dolls and other toys. The privileged waif here was Aline, in size and flaxen tresses not much bigger than the largest doll. She had the *entrée* to the General's quarters and helped to receive some of the famous visitors whom Allenby escorted along the front. The Sisters who were tirelessly working on the edge of the war zone were no less enthusiastic than their charges. St. Edmund's Day had become a special day in the convent, and there was great sadness when the General

was appointed to the command of the Third Army in October, 1915, on the front sandwiched between the Sixth French Army on the Somme and the Tenth on the blood-stained sectors of Arras.

The great battles raging on the southern front, first at Champagne and then at Verdun, and the local struggles at Loos, kept the enemy occupied, and at first the new front along the Ancre was quiet.

With twenty-nine infantry divisions available and holding thirty-six miles of difficult front in Flanders, the British Army doubled the extent of its line as the war's first year closed. To shorten the front of the French who had been occupying three hundred miles with one hundred and eighteen divisions, the Third Army had taken over the trenches from Hebuterne, along the Ancre, before Albert to the Somme, sandwiched between the French Tenth Army (Arras sectors) and the Sixth south of the river.

When Sir Edmund Allenby took command in Picardy in October, the Allies were taking more practical steps for unified operations, and after the simultaneous blows at Loos, Souchez and in the Champagne, the enemy was temporarily involved in reorganizing the assailed regions. With all the consequences of the costly invasion of Belgium, the final decision of German Headquarters reverted to first principles—the utmost resources were to be gathered to launch a stupendous surprise at Verdun, there to blast open a direct gate between Germany and France. For this purpose the front in the west was first made doubly secure.

For a few months, therefore, the front held by the Third Army was comparatively comfortable. Behind

their intricate front lines the enemy was burrowing for impregnable positions in the bold curve of defenses on the plateau, facing west along the Ancre and south on the north bank of the Somme, in bold salient above the valleys of the two rivers and the flat marshes at their confluence. In spite of constant artillery fire, the mutual "hates," and sniping, Allenby worked to transform his opposing lines into a secure modern system with carefully selected artillery positions and good roads on the communications. Surveys were made to link up the front with light railways, and to complete the development on a scale that had been impossible in the agonized areas of mud and blood farther north. The sectors under Allenby's control provided excellent positions for practical training, especially for fresh troops. Ranges were carefully registered, the enemy's positions mapped and guns located. The consolidation and improvement of the front, the reconnaissance and surveys carried out by Allenby during the autumn and winter of trench warfare proved of infinite value when the Allies decided to launch an attack in the formidable Somme salient. A large amount of groundwork had then been thoroughly accomplished. This work provided a magnificent finishing school for the swelling units of the new army, which was shaping into a splendid fighting machine, of first-rate physique and intelligence, and composed of the cream of the nation's manhood. Slowly, too, but surely, the platitudinous era at home had passed, and guns and ammunition were beginning to pour in steadily.

Industrial Germany was working hard to maintain and feed her enormous number of guns, but the

murderous handicaps imposed by the secret preparations of Essen and Skoda now were being steadily overcome. Through the timidity which delayed conscription of men and material, the futile waste of skilled craftsmen in the trenches had been supplemented by the unrestricted export of vital raw material, including vast quantities of manganese, copper and essential chemicals. The "Business as Usual" exports to the United States fortunately could be repurchased with delay, at enormous enhanced price.

Fortunately for the British Army, the insidious voice of the German chemist had promised to do so much that for a short time gas and flame projectors were expected to halve the work of their gunners; and the Russian front was especially ravenous for guns and shells. Then hordes of new weapons of all caliber were collected for use against Verdun as our own output became prodigious through the Ministry of Munitions.

Surprise was often expressed because the Third Army was detached and sandwiched between the French. But D'Urbal was deeply involved in the intricate and devious operations above Arras on the right of the main British front; and through Amiens Allenby's forces were conveniently supplied from Havre.

On the high-water mark of von Buelow's drive westward, north of the Somme, an excellent opportunity was afforded to study the new German defensive system. Deep tangled belts of three-quarter inch barbed wire on stout iron posts, an incredible impasse of cruel, lacerating fangs, protected a maze

of trenches on the slopes. From the days that De Castelnau had delimited the advance and saved for the Allies the main railroad to Paris, the enemy had continued to dig. Lines of trenches were traced along the spurs with screened redoubts lurking in every depression. The main trench system was built on the crest, and in support each village and wood was skilfully turned into a stronghold for machine-guns and hidden artillery. The upper hills and ridges were cleverly transformed into fortresses, miniature Gibraltars with mine-shafts or tunneled in reverse, to tier on tier of shell-proof galleries, with recesses built solidly toward the face, with narrow apertures almost invisible on the grass-grown slope, but with a commanding field of fire. No point on the opposing front offered an advantage; in many places the lines were dominated; from most there was a limited field of observation, even on the ridges in the region of Albert, where the imposing figure of Notre Dame de Brebières still hung impressively outward from a single brace on the crumpled tower, an omen and a symbol. The ridges and chalk hills across Picardy and Artois from the Vimy Ridge to the Somme gave the enemy a continuous chain of natural ramparts which they had utilized skilfully.

In January, 1916, soon after General French had been succeeded by Sir Douglas Haig, the colossal blow fell on Verdun, an artillery assault of unparalleled vehemence and an overwhelming concentration of picked troops built up during the winter while France was in the throes of a political upheaval with its subsequent military and civil reorganization. The fury and persistence of the assaults soon called for every

available unit. In March, therefore, arrangements were made for Allenby to take over the embattled front of the Tenth Army. The First Army extended its right toward Vimy, Allenby moved the Third Army north to conform, extending before Arras across the Scarpe to Hebuterne. Rawlinson with the Fourth Army marched up on his right and took over the Somme front. This area was selected for the great offensive to relieve the pressure at Verdun.

The British Army now held a continuous front across north France, and had assumed the difficult heritage of the Arras region, the most sanguinary area of that period. The fringe of Arras was on the battlefield. North of the city the main road to Bethune traversed a veritable Golgotha, where both sides had fought for control of the ridges that dominated the plain of Douai with its network of enemy communications. Great progress had been made; but between Arras and Lens, along the Vimy Ridge southward, a massive fortified system from three to five miles broad remained, strong and imperturbable, with the Allies holding positions generally inferior, but which had been won at the cost of thousands of lives. Every foot of ground on Allenby's front was literally sown with dead. At many points the enemy had cleaned up the assailed front by filling the huge mine-craters with bodies and covering the top with earth. Prolonged phases of these operations had cost sixty thousand French lives. Avoiding wasteful offensives to regain lost ground, the enemy was grimly strengthening the main positions daily. *"What we have we hold!"* *"The impregnable ridges in the west constitute a secure strategic frontier for the Fatherland."*

The only possible answer to the challenge now was coming rapidly—heavy howitzers, ponderous siege-guns, and high explosives, to batter the way through the miles of ingenious defenses which had linked prodigious and natural advantages in an incomprehensible system of obstacles, redoubts and fortifications within a labyrinth of entrenchments fed from the rear through elaborate tunnels. There was much work to be done on the Arras front, and the troops were soon busily employed. Worse than the bombardments and the fetid horrors which spadework or rain revealed were the millions of flesh-gorged rats that infested the region.

The motto of Arras was: "*Pour la Cité, pour la Patrie, tenir!*" During the big attack in 1914 processions of ten solid miles of fugitives from the region had poured down the roads through St. Pol and Doullens; but twelve thousand citizens remained, escaping the bombardments in the cellars, or in the wonderful subterranean quarries and vaults under the city, excavated by Alva's impressed labor during the Spanish Fury which quarried deep for the stone, and built a capital which perfectly blended Moorish, Spanish and Flemish architecture which the German guns ruthlessly destroyed. When Maudhuy's reinforcements had poured through the Port d'Amiens at the eleventh hour and driven the enemy beyond Vauban's ramparts, both sides fought stubbornly across the streets in the outskirts from the opposite houses and burrowed among the debris in the cellars. At many places the front lines remained deadlocked in this unique and trying juxtaposition where the enemy's ingenuity with liquid fire, gas, molten lead and blinding acid had failed.

Allenby's new headquarters were established at St. Pol. The war-worn French marched buoyantly off to new ordeals, and as the winter mud dried up, the linked British armies, stiffened by new and vigorous elements, reorganized these blood-soaked areas, improved the roads and built screened positions for big guns and howitzers that the Germans seldom discovered. In April the enemy exploded a mine in the Arras sector and was promptly expelled from the crater; in May an attack gained ground near Souchez, but no troops were wasted to regain it, as new positions could be effectively bombarded. But big decisions were being reached for by the enemy on the Italian and Russian fronts and Verdun; and there were no serious disturbances during the steady preparation for the Somme offensive. Based on a system of modern field fortification of unbelievable strength and ingenuity, with three thousand guns and howitzers in the reserve positions and a supply of mortars and machine-guns which still outstripped the Allies, forty German divisions were holding the western sectors from the Oise to the North Sea, in a remarkable degree of comfort and security, with no anticipation of the approaching storm. In the strong defense lines drafts of mere schoolboys nearing the military age were starting their training and released the first line troops for Verdun.

On June twenty-second Gothas raided St. Pol and killed and wounded several soldiers at the railroad station. Allenby hurried down to the damaged area where tragedy lurked in the ruins. In one small house, refugees from Arras, where their house had been destroyed, had now lost not only the second home created

with such infinite pains, but the *grandpère* who acted as guardian in the father's absence, while the little daughter of ten, though alive, had a jagged wound in the neck and her right hand nearly torn off. The baby brother, who had a miraculous escape in his mother's arms, suffered from shock and died some weeks later. Azenia, who had just returned from celebrating her first Communion, was carried away in her blood-soaked festal attire. When she revived, after an operation had been performed and the surgeons had found that part of the hand could be saved, English nurses were hovering over her—and then the *Sœur Supérieure* of the Hospice brought in the big English General, who sat by her bedside and held her unwounded hand. Next day the pain was terrible, the hospital was busy, and her little dazed head could not quite make the English nurses understand. Then through her tears she saw every one bowing. It was the British Commander again; and he came straight over and sat down on her bed. It was surprisingly simple to confide in him. She did not know that the baby was ill and her grandfather dead. It was her birthday, and as she explained through her tears, "*Maman n'est pas venue aujourd'hui!*" But what a memorable birthday it was after all—cake and strawberries from the General; and then his orderly brought a big doll and a large box of bonbons! After his visit the pain seemed less. It was the General also who brought the famous military surgeon, and who came in nearly every day often long after hours, very tired and covered with mud.

As the Battle of the Somme approached, sometimes he was too busy to come. But when all had

been arranged and the subsidiary attack by his division on Gommecourt was progressing, he returned to headquarters and continued to issue the exactly timed orders for the guns and supports. Then came an interlude of trying suspense, when nothing more could be done until the effect of that phase was reported. The General went out, purchased some pastries, and went down for a little chat by the bedside of his *protégée*. He returned to headquarters at the exact moment that the guns were to lift, ready to deal with each report as it was telephoned back and to give orders accordingly. This incident aptly illustrates the cool detachment of Allenby's mind.

The girl's injury took a long time to mend; but she was a proud and happy little patient. Charming gifts and letters arrived regularly from the General's wife and mother. Later the soldier son* arrived on leave, and encouraged the secret effort to write with the left hand which finally penned the great surprise to her famous friend. And afterward the General arranged, through the kind Baroness de la Grange, that his young friend should go to the home for maimed children of the war in Paris, where she might finish her education and be taught a trade. The proudest day of her life came when all France rang with the good news—her General had routed the Turks and captured Jerusalem.

June, 1916, was a busy month on the British front. Vast reserves of ammunition were gathered, and on the twenty-fourth every British battery opened a baffling bombardment which intermittently deluged different sectors with shells and covered local offen-

*General Allenby's son, Michael Allenby.

sives. But south of Arras the guns were steadily accelerated; especially along the Ancre and round the curve above the Somme, where the great attack opened on July first after an unprecedented bombardment, with the French Army cooperating where the line again curved south across the valley and river. When the guns lifted, for twenty-five miles the wave of troops swarmed suddenly over the smoking debris of the enemy's front lines.

Misled with partial success, the Germans had massed their available reserves on the high ground facing west—Gommecourt, Hebuterne, Serre, Beaumont Hamel and Thiepval. The left wing of the attack therefore faced heavy losses, but gained a footing between the strongest points, while Rawlinson's right wing made good progress on the curve above the Somme and the French on the right. The fighting in this area, therefore, was pushed vigorously with all possible weight of guns and troops, while Gough, with the Fourth Army, took over the left to continue the pressure against the strongholds on the western edge of the plateau.

Three divisions on the extreme right of Allenby's army participated in the first attack, and successfully broke the front lines on the strong salient at Gommecourt, after very heavy fighting. But as the success farther south grew pronounced and demanded every resource, the assault reverted to a holding attack to keep the enemy occupied. The position at Gommecourt, with its famous château which was a mile within the front line, was remarkably strong, and it has been left as one of the permanent war memorials by the French. Famous London volunteer regiments, the

Queen's Westminsters, London Scottish, Rifle Brigade, Rangers and Kensingtons, stormed the south face of the defenses. Their first success was rapid, and, having broken through the front lines, many of the troops advanced impetuously toward the heart of the position. Supports were shut off by a heavy barrage through which the advanced troops were forced to retire when their ammunition gave out and they were faced with concentrated machine-guns. The losses here were heavy, though when these forces had withdrawn, the British batteries were able to deluge the reserve line to which reinforcements had been crowded, and a heavy reprisal was exacted. Orders were given, however, not to press the attack, which had succeeded in diverting the enemy.

Rawlinson continued to fight his way step by step northward across the plateau, while the French on the right made steady progress to the east, widening the base of the broad salient. Enemy headquarters brought back huge reserves of men and guns from Russia and Verdun; but the British progress was painfully maintained in a twelve-week battle, the arrival of the tanks hastened the smashing of the reserve lines in the direction of Bapaume, and on the left the sullen *butte* of Thiepval was finally crushed. Early in October Beaumont Hamel was taken; the defenses of Bapaume were within range, and on the right the French approached Peronne. But as the last ridges were gained and there were visions that with one rapid push through the wide breach strategic initiative would be restored with enormous results, an early winter raced in and halted all operations. For miles the country was pock-marked with shell-holes and cra-

ters that heavy storms of rain and snow turned into a vast quagmire. Toiling to get the heavy guns forward to resume the battle, the Fourth and Fifth Armies became mud-locked in the widely churned area.

During the operations the Allies jointly captured 1,449 officers, 71,532 men, 500 guns, and nearly a thousand machine-guns. British casualties exceeded four hundred thousand. But the great defensive barrier was breached and twenty months of herculean labor was negated. A short period of Indian summer would have completed the disaster; but within two days the area was flooded, guns were hopelessly bogged, and at night men and horses floundered into overflowing shell-holes from which there was no escape. This anti-climax was a bitter disappointment. But as the last enemy reserves were raced from the Meuse to Bapaume for a flexible defensive across the gap, a few picked French divisions under Nivelle secured a remarkable *revanche* at Verdun, taking 26,668 prisoners, recapturing Vaux and Douaumont and reoccupying ground on which it is estimated that the Germans had expended 1,350,000 tons of shells to gain.

Through the summer the Third Army had enormously improved its front, acquired proficiency and waited eagerly for the day when a drive eastward below Arras would jeopardize the strongly protected flank of the German armies retiring from the Somme. But the drain on man and gun power had been too heavy to extend the battle; and then the weather forced a halt. The King visited this area informally in August, staying at the seventeenth-century château of the Comtesse de Brias, which afterward became

Allenby's headquarters. No fuss was made. His majesty moved quietly among the troops, deeply interested in the routine. During a heavy artillery duel he accompanied Allenby to an observation post, where for some time he watched the intense shelling and the daring work of rival airmen overhead.

Michael Allenby visited his father unexpectedly a few days later. Posted direct to the Royal Horse Artillery for proficiency and horsemanship, he had been in the thick of the Somme fighting from the outset. Suffering from concussion after a heavy fall, he had been given a few days' leave, returning when the battle was resumed. In the fierce fighting on September sixth he was reported by his commanding officer for daring work as forward observation officer under heavy fire, maintaining communication with the advanced companies and making helpful reports on the effect of his battery's fire on the enemy's position. Again, on the sixteenth he went out with another subaltern to register the fire on a trench that was giving serious trouble. In No Man's Land they noticed a hand feebly waving from a shell-hole. They crawled over and found a badly wounded lance-corporal of the Gordons, who had fallen with a shattered leg four nights before. Under very heavy fire they carried him in, and for these services Michael was awarded the Military Cross. He fought on through the close of the Somme offensive, and then went with his battery to an exposed front in Flanders.

The winter was remarkably quiet along the front. The stereotyped official reports made very short paragraphs in the Press; and the public read: A detailed tram-car delayed traffic at Blackfriars; a great bus-

tard performed antics at the Zoo; satin was becoming fashionable and *bleue ardoise* the craze. Unthinkable then in Germany, strikes at home were rampant; some millions of working hours were lost in vital war work for the most trivial reasons, while opportunists of every degree batted unchecked on the national Spartan self-sacrifice. But there was little to report from the British front and its monotonous months of siege warfare. A few thousand men were blown to pieces by shells and mines, artillery duels raged, trenches were raided, and the pitiless routine was carried out efficiently in the freezing mud. And on the complicated Arras front, early and late, Allenby's work of preparation continued—the training and organization for the coming battle.

Definite ideas and a resolute purpose were clearly shown by Allenby's control. Light railroads were constructed, plank roads for the supply-trains; and screened dumps made for the vast reserves of ammunition secure from ordinary shelling but with suitable access to the selected positions for the batteries that would soon crowd the front. Reservoirs were built, water supply was arranged for the reserve advanced areas, and mine shafts were driven under difficult portions of the enemy's positions.

With simple organization an amazing amount of work was accomplished under the direction of the General's keen mind and remarkable executive power. But with all the cares and duties which filled his long days he devoted the brief pause at Christmas to giving the little waifs in his old and present areas a happy *Noël*, distributing gifts from his car and taking an active part in the festivities, to the delight of the children.

Guns in splendid array were soon pouring to the Arras sectors and it was significant that the greatest British concentration of artillery was available for the use of a leader who in South Africa had strongly challenged the "shrapnel school" which had retained its obsessions through many early months of the Great War. Though commanding a mobile column in Africa Allenby had commandeered an awkward fifty-pound howitzer which he moved with infinite pains and used with excellent effect. Many times this pet ordnance was requisitioned for use at the forts, and many verbal battles raged because a dogged cavalryman determined to use high explosive contrary to precedent. When he had repeatedly demonstrated that a few powerful high-angle shells on steep *kopjes* more than compensated for a slight loss of mobility and sometimes drove complete commandos into the open where they could be charged by the cavalry, his irregular howitzer was no longer questioned.

Many of Allenby's final preparations early in 1917 were carried out underground. On the east, the city and its suburbs were closely encompassed by strong field fortifications against which it would be difficult and hazardous to launch large forces from shell-swept and congested streets. The subterranean regions of the city, therefore, were joined up, ventilated, and extended by tunnels to the front, so that large columns of troops could be sheltered securely and debouched rapidly for the assault. The spirit of the army was magnificent, and the men worked with the quiet enthusiasm and thoroughness which are Allenby's gifts to inspire. With a keen eye that absorbed every detail, and stern criticism for stupidity or slackness, there

was ready praise and appreciation for practical innovation and good work. Sweating to improve some minor defect, tired privates were readily enthused by the terse words of appreciation when the army commander passed by. Stern and unbending in essentials, General Allenby was always considerate and tactful in matters where repression and formality checked initiative and curbed the spirit unduly. These qualities endeared him to all ranks, and especially to the colonials, who were driven to the verge of revolt in some reserve commands by childish regulations mistaken for discipline. Some heavy and important work underground was carried out very cheerfully by New Zealanders.

The back areas were transformed methodically in zones on the radiating roads to avoid the chaos of evacuating wounded by routes choked with ammunition columns or transport. Twice during the preparations General Allenby had short periods in the Stationary Hospital at Boulogne, which culminated in an operation for an abscess due to cold from exposure. But he did not appear on the sick list, and he carried on his work from his room with the telephone in constant service, and his car in readiness to take him to the front if necessary. The French railroad system had proved unequal to the strain at Arras, and much extra work had to be done by the troops in extending and improving the lines and building new roads. All this involved a vast amount of thought and supervision from the Army Commander and the Staff.

When the guns and extra divisions started to concentrate, Michael Allenby's battery came down from Ploegsteert and did excellent service during the battle.

Very heavy frosts in February solidified the mud for nearly two feet, but made some work very difficult, and a rapid thaw caused new complications. The Prince of Wales was now attached to Allenby's army, and followed the routine of intensive training which was maintained for officers and men until the final dispositions before the battle, which were hastened when the enemy sprang a great surprise.

The signal failures on the Somme and at Verdun had called for scapegoats at German Headquarters. The Hindenburg legend had created a popular idol for the High Command in the veteran general described in Russia as Attila, Caligula, and Caliban merged into one. Utilizing thousands of unfortunate military prisoners and impressing the able-bodied civilians who had been left in the occupied zone, he had secretly carried out his bold plan to circumvent the impending breach on the Somme front. The "impregnable" Hindenburg Line was built northward in reserve from the Aisne plateau above Soissons, straight and formidable, behind La Fere and St. Quentin to Queant, west of Cambrai, and sharply northwest for twelve miles to Tilloy, to merge in the original system along the front east of Arras. Masking the crumbled but mud-locked Somme salient with a mobile array of 5.9 howitzers and wired defenses, steady preparations were made for the ruthless devastation of all towns and territory enclosed between the entrenched front on the western sectors from the Arras to the Compiègne area, and the straight Hindenburg Line farther east. History records no example to equal the methodical spoliation and ruin of the 1,300 square miles of the fairest *arrondissements* of France, including three hundred and fifteen towns

and villages, in the making of a glaciis of destruction before the new German front. Every tree in the area was first cut down. Then everything of possible value was looted and sent back to Germany, the art treasures and all sacred objects in the churches, the furniture from châteaux to hovels, and every possible scrap of metal. Then every building was prepared for demolition. Fires were stacked to light the debris; charges were laid, all roads and bridges were mined, wells filled, waterworks destroyed and all civilians capable of enforced labor deported. But forty-five thousand unwanted citizens, the young, aged, or decrepit, were left homeless and starving, when the signal was given for the final destruction and the houses were pulled down over their heads. From the air, few of these preparations far behind the lines were visible, and the climax was a dramatic surprise. When the weather cleared in March, the British, who had taken over the whole Somme area, restarted the offensive. But opposition had weakened before the Fourth and Fifth Armies, and on March seventeenth the final act of destruction was staged. Heavy explosions followed by extensive fires wrought widespread ruin behind the German front lines, from which all the big guns and stores had been sent back. Fighting stubbornly, the rear guards slowly retired across the devastated area out of range of the Allies' artillery, destroying all roads and bridges as they withdrew by stages to the Hindenburg Line. St. Quentin, Peronne, Chauny, Noyon, Nesle, Roye, Bapaume and all the other towns and villages between the old and new line, were blown up and set on fire. Facing timed mines, and many varieties of death-traps, the Allies without



Allenby on *H. M. S. Temeraire* on the way to Constantinople to dictate terms to the Turks.

delay, however, started to fight their way across the devastated areas.

When the explosions and fires were tearing the heart out of Picardy and blasting the priceless associations of history on the Oise, an inexorable challenge of British guns in Artois answered Hindenburg's boast that the armies could rest in security behind his new system. This supplemented Ludendorf's widely published expressions of disdain at the approach of American intervention. On the late night in Washington when President Wilson penned the words that effected the breach, dawn was approaching in France as the heavy guns sent their first shells against the upper section of the vaunted line, and Allenby's artillery was soon demonstrating that its invulnerability was as mythical as the legendary heroes after whom its sectors were named. "*The English surf will break impotently against the German granite.*"

Allenby's right wing covered the apex of the devastated area where the old front, running northeast, converged with the new line built up sharply northwest. After Gommecourt and other strong points on the old front were captured, guns were pushed forward and new positions consolidated across the angle against the new line, while the Fifth, Fourth and French Armies were moving their heavy guns and stores across the broader waste below, for the new front now crossed the Somme forty-seven miles east of Amiens.

From the Cojeul the new system was carefully blended with the old, merging in the dense tangle of entrenchments and redoubts across the Arras-Cambrai road in a deep protective belt, with the heights of

Guemappe and Monchy in reserve. Strengthened, the old system of defenses three to five miles deep continued the front before Arras across the Scarpe and along the Vimy Ridge to Lens and the north.

In conjunction with the great French offensive on the Aisne, Sir Douglas Haig planned for the right wing of the First Army below Lens to attack the Vimy Ridge in cooperation with the Third Army extended from its southern slopes through Arras and before the upper sector of the Hindenburg Line. This broad drive across Artois would be covered by attacks by the armies on Allenby's right extended to the Somme.

During the winter the enemy had greatly strengthened the Arras front, notably along the Scarpe, where deep areas behind the wire in the low ground beside the railroad and other positions were plentifully sown with small self-contained forts for machine-guns; built practically underground of concrete reinforced with rails and oval domes or steel cupolas, unobtrusive on the littered surface. Excellent artillery positions on the heights exposed the advance on either side of the river to a cross-fire exceedingly difficult to deal with from the front. Powerful long-range naval guns, hidden in the reserve areas, searched Allenby's communications far to the rear, and were very accurately served. In the center, British artillery preparation and the lines of approach were restricted by the shell-swept city and its battered suburbs. To support the attack, however, on the fifteen-mile front, there were 989 heavy and 1,890 field guns. The Canadian Corps at Vimy had four divisions, and Allenby had the Seventeenth, Sixth and Eighth Corps (twelve divisions), with the Cavalry Corps in reserve.

The extent of the attack was an unpleasant surprise for the staff of the Bavarian Army. An assault south of the Scarpe was anticipated as a logical co-operation with the armies extending over the Somme battle-ground, and reinforcements were detrained at Cambrai for the lines across the main road from Arras. But the enemy remained singularly complacent, though each day the bombardment was intensified. The battle was the first to take place under the unified High Command. General Nivelle, while urging a combined offensive over very wide areas, strongly disapproved of the British plan for including Vimy in the objectives, and would have diverted Allenby's blow south of the Scarpe. Fortunately, after a heated controversy, the original plan was adhered to.

In impressive battle array a concentration of flight squadrons swept over the enemy lines, destroying observation balloons, smashing aerodromes with heavy bombs, and overwhelming the air formations which fought with great gallantry to limit the British aerial invasion made on a scale never previously attempted. There were now seventy German divisions on the shortened front in the west between the Oise and the coast.

On Good Friday the whole British front pulsed with activity. On Saturday Rawlinson made some important gains toward St. Quentin, and Gough pushed on beyond Bapaume. On Sunday the vast concentration of guns on Allenby's entire front from the Cojeul through Arras to the lower slopes of the Vimy Ridge, and the batteries crowded on the right wing of the First Army, deluged the German lines and rear areas with an intensity scarcely equaled by the Germans at Verdun.

Heralded by the explosion of mines under vulnerable points, the assault was delivered at dawn upon Easter Monday, April 9, 1917. Every phase of the attack had been carefully rehearsed after an exhaustive study of photographs from the air from which models of some sections of the front had been made. At five-thirty A. M., in a thin chill rain which changed to an unusually late snowstorm, the guns lifted suddenly to reserve objectives and waves of infantry charged along a front of nearly sixteen miles.

The Canadian Corps under Byng with one English division led the main assault on the First Army front. Penetrating the shattered line, they stormed the defenses so rapidly that the dazed defenders were swamped and the leading brigades were climbing up the slippery slopes of the Vimy Plateau before the enemy supports and reserves could be sent forward. Screened by the driving snow, the troops surprised and enfiladed the upper defenses on the ridge as the occupants were firing into the valley. Strongly entrenched lines and battery positions were rolled up from the flank, and the enemy was literally swept off the center of the heights. The snow had aided the helpful element of surprise, and by midday troops were entrenching on the eastern crest, and field-guns were being dragged over the heights to open fire on troops marching up, and upon the astonished divisional headquarters in the villages below. For the first time the British Army could look over and dominate a wide area of occupied territory. Reserve battalions were captured intact in the tunnels which had been liberally constructed on the hills of the Somme and Artois defenses to enable troops to rest securely

in deep dugouts on the reverse of the ridges and pour through to the front lines if an assault started. As methodically as a doctor's exploring finger tips, the gunners had tapped over the front superficiales to disclose or destroy the veiled exits. But an overwhelming success was deferred by the escape of one important shaft farther north, and reserves poured out behind the first waves, regained the front lines, and enabled the enemy to rally on the northern heights of the ridge. Very heavy fighting now ensued above the Souchez Valley, and successive days of rain and snow delayed a sweeping advance over the plain eastward. But on the tenth the First Army extended its gains north to the suburbs of Lens and forced the abandonment of mines which had produced yearly a million tons of coal for the enemy's high explosives.

The simultaneous attack by Allenby with the Third Army covered a more complicated area and faced widely variant problems on the extensive front covered. The corps commanders were Lieutenants-General Sir Charles Ferguson, James A. L. Haldane, Sir Thomas Snow and Sir Frederick Maxse, all leaders in the original Expeditionary Force.

The battle was a triumph of method. Its ramifications bristled with problems that were coordinated with almost mechanical precision. For some reason the spectacular capture of Vimy by the Canadians, a miraculous exploit which was the culmination of months of French effort, dwarfed the great achievement of the Third Army, which simultaneously smashed in the German front for ten miles in this battle that won by far the greatest victory to that date in a single day. Many early years of service

in remote regions have helped to keep Allenby's clear mind free from narrowing influences and orthodox prejudices. He had escaped the pedantry of rigid systems and for wornout precedents he created new ones. Cool and resourceful, his balanced judgment and rapid decision were often disconcerting to worried subordinates, who found a recital of difficulties cut short by complete comprehension and solution. Every emergency and contingency had been foreseen and covered, and by the complete confidence of the Army in its leader, the phenomenal success was attained.

The midwinter weather at Easter was a bitter disappointment and increased every difficulty. The movements from concentration to assembly areas and the advance to deployment areas were carried out under the intermediate note of the bombardment—the uncanny rush of heavy shells overhead like hundreds of express engines hurtling through space. In the cold gray dawn the human tidal waves were launched to the lurid pyrotechnics of exploding mines, the protective burst of an avalanche of shells, and the desultory colored flares as the dazed enemy leaders signaled for supports and barrage when the first line was already at their throats.

North of the Scarpe some excellent artillery positions enabled a terribly effective fire to be concentrated on the deep tangle of wire defenses between Arras and the Vimy Ridge. Stunned by the incessant burst of high explosive, the defenders of the front line seem to have realized nothing until dense waves of infantry were pouring through the shattered wire to the roar of mines and a covering barrage. Even the stubborn defenses in the battered suburb of St.

Laurent north of Arras were quickly taken, and from Roclincourt, and across the southern end of the Vimy Ridge, the troops were soon at the second line. Checked on the road to Bailleul station by machine-guns, progress below was more rapid, the defenses along the Arras-Lens railroad were stormed, the second trench system was broken and its strongholds turned and overwhelmed by methodical plan and effective support before the enemy realized that the first lines had fallen. The Bavarians gave contradictory yet true accounts of the collapse, and the British statements also vary widely in detail, for the miracle was wrought by numerous factors working in perfect coordination.

Preparing coffee as they attended the rush of shell casualties, German surgeons found troops quietly filing into their concrete shelters. Batteries that were in action were rushed from the flank before the gunners knew that the attack had been driven home, and communication trenches, packed with waiting troops, were taken over persuasively by bombing detachments, subdued and turned into detention pens until the prisoners could be sent back. At some points British losses were heavy, but in certain formidable positions the defenders were surprised and simply overwhelmed. Most of the men in the front lines had been killed or wounded; prisoners were taken in hundreds at every point during the morning. Among the thousands captured were unscathed companies of regiments that had exacted terrible reprisals during Foch's first battle on this front. Elements from the French Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps which then broke through near Roclincourt and from our own Eighth Division at Fromelles were cut off, ruthlessly hunted down,

and slaughtered behind the lines after the narrow breaches that they had stormed had been closed from the flanks.

Weather and a heavy cross-fire from the artillery on the heights south of the Scarpe checked the spirited advance of the guns across the chaos to smash the wire and support the attack on the third line north of the river. All observation was obscured, and this doubly hampered the gunners in seeking objectives while the enemy fired at exact range on their lost lines. But during the early afternoon the battery positions south of the river were captured and the British guns to the north were able to close over rapidly to shatter the third line for the infantry and then to give great help from the flank to the forces south of the Scarpe.

Modern warfare lacks most of the picturesque elements essential for epic poems, deathless prose, or immortal canvas. The agonized realism of indiscriminate slaughter of drab-garbed men in dreary trenches is an uninspiring substitute for the color, courage and glittering panoply of former battles that gave birth to famous works by pen and brush. Most efforts of the past decade exasperate the soldier and leave the public unmoved. But when the mental blur of colossal tragedy gains adequate perspective, the heritage will be a rich one. The Battle of Arras, which at the moment is scarcely a name to the general public, abounded in incidents equal to any that history records.

In the center of battle was an unprecedented sortie from a strongly invested city. As Allenby's bombardment grew in intensity, the enemy retaliated by a furious deluge of shells on Arras, which, as anticipated, was crowded with troops—but underground in the tun-

neled quarries. To avoid congestion the battered streets had been carefully cleared and allocated; and by rigid order, batteries, ammunition columns and transport poured out, and hundreds of ambulances raced through the danger zone, with comparatively small casualties. A few monster guns brought from Verdun tried in vain to explode the vast reserves of ammunition stored near Dainville, and trouble also was caused in the rear areas by the new Gotha raiding planes. These were copied from the model Handley-Page bomber that was accidentally delivered at the aerodrome at Lille during the Kaiser's visit by a new pilot who shared the not uncommon illusion at home of a very remote enemy. But the raids accomplished little and observation from the air was more strongly fought off.

During the dreary routine of deadlocked trench warfare, individuality counted for little—men were drones of dull uniformity, their courage, personality and fighting quality were negated and futile in the mechanical long-range slaughter. Then in brief snatches of close fighting individuality was paramount. In the environs of Arras each man fought out his own battle, and great issues were decided by small groups after the troops debouched from the tunnels. Where the trenches were practically interlocked, artillery preparation was restricted, and a wave of bombers surged over by means of scaling ladders, deluged the enemy's trenches, and fought their way boldly into the system while the rear lines were remorselessly shelled. Along the flat river area through Blangy, with machine-guns ensconced in every ruined house and factory, the fighting was sanguinary and

stubborn. Strong hidden emplacements took heavy toll during short dashes of the leading troops, and from every survivor initiative and glorious courage were demanded. Without a pause for consideration or orders, the heroism of individuals saved the lives of hundreds, and led to vital developments as these death-belching posts were stalked and extinguished. The tension was relieved when the first tank got across and waddled serenely through the mud and tangle to crush out the most obstinate lairs.

Though progress on Allenby's highly involved front was necessarily unequal, the mistake of pushing too far at gained points and thus hampering the guns was studiously avoided. Each unit had its allotted task, and after each phase the troops paused for the artillery to pave the way. A great surprise was the failure of the zones of small isolated forts, the *Maschinen Eisen Beton Unterstand*. Many of the garrisons were stunned with concussion though the posts were uninjured. Some screened domes took a heavy toll; but cautious detachments rushed or crept round these vaunted defenses, dropping a persuasive bomb in the embrasure if the occupants refused to surrender, or breaking in the rear doors to drag forth defenders suffering from the anesthesia of the bombardment. At Arras the M. E. B. U. system utterly failed, though its merits had been extolled in German military textbooks and it had worked well on the Russian front.

The enemy's new defense tactics rested principally upon the great depth of fortified zones, secure strongholds to enfilade each important position if captured, and screened communications for reserves to launch counter-offensives when an attack broke through, so

to strike while the invaders were flushed with victory, off guard and disorganized. The mixed forces of Prince Rupprecht's army resisted bravely, and very heavy fighting followed the first sweeping success. When deep defensive belts were passed and almost impregnable trenches stormed, the victors would be shattered by deadly enfilade fire from some insignificant mound covered with debris with almost imperceptible apertures for the machine-guns which were shielded in a heavy core of concrete and operated by men who slaughtered to the last in fanatic courage and with slight hope of escape. By reason of these lairs the casualties grew heavy as the devious puzzles were unraveled, but the effective barrage and speed limited counter-attacks. The schedule worked out in uniform progress with the area extending and widening as the troops fought eastward mile by mile along the Scarpe and the railroad to Douai.

Hopes ran high when the main ridge east of Arras was stormed and its batteries captured, and Tilloy, on the road to Cambrai. The London regiments played a leading part in taming the stout resistance made in the new Hindenburg defenses to the south. In general, the advance of the right wing where the line turned southeast toward Cambrai was more reserved, because every yard gained in the center was narrowing the occupied area below and forcing the Germans to a perilous salient—the one thing the new system was built to avoid.

During the afternoon thousands of prisoners were sent back, and the total of captured guns and machine-guns grew heavy. Counter-attacks had wilted; the breach before Arras proved irretrievable. Long-range

guns maintained a very heavy fire; but the weather was now the chief enemy, and sticky mud and driving snow doubled Allenby's herculean task of getting his artillery forward across acres of torn wire, devastation and shell craters. The cavalry moved in to participate, and mounted patrols scoured the ruined areas, clearing up skulking machine-guns and fugitives. The tanks performed wonders. Tipped with these Vulcans and backed by the field-guns, a narrowed wedge could have been driven far forward near Feuchy to give a spectacular thrust into the enemy's vitals; but the afternoon passed in the more secure method of widening the gains from the flanks.

The second day brought no improvement in the weather. During the night the grip on the front lines at Neuville round to the Cojeul had been strengthened. Concentric pressure southward in the gap, and north-east along the crumbling curve below, crushed out the impressive defenses on Allenby's right wing, and the upper section of the Hindenburg Line was now involved in the tangled ruin of the old system across Artois. Here, too, snow and mud seriously hampered the forward movement of the guns, and the heavily wired fortifications west of Wancourt did not fall until enveloped two days later.

Along the Scarpe the troops had again leapt forward. Fampoux was taken and the attack pushed against the final Scarpe stronghold at Rœux. Still hampered by wire, the cavalry swept through Feuchy and cleared the enemy from Orange Hill. A hard frost or a few hours' sun to lessen the difficult task of moving forward the heavy guns might have secured the realization of the dream of Allied commanders—

a broad protected gap through which an army could pour to regain strategic initiative and wrest decisions in the open. The troops were now fighting five and a half miles east of Arras; the triple defense system was smashed, but a blinding snowstorm in mid April continued to rage, preventing observation and delaying movement. There were interesting developments with tanks and cavalry in the rear areas beyond which the enemy was making frantic efforts to link up and strengthen the reserve positions prepared for artillery and now bereft of their impressive outworks. The cavalry took many prisoners, but a second stormy night checked the operations as the troops closed on Monchy, where dazed, shell-shocked fugitives were relating their story to an incredulous garrison when the British patrols suddenly clashed with the outposts.

At daybreak on the eleventh the snowstorms continued more heavily than before. Troops and machine-guns from all parts of the shattered German lines had gathered to defend the final crest of the hills between the Scarpe and the Cojeul across the Cambrai road. A tank, however, led the infantry attack on Monchy from the high road, and as the house to house fighting developed, the cavalry bore down on the position from the north, and by nine o'clock the crest and village were captured with the new trenches that the German reserves were frantically digging. Allenby's right was now fighting its way eastward to conform, the approaches to Wancourt and Heninel were captured, and next day the Third Army was facing eastward on an almost straight line from Croisilles, seven miles due north to the Scarpe, with the Germans left on sufferance at Guemappe to avoid further losses, while

the weather made it impossible to secure adequate artillery support.

Meanwhile Allenby's cavalry and tanks made surprising raids. Unsuspecting transport trains were gathered in on the cross-roads, detachments were charged in the open, and one of the tanks made a novel and useful reconnaissance, putting troops to flight and roaming at will among the discomfited enemy outposts. A number of pitiful French women and children were now able to escape the new form of civilian servitude and flocked eagerly into the British lines. Temporarily the magnitude of the disaster was beyond the scope of the army group leaders, and its possibility had seemed remote at great headquarters. But masses of machine-guns lurked in the woods beyond Monchy, and there were heavy bursts of shelling. Two counter-attacks followed, that were quickly repulsed, but in general the enemy was irresolute, and for several hours the soaking, chilled victors faced practically open country and prayed for the weather to change while the chance was theirs. The exploring cavalry found both opposition and opportunity. But there were strongholds on both flanks of the breach, and a definite army of maneuver was needed, as invasion was, for the moment, far beyond the scope of forces that had smashed through three deep defensive systems and stormed the center stronghold of the detached reserve defenses.

Only those who toiled to get shells across the wintry chaos in rear to the field batteries can appreciate the almost insuperable problems involved before adequate artillery and ammunition could be moved up. A gale with sleet was the prelude for the fourth day.

The triumphant culmination of the Somme agony had been stopped nearly seven months before by the early race of that winter which was still raging as the enemy's greatest ally. This ill-fortune might have curbed the spirit of a less confident army; but buoyed by vast and rapid success, Allenby's troops felt a resentment that spurred all ranks to defeat the elements. During the night, however, forty loaded trains had steamed into Cambrai. Considered a bluff because of the Marshal's frank boast, Hindenburg's strategic reserves were arriving to check further disaster on the threatened front. Screened at first by the storm, triple lines of trenches seven thousand yards long were dug in the open across the gap before Monchy, a barrier from the Scarpe across the Arras-Cambrai road near Vis en Artois, and battery after battery moved up in rear.

Allenby's guns were soon taking a heavy toll of the men packed in the exposed trenches, but for the moment the high tide of the advance had been reached. At daybreak on the fourteenth, when a tolerable ~~bar~~rage was possible, a local attack was launched to capture the Bois du Vert, Sart Wood, Aubepines and Keeling Copse. Before the supporting brigade had moved forward, the new concentration of German guns commenced to deluge Monchy Hill, and the Hampshires, Worcesters and Newfoundlanders, already deployed in the open, met the first mass of storm troops ordered to recapture the heights at all costs. The fighting was almost devoid of cover and harked back to the war's earliest stages. Sheer weight of numbers in time overwhelmed the advanced defenders, but for ten hours successive counter-attacks on the

heights were repulsed, repeated efforts being made also by the Prussian Guards.

At sunset, when the enemy retired, the shattered forces at Monchy were relieved by fresh brigades; but the fight was won, and the Germans retaliated by a futile shelling. The first phase of the great battle was now over. In four days, during atrocious weather, the Vimy-Arras operations had gained fifty square miles of strongly fortified territory including a sector of the Hindenburg Line. The Third Army had broken right through and was consolidating on excellent positions—a result which exceeded the most sanguine expectations. If the immediate strategic results were limited, the effect on the enemy's *morale* was enormous. The troops had been driven from the comfort and security of "impregnable" defenses which provided dry, well-lit quarters and a routine garrison life. They were now forced to open muddy trenches and exposed communications, and for the first time they were experiencing the full ordeal of incessant shelling even to a greater degree than that which they had imposed upon the Allies in the days of great artillery disparity. Impressed labor was slaving to complete a reserve line to extend the Hindenburg system due north from Cambrai to Lille, while a hasty crescent of wired trenches was built to protect Douai and its exposed railroads, and no effort was spared to secure the gap south of the Scarpe. Every day Allenby pushed up more guns against the poorly protected enemy. A letter from a young German officer on this front eloquently outlines the situation.

"We are existing in the grave! Horror on horror! Driven from splendid positions, what can our end be in this valley harried by the iron hail that crashes down incessantly? Even the approach trenches have fallen in, everything is churned up, with entire platoons lost in the debris in the front lines. When a relief comes it can not dig because of the bodies. We dare no longer go forward—and we crouch in the shell-holes suffering prodigious losses pulverized by the terrible and continuous English drum fire. Many regiments have lost half their effectives without any real fighting."

The initial victory had cost both sides heavily. There were one hundred and forty-six thousand British casualties during the complete operations and the German losses were correspondingly large. There were sixteen thousand prisoners taken and two hundred guns. Among the many congratulations Allenby received, the following extract from a letter from Lord French is of special interest.

"I always knew you only wanted the opportunity to score as gloriously in command of an army as you did in command of the cavalry.

"I think you know how much your success rejoices me and all your old friends here.

"My warmest congratulations to you and your splendid troops.

"I am proud to be your old chief."

During the lull of his offensive Allenby reorganized his front, which covered nearly ten miles from Gavrelle southeast of Vimy, crossing the road to Douai, the Scarpe and the Arras-Cambrai road, to Croisilles. On his left, Horne with the First Army had been

fighting vigorously at Lens and east of Vimy, while on the right Gough and Rawlinson with the Fourth and Fifth Armies were attacking the Hindenburg Line between Bullecourt and St. Quentin. On the Aisne the great French offensive closed with inconclusive results on April twenty-first; and on Monday the twenty-third another of Allenby's birthdays was destined to be spent in a notable battle—two weeks after the Arras battle had commenced he opened a new attack along his entire front.

The four chief objectives were strongly fortified—Gavrelle, Rœux, Guemappe south of Monchy, and Fontaine les Croisilles, a formidable reserve point above Bullecourt, which protected the broken curve in the Hindenburg Line. With no defined defenses between these strongly garrisoned places, the Bavarian Staff had liberally pushed forward reserves and guns. Practically every active division had been withdrawn from the Russian front, which gained the chief advantage from the immense British effort.

A genial spring sun had dried the ground, and the battle was opened by an impressive air attack which brought down eight balloons and forty aeroplanes. The tanks were in excellent form. On the left Gavrelle and Rœux were successfully stormed, the woods beyond Monchy and the ruins of Guemappe occupied, and on the right a footing was gained in the labyrinth of trenches and the quarry below Cherisy guarding the Hindenburg Line.

Before any of the gains could be consolidated, masses of reserves spread from converging roads and delivered counter-attacks on a formidable scale, but at no point had Allenby charted a distant objective.

Successive columns on the road from Douai were swept by his guns, a few attacks reached Gavrelle to be repulsed by machine-gun fire from the Naval Division, which captured hundreds of prisoners. Less powerful counter-attacks along the Arras-Douai railroad were also checked. Part of Rœux was cleared by the enemy machine-guns across the Scarpe, but the fortified chemical works were retained, and the artillery steadily shot to pieces two battalions as they marched up to the attack. The struggle before Monchy and Guemappe across the road to Cambrai was naturally severe. Division after division was sent up from Vis to defend the vital high road, across which the conflict was desperate and spectacular.

From the heights looking across the wide expanse of woods and ordered landscape, as the British advance was watched, enemy columns could be seen marching up in close order behind heavy bursts of fire from their concentrated guns. Before Monchy the woods were found packed with troops; our leading brigade fell back steadily to cover, and the Worcesters and Newfoundlanders, who had suffered severely here on the fourteenth, now had a clear field as they swept away wave after wave of debouching men from the trees. Behind them the guns methodically searched out the woods in which an entire division was waiting. Their losses were tremendous, and in retaliation the German guns utterly destroyed the pretty little township. Their first target was the church, which had been untouched by the British artillery when the place was captured.

South of the road the Fifteenth Division had stormed Guemappe and driven the defenders across

the Cojeul; but here, too, prodigal reserves were available and ample guns. Masses of Bavarians forded the river to be shot down at close range by the Highlanders commanding the north bank. Shaken by terrific bursts of shelling, the Scottish troops were forced slowly back on Guemappe, where they took cover in the cemetery and ruined houses, and fought back assault after assault as they held the coveted position which, with Monchy, dominated the road to Cambrai. Farther south the Pomeranians were driven from the curving mass of trenches southwest of Cherisy and two battalions were captured, but through a secret tunnel the ingenious underground defenses at Fontaine were heavily reinforced to prevent the Hindenburg Line from being turned in the direction of Bullecourt. Four British divisions cleared the stubborn area above the Sensée, and beat back repeated counter-attacks; but only heavy artillery preparations could break the way into the inaccessible fastness at Fontaine.

At six o'clock, when the counter-attack had died down and there was a general lull after the heavy day, Allenby ordered a sudden bombardment along the entire line, which surprised the enemy and was rapidly followed by a short advance. This cleared many hostile detachments from the immediate front and enabled the gains to be straightened and consolidated. Heavy fighting was resumed at daybreak, but after the enormous losses suffered during the repeated counter-attacks the enemy staff had grown cautious and, except for futile attempts by the Prussian Guard to recover the high ground on the Cambrai road which achieved nothing, the battle slowly relapsed into a

furious artillery duel while the amended front was strengthened.

Until June fourth the Third Army delivered a series of short blows at various points to pin down the enemy reserves, first to aid the French, then to cover the preparations for the surprise blow which Haig was planning in Flanders.

Allenby's great effort during this period was in the stubborn battle at Fontaine and Cherisy in conjunction with Gough's effort to take Bullecourt and cut out the complete curve of the Hindenburg Line.

Perhaps the most complicated fighting in history, this would need a separate volume to describe fully. The armies had almost joined hands across the base of the deep triangle of fortifications, with the Australians extended deep in the reserve trenches of the Hindenburg Line with their flanks in the air and the right of the Third Army trying to force its way southwest. On both fronts artillery was limited by the troops that were deeply involved in the maze, while, through deep communications, division after division of the enemy was thrown in. When the costly work was completed, the gain was not exploited. Heavy losses had been inflicted, and early in June all operations slowed down. There had been an enormous drain on the enemy reserves, and twenty thousand prisoners with more than three hundred guns had been captured during the combined fighting in May.

While the enemy was fully occupied in the south, preparations were secretly hurried to blow up Messines Ridge and launch the long-planned offensive in Flanders. The great effort in Artois had been ini-

tiated before good weather arrived, only to coincide with the French attack in the south. After the costly failure on the Aisne, which seriously affected the *morale* of the French Army, the final progress before Arras was halted to conserve man power while the new battle was raging in Belgium.

In the middle of June General Allenby was summoned to London with the notification that he had been selected to take over the Egyptian Command. His time in France was brief, but on his way for a farewell dinner at headquarters with Sir Douglas Haig, he sped up to Abeele to see the children at the convent school. The surprise visit caused great excitement, which turned to lamentation when the tidings were broken that the General was leaving France.

In London there was much to do in a short time. There would be only a few hours available to visit Felixstowe, and so the proud and great-hearted mother wired to say that the train service was poor and, as traveling was not rest, she would understand perfectly if her son did not come. Nevertheless, a final day was spent at home before the General left for Italy, whence a cruiser took him to Egypt. He arrived at Cairo on June twenty-seventh.

PART III
THE GREAT WAR—PALESTINE

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Resumé of Position in the Middle East—Plan for Attack on Egypt—Von Kressenstein—Attack on Canal—Romani—Gaza—Lloyd George and His Determination to Eliminate the Turk—Appointment of Allenby, June, 1917—Condition of Egypt and Forces on Arrival—A New Spirit—The Romantic Elements—Colonel Lawrence—Changes in Staff—Chief Officers—The Preparation—Lady Allenby—The Death of Michael Allenby—Gaza—Beersheba—The Attack—The Collapse of the Turks—The Steady Push to Jerusalem—Jaffa—The Capture of Jerusalem—The Departure of the Turk—Joy of Inhabitants—Allenby's Entry—The Jordan—"The Dead Sea Fleet"—The Lull—Actions on the East of the Jordan—The Duke of Connaught—"The Bull"—The Medical Services—Y. M. C. A.—Strenuous Training—The Great Attack of September 18-19, 1918—Allenby's Faith in His Troops—The Crusader's Road—The Cavalry—A Smashing Victory—Sir Pertab Singh—The Sweep and the Utter Collapse of the Turk—Damascus—Aleppo—The End—The Greatest Cavalry Victory in History—Results of the Victory—Allenby's Honors—His Mother.

After the War in Palestine—Zionism—The Jewish National Home—Allenby's Triumphal Tour and His Personality.

THE history of the campaigns of the Allies in Western Asia which extended from the snow-clad heights on the Black Sea to the scorching wastes of Arabia and the Persian Gulf and west to the Suez Canal, has yet to be written. Before dealing with the brilliant operations which culminated in a decisive victory and the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, it is necessary to give a brief resumé of the important events on this immense battlefield where widely scattered actions and separate objectives were correlative.

In theory the war rôle of Turkey was delightfully simple. In Europe she was to sit watchfully

within her impregnable gates, a secure and stolid obstacle to attacks on the least important sectors of the sacrosanct inner circle of the Central Powers. With the British and Russian forces fully occupied on the main front, Turkish armies in Asia could achieve the reconquest of Egypt, and in the north roll back Russia's Western Asiatic frontier, a *revanche* for the humiliation of 1878. Bereft of sponsors, Persia could be absorbed as needed. Slices of that compliant country, control of the Bagdad railroad and the Suez Canal were items to be conceded to Berlin, largesse from the power regained in Africa and Asia by effecting a Turkish renaissance in vast Moslem areas where the spiritual suzerainty of Stamboul had weakened.

In grandiloquent phrase these aims were promulgated: "We march to free the Mohammedan world from the heel of infidels—to bring freedom to all true followers of the Prophet." In wider sequence, revolt in India and developments anticipated in Tripoli and throughout Islamic North Africa were expected to achieve a potential unity of the Moslem world.

This imperialistic chimera impregnated with German sophistry faded rapidly as successive actualities shadowed the fantastic realm of theory. The gay adventure in Egypt was countered on the east bank of the Suez Canal, a failure which synchronized with definite defeats on the Caucasian front, after magnified successes against a far advanced Russian renaissance. The army that reached complacently for Kars was routed utterly at Sarikamish by General Yudenitch, and the forces from Trebizond were stopped on the Chorak far from their objective, Batoum, their



Turkish trenches in Al Arish Redoubt.

Sandbag defenses on the Coast at Gaza.

stubborn offensive changing to a brilliant but futile defensive for the Turkish bases in Asia Minor. Thus ended the dream of the Crescent resurgent over the ancient stronghold with a footing on the Tiflis railroad, and the capture of Batum by land operations in conjunction with the Black Sea Fleet, augmented by the *Goeben* and *Breslau*.

Passive penetration of Western Persia lagged, and the Russians maintained their force in Tabriz. Arabia seethed with revolt, conditions in Syria were unsettled and the British invaded Mesopotamia.

Wholesale massacres of the Armenians during the spring and summer of 1915 turned a fertile countryside into a desert, where the Turkish forces were soon suffering acute privations when their own supply system failed. In August the Russians reoccupied Van in force, and though facing disaster on their Western front, they seized other strategic points preparatory for a great offensive in Asia Minor. A mobile column also, under Baratoff, marched southwest across Persia toward Mesopotamia to create a diversion north of Bagdad to relieve pressure from the British Expedition.

With complications and disappointments in the widely scattered areas in Asia, the situation of Turkey in Europe was also seriously menaced and the second naval attack on the Dardanelles caused intense apprehension. The forts had seriously depleted their reserves of ammunition, British submarines entered the Sea of Marmora, and their destruction of army transports in hitherto inviolate waters reverberated in Constantinople and echoed in Scutari. Confidence deserted the Sublime Porte, and large forces of troops

were gathered in the capital for eventualities. The forts had six armor-piercing projectiles left when the destruction of the French flagship *Bouvet* by a mine led to the suspension of naval operations when persistence was imperative.

The knowledge that the eleventh-hour neutrality of Greece was insured by Russia's opposition to the price demanded, limited precautions against the invasion of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Naval patrols reached the crest of Achi Baba, American journalists landed unchallenged on the outer coast and from the heights inspected the panorama below at leisure. A surprise landing might have secured both the Dardanelles and the doom of Constantinople. But the news of the "secret" approach of an Anglo-French army of invasion, broadcasted from Egypt, galvanized Turkey to action and forced Germany to combine with Bulgaria in smashing across Serbia, to reopen railroad communications with their threatened ally; for the very existence of Turkey in Europe was at stake.

The Gallipoli Peninsula was an excellent position for defense. The landing of the delayed expedition was now hotly contested, and the hampered forces had no chance when guns and ammunition started to pour in from Germany by the restored railroad. After appalling sacrifice, the position was evacuated secretly on January 9, 1916. All Turkey's hopes now revived. The release of the flower of the Ottoman Armies at Constantinople had a profound effect on the flickering campaigns in Asia for which heavy reinforcements were now available. Plans were also made to resume the invasion of Egypt.

The arrival of fresh forces in Mesopotamia sealed

the doom of General Townshend's little army, delayed the capture of Bagdad for nearly a year and foiled the gallant Russian efforts to send him aid from the north. After defeating the Turks under Nur Ed Din at Kut, Townshend's attack at Ctesiphon had failed almost in sight of the once romantic city of Haroun al Raschid, and he fell back to be completely invested at Kut by Halid Pasha on December 3, 1915. Advancing from the northeast to cooperate, Baratoff's mounted column had captured Hamadan and Sultana-bad and occupied Kermanshah on February twenty-eighth; but the troops at Kut were facing terrible privations which supplies, dropped from aeroplanes, could do little to alleviate. Reinforcements tightened the investment, and as April closed, a starving remnant was forced to surrender after five months of heroic endurance and fighting. At this time the Russians were attacking Khanikin, a hundred miles north of Bagdad, and in May a Cossack patrol actually reached General Lake's forces on the lower Tigris, which had battled vainly to avert the ghastly tragedy of Kut. Baratoff now could do no more and retired. But he had broken up several German missions of the so-called Bagdad group which were carrying out the "occupation" of Western Persia with the aid of Turkish detachments, and he rendered splendid service to the Allies.

The evacuation of Gallipoli also seriously affected the Russian plans for the spring offensive in Asia Minor. The Turkish Third Army, under Kiamil Pasha, occupied a good defensive line from Lake Van to the Black Sea. When General Yudenitch learned that strong forces were released from Gallipoli and

were starting for this area, he decided to strike at once, though it was in the midst of a severe winter. Within ten days the Russians were advancing over the snow-clad mountains against Erzerum, the northern gateway to Asia, which dominates the junctions of the main roads to the East. With strongly fortified works strengthened by German engineers, six thousand feet above sea-level, the stronghold was stormed by troops which dragged their guns by hand over the ice-clad mountains in blinding snowstorms. After this incredible victory the Russians moved northwest and stormed Trebizond, the ancient port on the Black Sea. During the summer, Baiburt, Erzincan and Bitlis also were captured, gains which included an invaluable area of the Turkish Empire.

These vast losses could not be retrieved. Only those who have seen the photographic records prepared by order of the Grand Duke Nicholas can realize the fiendish infamy and torture inflicted during the extermination of the Christian population under the specific policy of Talaat, and of Enver Pasha with his gentle brother-in-law, Djavid, Governor of Van, whose enlightened code of brotherhood and religious tolerance had been heralded to the world by the German Press Bureau in Constantinople as the ideals of "Disciples of Western Democracy," who would rejuvenate the Middle East. Now that the best provinces of the Turkish Empire were lost, efforts for their recovery concerned the complacent German Staff far less than revival of energetic campaigns in Persia, Mesopotamia and Egypt. More lavish in sophistry than in increasing their material aid, they inspired all factions to support the renewal of offensives in the

south. With their chestnuts like the Bagdad railroad and the Suez Canal which their blood-stained allies yet might pluck from the fire, toward the close of 1916 they were again stirring their Turkish dupes to righteous indignation at the prospect of infidels at the former capital of the Khalifs and by the plight of Egypt and coreligionists there writhing under an alien army.

The first campaign in Egypt deserved greater success. Many weeks before Turkey entered the war, tentative plans were made under German direction for an attack on the Suez Canal by the Fourth Army (Damascus) under Zekki Pasha, and some initial preparations were completed. We need retain no illusions that the country which owed so much to our tolerance had any reservations in its determination to fight. Farcical assurances of neutrality masked hectic preparations—Turkey, in fact, entered the war against Great Britain on August 4, 1914, though her formal diplomatic rupture with the Allies took place on October thirtieth. For weeks the Eighth Corps in Palestine had been at full strength, forty thousand men, while a considerable force of Bedouin irregulars, camel and horse, had been organized for the invasion, and in reserve the Mosul Corps was fully mobilized.

The British forces had left Egypt for France. On assuming command in September, prior to the belated declaration of martial law, Sir John Maxwell took strong steps which, with the arrival of Indian troops and territorials, suppressed the most flagrant Turco-German intrigues in Cairo. The inaccessible frontier had been constantly violated by Turkish forces for reconnaissance in the Sinai Desert, and German engi-

neers were making arrangements to improve the water supply.

The original lines of defense in Egypt were constructed on the west bank of the Suez Canal. The Navy patrolled the waterway and the lake; one area of lowland beyond was flooded to narrow the approach; but the arid stretch of the Sinai Desert was deemed an efficient ally in thwarting a serious attack from the east. The Turk soon demonstrated, however, that it was far from impracticable for his columns.

Djemal Pasha, Minister of Marine, who utilized the *Breslau* and *Goeben* to lead Turkey across the Rubicon, closed the Dardanelles and hastened to assume military command in Syria and Palestine, with Colonel von Proschlitz as Chief of Staff. He blended the German aim to block or gain the Suez Canal with his fanatic zeal for achieving the conquest of Egypt and his confident bid was for the capture of Cairo. Fortunately, the rapid advance which he had planned was delayed and his formidable forces were reduced by the disaffection in Syria and Arabia while the canal defense was arranged.

Stiffened by an efficient German military mission under Colonel Kress von Kressenstein with machine-guns, siege howitzers to strengthen the field artillery, engineers and medical staff, with special pontoons for crossing the canal and mines to destroy shipping, an invasion started in January, 1915, in three parallel columns. The forces moving along the coast against Kantara, and on the southern flank along the pilgrims' waterless highway to Suez, were accurately reported and repulsed. The main column, led by Djemal Pasha the younger, with its guns and pontoons, marched two

hundred and seventy-five miles from railhead through Beersheba across the heart of the desert to the canal, assured that jubilant Nationalists would rise in thousands to welcome their crossing.

In the dead of night the steel pontoons were launched and loaded at points between Tussum and Serapeum, aiming at the railroad to Cairo. But alert Indian sentinels gave the alarm as the first boats approached and detachments raced down, checking the landing at every point. Guns and infantry entrenched on the ridges now came into action to cover the crossing against vastly inferior Indian detachments. Only three pontoons crossed, to capture; others were coolly riddled and sank with their loads in midstream or as they were launched. Facing a heavy fire, a torpedo boat destroyed several rafts and pontoons on the east bank, and a territorial battery finished the work.

With a force of fifteen thousand men and excellent artillery entrenched against the canal, however, the position remained serious. The six-inch howitzers holed H. M. S. *Hardinge*, damaged the *Swiftsure*, and splattered the French battleship *Requin* when the Navy came into action at daybreak from Lake Timsah, and a desperate battle raged along the canal through the day, for it was many hours before reinforcements arrived. The Germans were anxious to leave permanent marks of the visit on the canal, but the Turks were utterly disheartened at the failure to link with their Nationalist friends near Cairo and were determined to retire. Having lost only fourteen officers and one hundred and seventy-eight men (regulars) killed, four hundred and sixty wounded, and seven hundred and twenty-seven missing, the column retired with its heavy guns,

With three battalions, the camel corps and artillery, von Kressenstein remained in the desert to continue demonstrations, but most of the Fourth Army soon went to defend Constantinople. The moral and material effect of six-inch shells on the waterway, twenty-five miles from Port Said, however, had galvanized the authorities to action. With infinite toil, thirty million sand-bags were filled, and an elaborate line of defense was erected east of the waterway. Airmen also destroyed the wireless and generating stations and elaborate pumps and storage-tanks which the enemy had built by great exertion as an advanced desert base at the oasis at Bir Hassana.

When Sir Archibald Murray took command and the shattered forces were recuperating after Gallipoli, a stronger invasion was threatened, for the Dardanelles failure had created widespread unrest in Egypt and in the Sudan which the Turks might exploit. The railroad and pipe-line, therefore, were started from El Kantara across the desert near the coast to the frontier one hundred and twenty-five miles eastward, so that the enemy could be stopped on the border of Palestine. In August, 1916, railhead had reached Romani, twenty-six miles from Port Said, where the new invasion was fortunately countered.

The Turkish forces now aimed to establish a strong position near Kantara, and the columns moved across the desert with four 15 cm. howitzers, two 21 cm. mortars, some 10 cm. guns, and several field batteries and a quantity of barbed wire, intending to establish a strong defense post and to concentrate fire on the canal to stop all traffic. Von Kressenstein, who had sixteen thousand regular troops and eight German

machine-gun companies, expected to surprise and capture Romani in his stride, but aerial reconnaissance discovered the enemy movements in ample time to prepare a strong defense. The Turks lost heavily before they could complete their dispositions and get their heavy guns in action. Monitors supported the garrison from the bay and a large force of Australian and New Zealand cavalry and yeomanry attacked the flank just as a devastating Turkish bombardment was becoming effective. Von Kressenstein was finally forced to retire to El Arish, removing his artillery, but losing thousands of prisoners, a million rounds of ammunition, and the German machine-gun *cadres*.

Unchecked by constant harassing tactics and some severe, fighting to delay its advance, the railroad reached Rafa on the frontier of Palestine in March, 1917, and followed the Army north as von Kressenstein withdrew his forces to a defensive position extending from Gaza and the coast, inland along the fringe of the desert, to hold the approaches to the Promised Land.

Gaza was strongly fortified, and an assault on March 26, 1917, gained a footing on the outskirts of the city, but was checked with heavy British loss. Renewed with reinforcements on April nineteenth a costly assault again failed to capture the town. The effort of the cavalry to reach the rear of the Turkish position failed chiefly through lack of water, and after this second battle the troops entrenched for siege warfare.

The general strategy of the war at this time was suffering from sweeping changes of political and military policy, and in the midst of difficult operations in

various areas, Allied military leaders were frequently left with inadequate support through exigencies due to a subsequent plan elsewhere, which strained available resources and paralyzed an equable supply to other theaters of the far-flung conflict. In both the military and political councils of the Allies there were strong advocates for a continuation of the indeterminate policy of watchful waiting at Saloniki which held up three hundred and fifty thousand Allied troops, a third of whom were British, and for maintaining a passive defensive at the gateway of Palestine in order to continue the costly offensive on the Western Front.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, from the very outset of the war, had urged the scheme that the enemy should be held at his strongest and attacked at his most vulnerable points. Military opinion was against this, and stuck to its old shibboleth that the enemy must be attacked always where he is strongest. Again and again the Prime Minister appealed for an attempt at a knock-out blow upon one or other of the areas of the far-flung battle-line which stretched from Belgium to Bagdad, and as the great offensives failed, he felt that Palestine should be selected for the trial. But at first he was unable to gain his point, for the cry was raised that every available man and gun should be withdrawn from all fronts for use in France.

As the weeks turned into months and still the same hammer blows were dealt on the Western Front and the struggle swayed with almost imperceptible advantage to either side, there was a gradual but firm growth of sympathy for the Prime Minister's suggestions. And so it came about that during 1917 the

Prime Minister and certain other members of the Cabinet were of a strong opinion that we ought, before the end of the year, to attempt to defeat the Turk and eliminate him from the war. Allenby, having been selected for the Egyptian command, was sent for by Mr. Lloyd George and informed that the Cabinet would like to have Jerusalem as a Christmas present. He replied that he would do his best to secure the gift, and the Prime Minister assured him that if he made demands which were not adequately met, failure would not be his fault, but that if they were met and he was unable to capture Jerusalem so quickly, the Cabinet were fully confident that the best possible would have been accomplished.

In July, 1917, Allenby having examined the situation, put forward his appreciation and proposals, including a plan for an offensive which was in accordance with the general policy pressed for by Mr. Lloyd George. He suggested a plan by which it seemed possible that the failure of the Dardanelles might be retrieved, and with no vast addition of troops a blow might be given which would delete Turkey from the war.

The prosecution of the offensive was approved in August by the War Cabinet and ratified in October, reinforcements meanwhile being sent out to Palestine in accordance with Allenby's demands. Had Allenby's plan involved heavy reinforcements, or a further diversion of effort from the Western Front, it would have been rejected, or at any rate deferred. Its simplicity and audacity won the reserved approval of the Allied War Council, and the decision was in the nature of a compromise, for it was understood that the new cam-

paign must be a self-contained effort, with no demands affecting the campaign in France. At first the whole scheme was opposed and was hotly contested by the military members, who urged that every man and gun available should be brought back to France, where reserves were badly needed. However, Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm won the day, and there is no doubt whatever that his foresight, determination and faith in Allenby were justified to the hilt. He was a consistent and strong advocate of Allenby's plans, and I have it on his own authority that military opinion in London was very adverse and not sanguine of the results, in fact he had to fight every inch of the way to gain his point. Upon the occasion when Lord Allenby received a sword of honor from the City of London at the Guildhall after the war, he paid a very warm tribute to Mr. Lloyd George whose perspicacity and genius were of such inestimable value to the final victory.

With the arrival of Allenby in Egypt and his assumption of the chief command on June 28, 1917, the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, as it was still known, entered upon a completely new and vital phase of its existence. It would neither be politic in this book nor at this distant time generous to discuss too fully the state of affairs which obtained in Egypt and Palestine previous to the coming of Allenby; but affairs in general at that time were in a state of flux, and it can not be denied that an air of apathy and worse was rife.

Since April, 1917, when the disastrous action at Gaza had taken place, a disaster which either by incredible folly or incredible vanity had been blatantly

advertised as a victory, the troops had been resting, and it was freely stated that their *morale* was none too good. At this there need be no wonder, for a failure such as had been their lot upon this occasion, combined with the attendant hardships of a desert campaign, was enough to try the stamina of supermen. Cases of desertion and absence without leave were very prevalent, while drunkenness and petty crime were both on the increase.

Sir Archibald Murray, when commander-in-chief, had established his general headquarters at the Savoy Hotel in Cairo, well over two hundred miles from the front line at Gaza, and it was partly due to this fact that there was so much discontent and misunderstanding. There is no doubt that this was a very grave error, amounting almost to scandal, for it gave the fighting man a totally erroneous impression of the general headquarter staff in particular and "brass hats" in general. While he had to be content with kicking a football about upon a ghastly plain of burning sand, and was enduring hardships and privation, to say nothing of being eaten alive by fleas and lice, he had visions of a gilded staff living in luxury on the fat of the land in the capital, doing practically no work, and indulging mainly in polo and lawn-tennis in luxurious surroundings, amid the beautiful greenness of the Gezireh Sporting Club.

Nothing could, in fact, have been further from the truth. The general headquarters staff were earnest, hard-working, and zealous, and they themselves chafed at the arrangement which kept them in Cairo. Many staff officers expressed their opinion to me in no uncertain terms, and being aware of the adverse feelings

rife among those in the firing line, were genuinely concerned and indeed almost unhappy.

A further cause of discontent was undoubtedly the fact that decorations which should only have been awarded for gallant services under fire were freely bestowed upon the general headquarters officers who were so far distant from the actual front.

These matters are now ancient history, and while the genesis may seem to be somewhat trifling, it is notorious that from exactly such suspicion does discontent arise, and these instances are merely quoted to show that there was a certain amount of reason for disquiet.

But with the coming of Allenby all this changed in a remarkable manner, and within one month an amazing transformation had taken place. There was a curious stiffening of purpose which was felt not only in the firing line, but in Egypt itself. It was as though some giant beast was awakening from torpor and, throwing off its lethargy, was cleaning itself and preparing at last for definite action.

Allenby came to us with a stern reputation, and to many of us out there he was pictured as a martinet and a man inexorable and almost intolerant. We foresaw hard times ahead, and wondered what new terrors were in store for us. However, to our surprise we in Egypt hardly had a glimpse of our new chief, for the first thing he did was to proceed immediately to the front line, where he studied his troops and their conditions at first hand. In Egypt we found order after order being issued, backed by a strength of purpose which was a novelty. While certain regulations were enforced more strictly, others were sensibly relaxed.

One of the minor regulations which existed under the old régime, and which caused intense irritation, ordained that officers were not permitted to dine in public unless they were correctly garbed in breeches, field boots and spurs. With the temperature sometimes at 110°, the discomfort of such a ridiculous embargo can better be imagined than described. Allenby rescinded this regulation and permitted all officers when off duty to wear trousers. This incident may again seem trifling, but it is an example of the petty regulation which irritated beyond measure. At any rate, the night upon which the new regulation came into force is not likely to be forgotten, and it was a cheery crowd which toasted the new chief at Shepheard's.

It was soon noticeable that drunkenness and crime generally were decreasing, and that the soldierly bearing of the troops was improving, while a new feeling of keenness and interest was apparent. It is only right to record that the decrease in crime in Cairo was in great measure due to the tact of the A. P. M., Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Protheroe-Smith, Chief Constable of Cornwall, who afterward became Provost-Marshal at General Headquarters in Palestine. His understanding and sympathy were remarkable, while at the same time he held strict discipline.

Officers and men were keen to get back to the arid desert front, for they realized that at last something serious and encouraging was on foot, and that there was a man at their head who was desperately in earnest and who was determined to do his best for those from whom he demanded their best.

General headquarters was suddenly removed from

its pleasant haunts in Cairo to the uncomfortable and none too safe position of Khan Yunus, just behind the front line. There are many who think, and perhaps correctly, that this step was the first which led to the popularity which Allenby quickly won among all ranks.

In Egypt the new commander-in-chief possessed, in the person of the High Commissioner, General Sir Francis Wingate, a colleague who was as zealous as he was capable, and who used all his influence to help and further the plans which Allenby discussed with him.

In view of the magnitude of his future task, Allenby made Egypt a separate command under general headquarters, and so a new unit was brought into being and named "Force in Egypt," the command of which was entrusted to Major-General Sir Harry Watson. This scheme was a great success, and the loyalty with which this force responded to the demands placed upon it was of inestimable value to the commander-in-chief. No praise, however, would be complete without a tribute to Brigadier-General H. G. Casson, who for many weary months had striven to keep British prestige bright in Cairo and district and to maintain discipline in face of great difficulty. General Casson was genuinely loved by all who served under him, and it was a severe shock when it was learned that his independent command, Delta and Western Force, was to be abolished and that he was to return to England. I personally knew him well from my position as adjutant of my regiment and garrison adjutant at the citadel, and I do not hesitate to say that it was entirely due to his personality and remarkably fine example that Allenby found Cairo at any rate in first-class order,

At such a critical moment in the fortunes of the Middle East campaign, Allenby was fortunate enough to enjoy the warm and loyal support of the Sultan Hussein I. This eminent prince, who had been created the first Sultan of Egypt after the defection of Abbas Hilmi to the arms of the Turks, was a loyal colleague, a passionate lover of his country, and was, in very truth, "the Father of his People." His death in October, 1917, was a sad blow both to his own countrymen and to the British, as his influence was all for good, his demeanor was modest, and he was fully aware of and equally grateful for the great work which had been done for Egypt by the British, although he was getting to know a little too much to please some people. In his successor, Fuad I, Allenby found one who throughout the Palestine campaign followed events with keenness, and who, at any rate, appeared enthusiastic and loyal. There are, it is true, few great Egyptians, but one personality stood out in high relief against the background of the general mass in the person of Rushdi Pasha, the then Prime Minister, who placed all his influence and resources at the back of the commander-in-chief.

Such, then, were the conditions in Egypt in the summer of 1917. Allenby disappeared to the Gaza side of the canal, and was not seen in Egypt for some months.

There is little doubt that at the beginning of 1917 enemy agents were extremely busy and very successful in the dissemination of disquieting rumors throughout Egypt. It was reliably stated that three complete German divisions were on their way from Aleppo to strengthen the Turkish front at Gaza, and that a gigantic attempt was to be made to force us back across

the Suez Canal. Had this plan been hurried, the whole fortunes of the World War might well have been changed, for such a campaign in the early summer of 1917 would not have been a hopeless one by any means. By the end of July, 1917, however, a new uplifting spirit was abroad, and the voice of the critic was stilled.

Apart from the purely military side of the Palestine campaign under Allenby, there was a remarkably romantic side. Romance can not always be associated with war, but it was part and parcel of this campaign upon the Middle East front.

Both the personality and high position of the commander-in-chief were impregnated with romance, while almost every circumstance of the campaign served to heighten its romantic setting. His name, phonetically at any rate, was of deep significance to the natives, for "Alla Nebi" in Arabic means "The Prophet of God," and spelled backward, "Ibn Allah," signifies "The Son of God." Superstition was rampant, and prophecy after prophecy was fulfilled. The old prophecy that when the waters of the Nile flowed into Palestine the land would be freed from the domination of the Turk was destined to be fulfilled when Sir Archibald Murray's engineers accomplished the remarkable feat of laying a pipe-line across the desert from the Suez Canal to El Arish. Allenby came from the West and took the Holy City, not as an arrogant conqueror, but as one respecting the place which was at once the cradle of Christianity and the third most important shrine of Islam. This campaign, which was hailed all over the world as "The Last Crusade," took place over a country steeped in the romanticism of the old Crusades.

Working in liaison with him, Allenby had a man whose name and exploits have been shouted to the four corners of the earth, and with the amazing influence which he exercised over the Hedjaz, Colonel T. E. Lawrence was a tower of strength to the army in Palestine. The success with which Lawrence accomplished his task is well known, and for the purpose of this book it is only necessary to refer to his work as a further corroboration of the element of mystery and romanticism which surrounded Allenby.

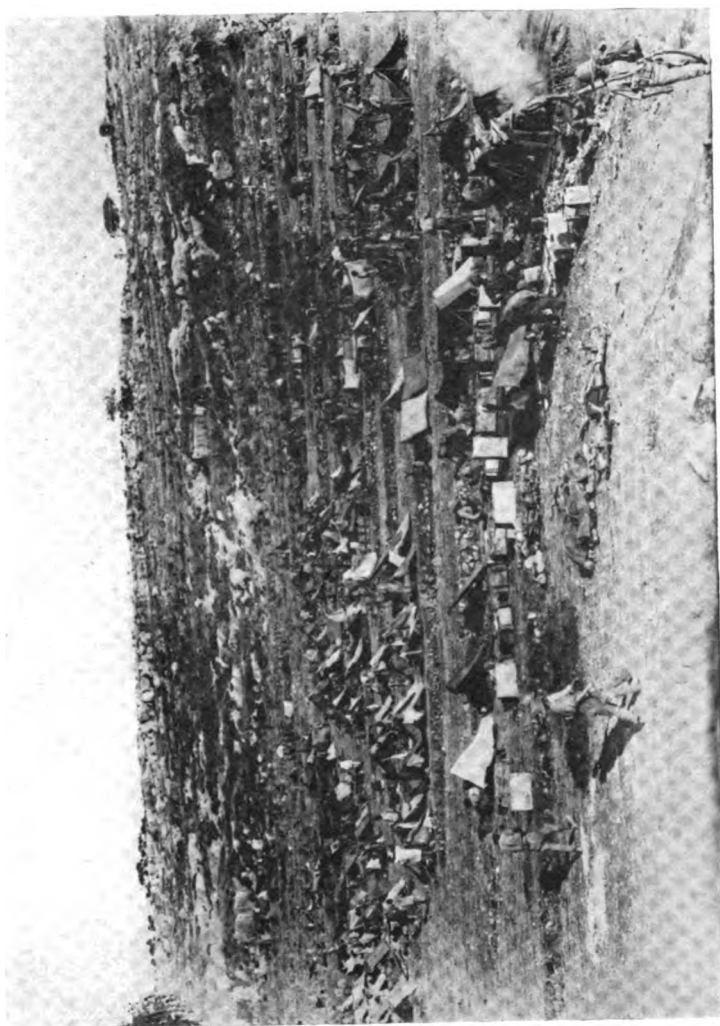
Shortly after Allenby assumed command, rumors were current that he was making important changes in the personnel of the High Command. The chief had a genius for choosing his staff, and he collected around him a set of earnest, brilliant men who worked incessantly, fearlessly and successfully. A prominent officer told me that he felt that Allenby had an almost uncanny knack of picking out men whom he knew he could mold to his purposes, and that he was able by his own greatness to bring out the very best that was in them.

While it could be possible to mention a great many officers prominent for their excellent work, I must here refer only to those who from their close personal contact with the chief were preeminent. Major-General Sir Louis Bols became Chief of the General Staff in September, 1917, and remaining so until the end of the war, earned high commendation from Allenby. General Bols was exceedingly fortunate in having as his Brigadier-General, General Staff, first during the advance in the autumn of 1917, Brigadier-General G. P. Dawnay, and later, during the final phase, that very brilliant and remarkable personality, Brigadier-Gen-

eral W. H. Bartholomew. The Deputy Quartermaster-General Sir Walter Campbell, now Quartermaster-General to the Forces, performed veritable marvels in a campaign where transport and supply was hourly of vital importance, and he too had brilliant assistance from Brigadier-General E. E. Evans, his A. D. Q. M. G., whose personality stood out more strongly, perhaps, than that of any other officer at general headquarters. Apart from his efficiency, his infectious humor was a tonic, and he possessed an amazing fund of good stories. Major-General W. G. B. Western was a zealous and extraordinarily efficient deputy adjutant-general whose task was made heavy by the many changes which took place during 1918.

The position of military secretary is one of extreme difficulty, and more especially in an army which included such diverse units and races as did the army of Palestine and Egypt. Lord Dalmeny was brought from France, where he had served in a similar capacity to Allenby, who once described him to me as "wonderfully level-headed, a great worker, fearless and scrupulous to a degree." Free from the usual military prejudices, Dalmeny was entirely above self-seeking ambitions, and did not care a brass button what happened provided that he did his job and did it efficiently. I worked under him for some months, and was deeply impressed by his energy, fearlessness and fairness.

The Twentieth Corps was commanded by that brilliant cavalry leader, Lieutenant-General Sir Philip Chetwode, the Twenty-first Corps by General Sir E. Bulfin, the Desert Mounted Corps by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Chauvel. All of these were tried leaders of men and had won their laurels in other campaigns.



A brigade bivouac south of the Dog River.

Such, then, were a few of the more prominent men whom Allenby gathered around him; nor was he less well placed with regard to his other staff officers. With such colleagues to help him, the chief was on the high road to success, and the student of the Middle East, who knows only too well what might have happened, indeed what would have happened had not Allenby arrived at the precise moment, realizes how deeply the entire success of the future was bound up in the magnetism of the new chief. It is a great thing when one man can win the immediate devotion of all with whom he comes into personal contact, but it is a far greater thing when thousands of men who have never even seen that man are infected with the same spirit. *Esprit de corps* must have come as near to perfection in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force as possible. The absence of red tape, of which he had a horror, and the exceptionally keen instinct which the commander-in-chief possessed for reading the minds of men, were perhaps the two main factors which assured his ultimate success. He would brook no incompetence or slackness, whether in a general officer or a subaltern, and a general would receive his *congé* as hastily as an orderly room-clerk.

It has been said, and with some truth, that there were three instruments which won the Palestine campaign—the Camel Transport Corps, the Egyptian Labor Corps, and the fleet of Ford motor-cars.

The country beyond Gaza was none too well known, and, in fact, the actual maps which were used in the campaign were those which were made by Lord Kitchener about thirty years before, and at the bottom of these maps was to be seen the imprint, "H. H. Kitch-

ener, Lieut. R. E." The wonderful feats performed by the Royal Air Force later on made possible the revision of these maps.

Two of the most vital difficulties to be overcome were those of the supply of water and the making of roads. Allenby set to work to collect all the camels upon which he could lay hands, and soon he had some sixty thousand in regular work. When the advance took place in November, 1917, these camels followed close behind the troops and provided them with a constant supply of fresh drinking water. The making of roads in this wild and arid country was entrusted to the Egyptian Labor Corps; and right well they did their work, as Allenby has testified in his despatches. The *Fellahin* flocked in thousands to the colors, and it was a common sight to see groups of several hundred laying new roads, all the while chanting their quaint dirge of home life as they worked. The Ford car was of inestimable value; there were no hillocks of shifting sand through which it would not plow, no boulders over which it would not pick its way, no precipice which it would not negotiate.

Thus Allenby set about his preparations for the next advance, and while they were being perfected, the fighting troops all had periods of leave and were being gradually trained for the leap forward; so that by the time all was complete they were absolutely fit and thoroughly keen.

No tribute to Allenby's work would be complete without a full recognition of the part played by Lady Allenby, and if any words of mine can express to her how deeply her own personal work in Egypt was appreciated, it will be a real privilege. She threw herself

whole-heartedly into the work of the Red Cross and Entertainments Committee with a zeal which was infectious, and made the lot of the fighting man on leave a much brighter and happier one than it had hitherto been. She at once instituted a series of weekly dances at the Continental Hotel at which various members of the English colony took it in turn to play the part of hostess. There had been an embargo upon nursing sisters being permitted to dance, which was very irksome, and it was Lady Allenby who succeeded in gaining the sympathy of the matron-in-chief and so made it possible for nurses to dance when off duty. Nothing was too much trouble for her, and to her enthusiasm and personal sweetness of character the Egyptian Expeditionary Force owes no small debt of gratitude.

Only one month after he had arrived in Egypt, the Chief and Lady Allenby were called upon to suffer the heaviest blow which can befall any parents, for their only child, Michael, was killed in action near Nieuport on July twenty-ninth. Lieutenant Allenby was retiring about ten-thirty A. M. from a gun detached for anti-aircraft purposes, about one hundred yards behind the battery, to the battery position. A 5.9 shell burst in the road behind him and a splinter pierced his steel helmet. He was unconscious from the first moment. He was bandaged on the spot and taken to Oost Dunkerque dressing station and from there to the First Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, where he died at three-thirty P. M. without recovering consciousness. His battery commander wrote: "I have never had a subaltern whom I could have grieved so much to lose, both as a companion and an officer." Young Allenby

was full of promise, and in addition to his good work as a soldier, he possessed a wide interest in literature and present-day tendencies which were most remarkable in a boy of his age. It was recognized that he would be, and indeed almost was, even while so young and lacking in experience, a soldier and citizen of rare promise. A brother officer who was killed shortly afterward wrote home as follows:

“August 1st, 1917.

“It has been a sad time lately as well as a busy one, and I have not had much time or inclination for writing. Poor little Allenby was killed on the twenty-ninth. . . .

“It has upset the Battery dreadfully, for everybody loved him very dearly. He was always so cheerful and hard-working and plucky, afraid of nothing whatever and always keen to have the dangerous jobs. Such a child, too—he was barely twenty, and out here before he was nineteen. He joined us that Christmas time at Belloy, and has done a lot of most splendid work with the Battery ever since. He got the Military Cross, and earned it half a dozen times. I feel so awfully sorry for his mother. He is the only son, and his father is in Egypt.

“One of the guns had been set up a few hundred yards from the rest of the Battery for use against aircraft; and he had just been relieved after a twenty-four hour spell and was returning to the Battery for breakfast when a stray 5.9—the only one that fell anywhere near—burst a few yards away and a small piece went through his hat and hit him in the forehead.

“It does seem most dreadfully hard lines when one thinks of the many chances he has taken in really unhealthy places, to be knocked out like that behind the lines—almost one might say accidentally—and such a splendid career he had in prospect, his whole life be-

fore him. But truly the individual is nothing these days, he plays, not for himself, but for his side, and the only thing that matters is that he shall have played the game and done his best; and that the little Puffin did, none better, and there's nothing to be really sad about on his account. . . ."

Not a murmur came from the lips of his father and mother, who, like their son, played the game splendidly and hid their grief in additional hard work.

The Turkish forces now had steadily built up a strong line of defenses encircling Gaza from the coast and extending southeast for thirty miles inland, covering the high road to Beersheba. The position consisted of several trench systems with switches and communications, and sandbag breastworks on the dunes, all protected by wire entanglements and based on groups of field-works and redoubts on ridges which converted the various strong points along the front into fortresses where wells were sunk. Gaza was strongly fortified and garrisoned, with excellent lateral communications which enabled any sector along the front to be reinforced. The main line ended beyond Tel Sheria in strong field-works, with detached posts on the road for the intervening four miles to Beersheba, which formed a separate flanking stronghold at the eastern extremity, with underground concrete defenses. These works were constructed on the most improved plan under the direction of German engineers. Thus along the fringe of the desert, which provided a vast glacis, a strong defensive barrier blocked the main approaches and held the southern frontier of the Holy Land.

The branch of the Syrian railroads, Afule-Jeru-

salem, had been pushed on from Sileh through Tel Sheria to Beersheba, one thousand two hundred and eighty miles from Haidar Pasha station opposite Constantinople—a new demand on the devious and disrupted extensions of the Anatolian system, through Aleppo and Damascus, with three gauges of single track on which everything had to be reloaded, and which was also severely strained by the increased service on the Mesopotamia branch. The Turkish front was also supplied by parallel high roads through Palestine which its flanks defended. The central road to Beersheba through Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Hebron was improved with well-fortified supply depots established along the lower sections of this historic route that joins Dan to Beersheba.

The western, or coast, road from Jaffa to Gaza was protected from attack by sea by field-works which dominated the accessible landing places along the Mediterranean *littoral* from Askalon down to the fortifications of the ancient capital of the Philistines. The coast defense, designed to prevent a landing to attack Gaza in rear and envelop the right flank, followed the simple and effective system that held the shore of Belgium—artillery and machine-gun positions and entrenchments screened among the dunes, readily occupied in force and with watchful detachments to prevent a surprise landing. The Seventh and Nineteenth Divisions were held in reserve behind Gaza for coast defense. Though a covering demonstration toward Beersheba had been long anticipated, a wide turning movement to envelop the eastern flank was considered impossible with the plain protected by entrenched ridges, and in range of the Beersheba guns,

while the parched hills beyond were impossible for wheeled transport.

Allenby, however, planned to reverse this practical reasoning by feinting impressively along the coast in the expectant areas environing Gaza to cover a surprise attack at Beersheba, and by its capture gain the water supply and an inland base from which to envelop the fortified line from the east. With the way open to Palestine, a rapid advance might liberate the Holy Land, and also cut off the army in the Hedjaz that held the keys to Medina and Mecca. Bagdad had been captured in March. With Russia holding the northern armies impotent before her vast gains in Asia Minor, the stage was set for an act of epic drama—the collapse of Turkey's power and spiritual prestige as the jailer of the Holy Sepulcher and protector of Mohammed's Tomb and Mecca—the end, also, of Germany's Eastern ambitions.

On paper the plan appeared definite and plausible—yet far more difficult and hazardous than a score of projects that had relapsed to indecisive stalemate or disaster. So the demands for concentration on the Western Front reechoed with bitter criticism for the anticipated waste of troops on “another gamble.” There were many who were unconvinced by Allenby's ideas, forgetful of Arras and unmindful that failures had not changed the fact that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, which might have been proved by a quicker leap for the Dardanelles, or a broader recognition of Bulgaria's claims. But again the kaleidoscope changed. As Allenby's plan matured, Russia totally disintegrated; Roumania's pathetic gesture had strengthened the incongruous Bulgar tie with

Turkey, who now was absolutely free to concentrate for the long promised Asian renaissance and a lead to Africa, with the assurance of some German divisions in support. The advocated reduction of the British Expeditionary Force to a passive defense on the Egyptian frontier, or a delay on Allenby's part, would have allowed the development of impressive campaigns in the East by Turco-German armies released from Russian areas, with territorial acquisitions assured to offset the gloomy portents of a million Americans preparing for the Western Front. This fact deserves careful emphasis as it is highly probable that it would have culminated in the capture of the Suez Canal and the loss of Egypt.

The torrid summer passed in feverish preparation on both sides. From the coast the British held a strong front of seven miles before the Gaza sectors, which were bombarded daily. At Marshrafe the line curved protectively back to the Wadi Shellal and continued southeast into the desert along the parched watercourse with strong flanking outposts at Gamli, twenty-two miles inland. These outer positions ranging from five to seven miles from the Turkish front, considerably overlapped. Beersheba, therefore, provided the enemy with an excellent base for flanking operations and bold cavalry raids, and this entailed continued vigilance and constant fighting along the watchful line of outposts of the eastern desert forces. For sixteen weeks of intense heat every unit slaved to perfect and elaborate the vast military organization which was based on the tireless work of the men who had saved Egypt, but the final training and preparations were formidable.

With the railroad built for two hundred and twenty-six kilometers from Kantara to Deir el Belah close to the Gaza front, the western sectors near the coast were readily supplied, but in the Sinai Desert no form of mechanical transport was possible. On the enemy side, to supplement the railroad, supply trains, German lorries and Turkish wagons crossed the Taurus Mountains and were able to use the indifferent highways southward, and had good roads to serve their front lines before which the desert started. In this broken sandy waste beyond, mobility was limited to the loaded gait of camels, and twenty-two thousand heavy burden animals were needed for the supplies of food and water to the right wing as it was extended inland, and thirteen thousand more were soon employed, chiefly to stock advance bases behind the desert line, preparatory to the attack. The railroad was rapidly double-tracked for one hundred and thirty-seven kilometers from Kantara, which had been transformed to an inland harbor on the Suez Canal, with berths for fifteen ocean steamers and facilities for smaller craft to unload, while the desert village had grown to an important army base with extensive stores, workshops and offices to feed, clothe and supply the daily needs of two hundred and fifty thousand British, eighteen thousand Indian troops, ninety thousand Egyptians in the labor and transport services, and one hundred and fifty thousand horses, mules and camels attached to the polyglot army. From the frontier at Rafa a branch line was built to the center at Shellal, with a farther spur to Gamli. Toward the end of October this light railroad had reached beyond Karm for the purpose of moving reserves of ammunition to the

desert in the direction of Beersheba, and railhead was pushed on two miles during the battle. But the army of thirty-five thousand camels performed vital work, supplemented during the advance by eight thousand donkeys.

The pipe-line had been constructed for one hundred and forty-seven miles, and six hundred thousand gallons of filtered and chlorinated Nile water were pumped daily to the army; but thousands of *fantasses*, or native water-carriers, had to be filled and sent by camel to water the outlying forces of men and horses. Vast canvas storage tanks were prepared and filled, and some excellent local wells were sunk and pumps installed. For the last lap the old cisterns at Khasif were cleansed and sixty thousand gallons were taken out by camels and stored on the final day; but once men and horses of the desert forces had drunk their fill, they would march on to fight in a waterless country, the mounted troops thirty miles from their base, the next supply for man and beast being at the wells sunk by Abraham in Beersheba. For the capture of this city, extensively fortified with German skill, the margin was limited to the endurance of the troops without water; otherwise the battle again would be won by the greatest ally of the Turks—the desert.

When General Allenby arrived, the enemy had command of the air. There was one Australian and one Royal Flying Corps squadron, both handicapped by old type machines vastly inferior to those of the German flight *abteilung* 300, which had brought down seventeen machines along the coast and desert. Reconnaissance, bombing and photography continued under conditions of severe danger and difficulty, but

the arrival of swift fighters literally drove the enemy from the air. During the subsequent campaign, ninety enemy aircraft were brought down and for some days before the attack no German machines were able to hover over the British position. Excellent photographs were taken of every part of the enemy lines, and in spite of many anti-aircraft guns, three thousand were taken of the Gaza defenses alone. Every detail was reproduced, and all subordinate commanders were made familiar with the exact work before them, each unit being tirelessly instructed. Allenby eliminated a vast amount of obsolete routine for the troops and replaced it by a training of detailed thoroughness.

General von Falkenhayn, who had become the chief German adviser at Turkish Headquarters, outlined sanguine and vigorous plans for a double offensive in Asia. With one eye on the Persian Gulf, the other on the Suez Canal, scant attention was given to Djemal Pasha's desire to reassert authority in Western Arabia. Although the Holy Standard from the Great Mosque at Medina had been carried up through Syria to rally the faithful for the *jihad*, some fanatic irregulars who had assisted in the first march against the infidel in Egypt returned as apostles of gloom to Mecca, where the spirit of revolt was seriously affecting Turkey's religious prestige. There were German suggestions even for the temporary abandonment of the Hedjaz to strengthen Palestine, but this the Turks naturally refused. Judging by the two British failures at Gaza, von Falkenhayn decided, however, that his extended Palestine front was now practically impregnable. Austrian 10 cm. guns had been sent down with

the Seventh and Fifty-fourth Divisions early in the summer, so that the center could be strengthened, and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-sixth Divisions following later, formed strong dispositions along the coast. Planning first for a vigorous repercussion in Mesopotamia, von Falkenhayn was gathering formidable forces and stores for the recapture of Bagdad and a bid for the ports on the Persian Gulf. Von Kressenstein was to remain strictly on the defensive. Then a new army was to be formed in Beersheba, the British flank in the desert to be enveloped, the railroad water and road communications cut in rear, and the isolated army driven into the sea, leaving the way open for new glories in Egypt.

The experienced von Kressenstein held few illusions and sensed Allenby's determination. In August he proposed a surprise attack against the salient at Marshrafe to cut off and isolate the forces extended in the desert. Overruled to conserve for the great event, his reports, however, did influence the decision at Turkish Headquarters to strike in Palestine before reaching for Bagdad. Strong concentrations, therefore, at Aleppo were diverted southward with their heavy transport still in arrears, through the British naval attentions on the exposed section of the main road round the bay to Alexandretta and the Bailen Pass, and through serious breakdowns on the steep mountainous alternative on the longer route to Palestine.

On September twenty-eighth the Yilderim Army Group was redistributed. Djemal Pasha commanded the Syrian coast and Hedjaz and Falkenhayn Group F (Palestine and Mesopotamia force). The Eighth

Army, under von Kressenstein, was now to include all forces facing the main British front; the Seventh Army to embrace the formations at Tel Sheria and Beersheba, which were to be strongly built up to envelop Allenby's exposed flank in the desert. This proposed envelopment was a simple reversal of the British plan, but it had strong bases for launching attacks against positions which could not be adequately strengthened; and even a short delay in the British attack might have allowed a more difficult situation to develop. The liaison officer of the armies was von Papen, formerly a German attaché in Washington and prominent in the group of enemy agents whose achievements were as potent as the sinking of the *Lusitania* in bringing the United States into the war.

There was much sickness in the original forces, but reinforcements and guns were pouring in steadily to both armies. Appointed to the Seventh Army, Fevzi Pasha, who was at the depot at Hebron, took over his command four hours after Falkenhayn's campaign was forestalled by Allenby's surprise. Six fresh battalions, four batteries, and a cavalry regiment reached Beersheba on October twenty-seventh, and other battalions reached the front during the battle. The Twentieth Division, en route, was halted for the column to close up and remained to form a useful reserve north of Jaffa during the retreat.

So the great day approached. On October twenty-seventh final preparations were made on the British front—the guns started the feint by a heavy bombardment of Gaza; the eastern forces were preparing to march to their concentration areas when headquarters

received news which at the moment appeared to threaten the success of the movement. From Tel Sheria, with one cavalry and one infantry brigade and several guns, the enemy had started a reconnaissance in force at daybreak on the outer flank, and was attacking the chain of outposts beyond Karm which guarded the construction of the new railway spur toward Beer-sheba, and also screened the advance bases thrown out in the desert for the great surprise. The wires had been cut and the news traveled slowly that help was desperately needed. When the Third Australian Light Horse arrived in support of El Buggar, some of the outposts held by the Eighth Brigade, London Yeomanry, were heavily pressed. Decimated by shell-fire, one force had been surrounded and exterminated when resisting the final cavalry charge. The Light Horse bridged this gap. Another isolated force clung to a reserve trench until relieved at sunset when the Fifty-third Division marched up and drove the Turks back. Failing to pierce the line, the enemy had found only normal forces in areas which in a few hours would have been busy hives of preparation, and so the column retired in complete reassurance. There was nothing to show how quickly that disquieting spur of light railroad was again teeming with activity, and their own attack and near success was the explanation to them of a subsequent report of extra troop movements at railhead.

The bombardment of Gaza was increasing in intensity, and on the thirtieth the naval forces under Admiral Jackson, with the French cruiser *Requin*, started to shell the coastal defenses behind the town and the communications to Ascalon. Concerned now

only with the forces on the right wing, von Kressenstein concentrated troops along the coast to stop the expected landing behind his position, and reported that the long-expected third attack on Gaza was commencing. "*When the attack is launched, the enemy may be expected to make a covering demonstration toward Beersheba,*" was the gist of a supplementary report which added that the main forces of the enemy remained in the Gaza sector. Every tent had been left up; each camp was intact with some skilled camouflage and dummies as the cavalry and infantry on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth marched out to their concentration toward the Turkish left flank. The Twentieth Corps assembled at Tel el Fara, the mounted divisions at Khalasa and Asluj. Ammunition and supplies and an almost unbroken procession of camels with water were pouring out. The engineers dumped wire and every kind of material out in the desert, ready to link the front by wire and telephone; at designated spots the medical staff dropped rolled tents and stores to rest unobtrusively in the sand, in readiness for the rapid evacuation of the casualties. Miles away the artillery duel was raging at Gaza. With enforced caution enemy airmen snatched glances at the apparently normal positions westward, while in reserve a new German flight *abteilung* was being unpacked and its efficient machines assembled ready for the new offensive which was to be hurried when the Gaza attack had been repulsed.

In bright moonlight the columns started on the final march. With variant difficulties and distances to surmount, the clockwork deployment of the various units for the assault, after night marches that ranged

from ten to thirty-five miles, provided another pregnant example of the exact staff work which was inculcated by Allenby and his carefully selected leaders. Many an important enterprise has failed through some minor error in time or direction, but Allenby's orders were always a model of clarity, a refreshing contrast to the obscurity of edicts and regulations which confused so many of our national issues. In this extensive night advance, with the ground strewn with formidable obstacles and notably difficult for heavy artillery and its ponderous ammunition, every unit was in its allotted position as scheduled for the attack to start in perfect coordination.

Sir Philip Chetwode was in command of the Twentieth Corps, which finished its tiring march undiscovered and ready to close in on the western defenses of Beersheba. Along the sectors selected for the main attack on a front of two and a half miles, twenty heavy guns were set up to meet the Skoda howitzers in the defenses and to strengthen the field artillery.

The Mounted Corps, under Major-General Sir H. G. Chauvel, who had led the colonial cavalry in most of the desert battles, made a wide sweep that placed the squadrons undiscovered along the hills overlooking Beersheba's extended eastern defenses, with their right ready to swing across the Hebron road to cut the communications for reinforcement or retreat. The Anzac Mounted Division, under Major-General Sir E. W. C. Chaytor, marched thirty-five miles from Asluj, and the Australian Mounted Division, under Major-General H. W. Hodgson, rode twenty-five miles from Khalasa.

Dawn was approaching with no sound from the ancient city where Abraham made the covenant with Abimelech—the southern gateway to the Holy Land before which the silent hosts were closing in, 907 years after the destruction of Charlemagne's Christian Protectorate first roused the Crusaders' challenge, "*Deus vult!*" for the Wars of the Cross. Resurgent when Saladin conquered Galilee, the Crescent had dominated the cradle of Christianity in unbroken sway for its destined span from that sanguinary October to October, 1917, exactly seven hundred and thirty years.

The silent tension was an agony of interminable minutes—pulses racing as the watch-hands crawled to zero, synchronized to the fraction of a second. The desert suddenly lit up with a red-gold glare as the guns opened the bombardment and the vivid flash of thousands of Verey lights. A roar of cheering was instantly drowned as the thunder of the salvo raced across the desert, a *muezzin* announcing a new day and era.

The strong outer circle of entrenchments was based on ridges from three to five miles from the city, and the Wadi Saba made a formidable obstacle through the center of the position. The western defenses north of the watercourse, therefore, were masked by the Imperial Camel Corps and the two battalions of the Fifty-third Division. For the main attack the batteries were massed with the Seventy-fourth and Sixtieth Divisions before the lower western sectors, extending from the south bank of the Wadi to the Khalasa road, with the corps cavalry (Worcester Yeomanry) and the Seventh Mounted Brigade south of the position covering the flank.

After the preliminary bombardment, an outlying redoubt was stormed and captured with ninety unwounded prisoners and several machine-guns. The batteries then closed in to smash the wire and deluge the trenches. Shaken by the surprise and impetuosity of the attack, several Arab formations had rushed from the trenches, and though some of these afterward fought bravely, Ismet Pasha was forced to throw in his reserves to stiffen the defense. Screened by the dust clouds raised by the shelling, at midday the first wave of infantry surged forward; but the advance was soon met by a well-directed fire from carefully masked guns in the main position, that were almost impossible to locate owing to the dust. On the left the East and West Kent and the Norfolk Dismounted Yeomanry, with two London Territorial regiments on the right leading from the Sixtieth Division, clambered through the broken wire and fought fiercely with bomb and bayonet. Many groups of Turks fought on bravely, and there were some difficult machine-gun nests to exterminate; but successive lines swept through the shell-zone in support, and by one o'clock all the sections were taken.

The artillery now moved up to enfilade the trench lines above the Wadi. After steady bombardment, the Fifty-third Division attacked from the west while the Two Hundred and Thirtieth Yeomanry Brigade scrambled over the watercourse and rolled up the flank from the south. Many guns and prisoners were captured as the enemy evacuated. The cavalry had cut off the line of retreat to the north, but a long stream of fugitives and some of the field artillery escaped behind the fortified posts which defended the

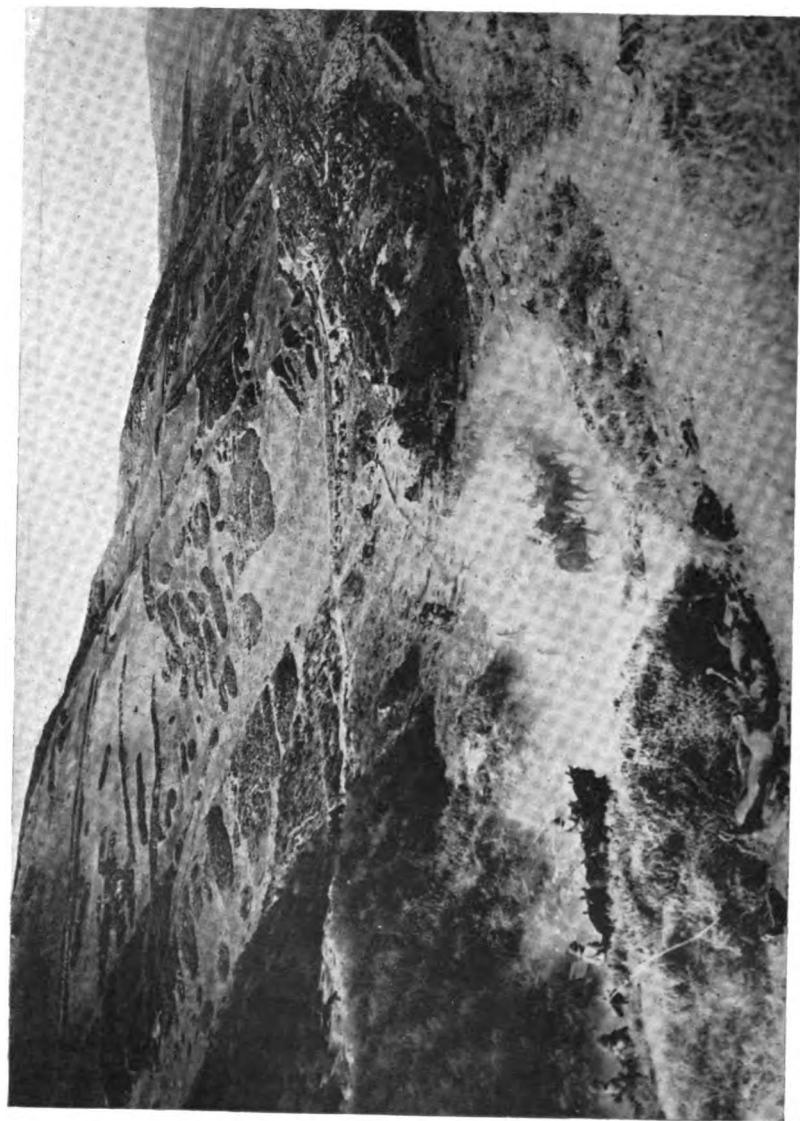
railway and reached Tel Sheria. With the western defenses taken, a vigorous resistance was made from reserve positions in the environs of the city, prepared for a stout defense. The sun was setting, and there was stiff fighting still to be done. Heavy Turkish artillery remained in action, and machine-guns swept the approaches from the outlying houses. As the light faded, the parched troops consolidated on new lines south and west while the artillery was laboriously brought forward. Heavy firing could be heard from the east front, showing that the cavalry also was still heavily engaged.

The enveloping movement of the cavalry had encountered a stubborn resistance all day. Taking up their positions in the hills six miles east and north-east of Beersheba, the long lines of horsemen made an impressive sight as they rode along the crimsoning skyline at daybreak and opened the attack by sending forward widely deployed squadrons in a steady trickle for the advance across the exposed plain. Heavy firing developed from the fortified hills on the north-east along the Jerusalem road and from the formidable redoubt and fortified village on the steep ridge on the north bank of the Wadi Saba. The fighting opened cautiously as the troops advanced across the open plain, swept from both directions. The first fortified posts were quickly taken, and there ensued a battle of individual and collective initiative which can not be embodied in text-books, with tactics developed by months of desert campaigning which surmounted the skill of German engineers. The stifling dust choked man and beast and intensified the craving for water, but it was a helpful factor in affording

cover. Almost imperceptibly the Anzac Division closed in on the defenses with the Australian Mounted Division in support. The First Brigade of Light Horse and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles were hotly engaged for several hours in capturing the hill and village of Saba, which were strongly held.

Chaytor had sent the Second Brigade of the Light Horse to clear the hills on the north, and early in the day they encountered a strong force of cavalry which was moving round to attack the flank. A stirring charge was effectively countered, a force with machine-guns holding the fortified depot at Tel es Sakaty was defeated and the Australians extended across the Jerusalem road, investing Beersheba on the northeast. With the strong outworks captured and occupied on the Saba by the late afternoon, the final approach across the open plain to Beersheba was swept by a heavy fire from the city defenses, and darkness was approaching. The Seventh Mounted Brigade had made progress against the southern entrenchments, and by sunset the first phase was completely successful with the infantry on the west, the Cavalry Corps east and northeast in possession of the wide circuit of entrenched defenses. The road to Tel Sheria, however, remained open on the northwest with strong positions to be taken in order to complete the investment; and from the skilful reserve defenses of the city the enemy was making a powerful resistance and sweeping the exposed approaches in every direction.

As the weary troops took breath in the growing darkness on three sides of the still formidable stronghold, and Chetwode was moving his heavy batteries up over difficult country in a luminous fog of dusty



The Nablus-Beisan Road about midway between Tubar and Nablus.

moonlight, the most formidable enemy—thirst—cast a sinister shadow over the attacking forces. The time necessary to reduce and capture the position, therefore, was strictly limited, and there could be no risk of failure or undue losses in what was necessarily the initial operation in a great campaign.

Then came a confused uproar of firing and shouting in Beersheba, a temporary pandemonium. A few posts in the outskirts resumed their stubborn firing, there were loud explosions to the north from dumps blown up, and then silence.

No one quite knew how it happened. The Fourth Brigade Australian Light Horse, in support on the east front, were sent forward to eject snipers and capture and hold an isolated group of houses. There was a momentary lull, and screened in part by clouds of dust raised by the horses, the brigade galloped on full tilt for Beersheba. The firing from the first trench line was erratic as the avalanche of horsemen swept along. Nothing now could stop the momentum—shooting and stabbing, the troopers rode over the closely packed infantry in the entrenchment, charged madly on through the short burst of machine-gun and rifle fire from the second trench, which was also charged and crossed, and with a wild cheer they turned the panting horses through the fierce *mêlée* in the crowded, dirty streets of Beersheba. A few German machine-gunners inflicted some losses from the houses as the Turks in the upper defenses broke for the only egress toward Tel Sheria, but one thousand, one hundred and forty-eight of the trapped enemy were cut off and captured, German engineers were overpowered as they were blowing up the wells, and a

large booty of stores and corn, a loaded train, the heavy artillery and a hundred thousand gallons of water were taken.

Realizing that the victors would be exhausted, von Falkenhayn ordered that Beersheba should be retaken at all costs by a combination of both the Seventh and Eighth Armies. Fevzi Pasha regathered the fugitives and prepared the Sixteenth Division at Tel Sheria, von Kressenstein sent the Nineteenth Division and extra guns under Ali Fuad, the skilful commander of the Twentieth Corps, to aid his colleague in restoring the shattered left flank. But he wisely anticipated the danger of a second wide turning movement by the cavalry against the main entrenched line, and therefore gave his own instructions which considerably complicated British progress north of Beersheba, although his encroachment of authority in the area of a separate command caused some ill-feeling. The Nineteenth Division took up strong positions in the hills north of Beersheba, and thus seriously retarded the plans for the envelopment of the exposed eastern flank. Using the motor road from Sheria to Dhaheriyeh on the Jerusalem road toward Hebron, Fuad's forces heartened the resistance of the Beersheba fugitives and Fevzi Pasha's fresh divisions, which with the cavalry and depot troops from Hebron secured well-watered bases against which Chetwode and Chauvel were already advancing some infantry and the mounted corps.

Through von Kressenstein's rapid initiative a strong flexible flank was built up from the main ramparts of Tel Sheria eastward across the Jerusalem road, northeast of Beersheba, on a strong irregular

front in broken, hilly country excellent for defense. At the moment it gave splendid cover to the exposed left flank and threatened to draw the British again into a difficult and waterless area.

Allenby intensely dislikes anything which savors of flattery or "slop" and upon one occasion when a certain prominent ecclesiastic visited general headquarters he was "ticked off" badly for attempting it. Although Allenby disliked this person his innate courtesy came to the surface and so to please the parson he told him he would like to show him his maps and explain his future plan of campaign. He took the parson to his office, and after explaining his plans at some length was much annoyed when the former turned to him and said with a smug smile, "Oh! General *how* interesting! Why, that is just what the Israelites did in the Book of Kings, Chapter —, verse —." "Oh, is it?" said Allenby. "Well I shall darned well change it!"

November had dawned in unprecedented heat, the *khamsein* was blowing like the exhaust of the inferno. The Anzac Mounted Division, the Fifty-third Division and the Imperial Camel Corps, moving forward on a broad front a few miles north of Beersheba, met with a strong opposition. On the right, the cavalry horses suffered severely from lack of water, and alternate brigades had to retire at a most critical period.

Under the impression that they were holding up a vast turning movement by the entire eastern force, the enemy fought boldly and counter-attacked desperately with the bayonet, and Beersheba became a huge clearing station for casualties.

The enemy, however, was thrown into panic by the

news of the capture of convoys sent down the main road from Hebron to the advance base at Dhaheriyeh, and lost several hours in an elaborate sweep to meet the threat to the rear. With a picked force of machine-gunners and Arab scouts on fast camels on the thirtieth, Colonel Newcombe, R. E., had moved through the hills and set his guns to sweep the road and cut off the anticipated night retreat of the Beersheba garrison which had taken place as scheduled, but by the Sheria road. Newcombe's isolated force, however, maintained itself, seriously tore up the Turkish communications and held off six battalions until food and ammunition were exhausted, when his survivors were captured.

While the complicated operations on the British right grew in intensity and delayed the flank, Chetwode from Beersheba captured the intermediate positions to the west and prepared to push the main attack on the Tel Sheria position from the southeast. To give the enemy no rest, Allenby decided to lose no time in striking a blow also at Gaza, and so the merciless bombardment continued. The Turkish artillery made a strong retaliation on November first, when the news arrived of the loss of Beersheba, especially the naval guns on the coast, which seriously damaged the *Requin* and scored several hits on the British flotilla. But the French cruiser, with H. M. S. *Grafton*, Monitors 15, 26, 31 and 32, the gunboats *Ladybird* and *Amphis* and the destroyers *Staunch* and *Comet*, continued their effective bombardment, although a submarine closed in and sank a monitor and destroyer with all hands. On shore Allenby intensified the bombardment with six- and eight-inch howitzers, sixty

pounders and the concentrated artillery of the Twenty-first Division.

Facing the Mediterranean littoral, Gaza stands well back from the ocean, and the coastal sectors presented extraordinary difficulties for attack. The Turkish front started at Sheik Hassan directly on the sea, nearly two miles northwest of the town, and, based on the coast hills and enormous sand-dunes, was continued for nearly four miles sharply southeast to a ridge more than a mile from its southern outskirts before curving eastward. The front defenses, therefore, for three and a half miles formed a sharp angle with the sea, in a series of strongly entrenched natural ramparts before which it was impossible for the British front to conform. Immediately facing the Turkish front south of Gaza, the British left was extended nearly straight to the coast and along the shore, therefore it was three thousand yards from the extreme right of the Turkish position. No Man's Land before Gaza was practically a huge triangle of coast, with the beach as the base.

When every effort had been made by the enemy to reinforce the left flank from the Gaza garrison, and twenty-four hours after the fall of Beersheba, the British guns concentrated on the strong rampart facing Samson's Ridge on which the Turkish front curved south of Gaza. This position commanded the entrance to the involved coastal area and guarded the inner flank of the western section. At eleven P. M. the guns ceased, and the enemy was restoring his crumpled position when a wave of men stormed the redoubt. The surprise was complete and the success immediate. For two hours Reffed Bey bombarded his lost posi-

tion, but decided to defer the counter-attack until daylight.

The Twenty-first Corps, under Bulfin, held the western sectors. The Royal Scots Fusiliers and Scottish Borderers of the Fifty-second Division carried out the first surprise. Hare's Fifty-fourth (East Anglian) Division now assembled and moved silently up the coast, passing between the sea and the captured hill. All day (the sixth in succession) the front had been furiously bombarded. Two hours after the vituperative artillery died down from the first attack and the Gaza garrison had resettled for the night, every gun reopened against the formidable Turkish positions that faced seaward. For thirty minutes the thunder continued. Five tanks had lumbered unheard over the steep sand-dunes, and belching fire, turned against the steep enemy lines, as waves of infantry scrambled up the face of the redoubts, bombed the still active machine-guns to silence, and literally pitchforked the dazed enemy from their trenches. The Bedfords and the Eleventh London Regiment stormed Sheik Hassan close to the ocean; five Essex battalions captured the Cricket, Zowaiid and Rafa Redoubts and the entrenched dunes farther to the southeast; the Suffolks, Norfolks and Hampshires scaled the face of El Arish Redoubt, a part of which was commanded by the flanking position captured during the first operation.

The dawn of November second found the British consolidated in the length of defenses on the sea side of Gaza, the labor of twenty-five weeks on the most modern fortified system being negatived in the same number of minutes. Furious counter-attacks were con-

tinued all day without result. Von Kressenstein reported that the position was hopeless, and suggested a retirement from Gaza by withdrawing the right wing back northeast to the Wadi Hesse, retaining the strongholds at Tel Sheria as the center, and building up the left strongly across the Jerusalem road along the line where the eastern forces were now contending. This plan was sanctioned, but the army was forced to retain the main positions while the heavy artillery and stores were moved back. On November third the battle jumped again to the other flank, where Chetwode reopened the assault on Tel Sheria.

That an attack on the center had been anticipated in the first operations was proved by orders issued to the Sixteenth Division on October twenty-ninth, which contained interesting clauses:

“Everything points to the enemy’s intending to make a real offensive.

“The enemy’s commander, General Allenby, was on the Western Front this year. It is understood that he is wont to attack after a violent but short artillery bombardment. . . .

“I am convinced that our Division is in a position morally and materially to defeat the enemy.

“The victory is with God.

“G. O. C. Sixteenth Division.”

Allenby declined the enemy’s invitation to force the fighting north of Beersheba. With reinforcements in the hills, it would have cost considerably more than the advantage warranted, while if the Sheria line could not be readily enveloped, it could be directly flanked and pierced. The fighting on the

flank on the third had been costly enough, but it had cleared useful ground and it had contained the enemy reserves. At the psychological moment, also, when these troops on the extreme right relapsed from the offensive to the defensive, and guns and men of the Twentieth Corps were moving from Beersheba to continue the main program for the infantry attack on the Tel Sheria system, the Turks stepped out from the steep hills on the northeast in futile and costly counter-attacks against the rocky ridges held by the Welsh Division, the Camel Corps and cavalry. Their heavy casualties in the counter-offensive were utterly barren of result. The general object of the stubborn demonstrations seemed to have had less relation to the knowledge of the pending direct assault on Tel Sheria than to the general desire to deflect attention and reserves from Gaza while von Kressenstein dismantled and loaded by day, and secretly sent his material by night prior to his skilful withdrawal to the Wadi Hesse.

Tel Sheria now was the key of the Turkish position, the fundamental in the new plan of defense; but while the engineers directed the feverish construction of trenches along the Wadi Hesse, ten miles north of Gaza, where the remaining Turkish forces skilfully flaunted their strength, more machine-guns and troops were sent to the extreme flank in the hills to strengthen the effort against the British right, which endured hard fighting but held its own. By the evening of November fifth, without interruption, Chetwode had quietly completed his preparations to attack from the southeast the main section of the Tel Sheria system based on the strong field fortifications of the long Kauwukah Ridge.

The guns deluged the front lines with high explosives at dawn, and the intermediate series of protective outworks were rapidly carried by the Seventy-fourth Division east of the railroad, and the Sixtieth and Tenth farther west. The batteries then closed in, and at midday the troops charged through the broken wire of the main line. After the first success, a complicated section of the system was enfiladed, and by sunset a front of seven miles had been carried, and the whole central system, estimated to be the strongest on the Palestine front, was hopelessly shattered with its subsidiary lines. Sheria station was occupied, but a shell having exploded the ammunition depot, a fire broke out in the Army storehouses on the railroad and lit up the whole district at night. This enabled the rear guards to maintain a strong fire, and the enemy rallied, delaying the advance of the Sixtieth Division across the Wadi Sheria. The resistance from isolated redoubts and the effort of the Twenty-sixth Division to limit the gains were overcome next morning. The cavalry poured through the gap, and therefore appeared on the western flank of the Seventh Army after all the elaborate precautions to prevent a turning movement from the east. The brigades advanced steadily north along the railroad, roughly the cleavage line between the two armies, taking hundreds of prisoners and seriously disorganizing liaison behind their respective crumbled fronts. During the Sheria attack the Fifty-third Division, Imperial Camel Corps and Yeomanry, organized as a special force under General Barrow, had leaped from their defensive north of Beersheba which had pinned down Fevzi Pasha's pugnacious right wing, and after costly and

spectacular hill fighting, Khuweilfeh, with its water supply, was stormed and captured and the line pushed back.

Allenby waited only for the initial success before Tel Sheria to resume the assault on Gaza. As the first phase of the battle in the center closed, the guns again concentrated on the western sectors. Von Kressenstein, however, had not waited; leaving a rear guard, he had evacuated his army after sunset, and was taking over the shorter front on the Wadi Hesse when he heard that disaster had overtaken the center. When the troops attacked Gaza at dawn on the seventh, they met with a spiritless resistance, and patrols entered the ancient city whose gates Samson had once torn down in the fury of his strength. In spite of their assertions to the contrary the Turks had used the tower of the mosque as an observation post, and the guns of the naval flotilla had destroyed it with a few well directed shells. The whole town was a mass of ruins, but the system of defense was found to be very thorough, even the cacti being reinforced with miles of barbed wire. Evidence of the former battles of Gaza were now seen in the discovery of the graves of British dead, among which was found that of one of the sons of Mr. Bonar Law. Little of interest or value remained of the city, from which the inhabitants had been driven, while their effects had been appropriated by the troops until the whole place was a looted, dirty shell.

The composite force, which included small French and Italian units and part of the Seventy-fifth Division, cleared the trench systems to the east beyond Gaza, and the capture of the Hareira Tepe Redoubt

completed the collapse of the entire front across Palestine. The right of the Twenty-first Corps was now in touch with the left of the Twentieth along the old enemy line, and the first stage of the campaign was over.

When the troops had entered Gaza on the seventh, they pushed straight on from its melancholy ruin. The rear guards were soon driven back, the divisional cavalry rode rapidly north up the coast followed by two brigades of the Fifty-second. The Turkish Twelfth Corps was designated to take over the western sectors on the Wadi Hesse. The Fifty-third Division under Salah ed Din, and other units of the Gaza garrison, had been working all day to improve the new line, expecting the Fifty-fourth to conform as von Kressenstein had planned. Assuming the strength of that position, von Falkenhayn, however, had ordered troops from both armies to concentrate for the recapture of Tel Sheria, and this division, therefore, under Nasuhi Bey, which had saved all its artillery but was scattered and could only muster one thousand, four hundred men, had been sent off to assist. Marching rapidly through the heavy sand, the British column moved undiscovered along the shore at the base of the cliffs and crossed the mouth of the Wadi Hesse at sunset. The Lowlanders swarmed suddenly over the ridge like a host cast up by the sea and established their guns to dominate the new Turkish line. When von Kressenstein learned that the flank of his new position had been turned within twenty-four hours, he was utterly incredulous. The Eighth Army was ordered next day to fall back to the River Sukerier above Ascalon and only eleven miles south of Jaffa,

and strong positions were prepared along its banks, heavy fighting having failed to dislodge the British from the flank farther south.

Disaster had also overtaken the other division of the Twenty-second Corps. Nasuhi Bey discovered that the opportunity had long passed for the Fifty-fourth Division to lead the ordered offensive at Tel Sheria. The cavalry wedge in the center had broadened, and on the eighth was eleven miles north, while the infantry were advancing irresistibly. The Fifty-sixth and Twenty-sixth Divisions were retiring in confusion, the rear guards were soon driven from Jemmameh, and from Huj, where the large depot of stores on the railroad spur was abandoned. London Territorials were moving up to consolidate the gains when the Fifty-fourth Division appeared nearly two miles west of Huj. The British guns were not yet up, and so, with 5.9 Skoda howitzers and skilled Austrian gunners to stiffen his field batteries, Nasuhi Bey decided to bring his artillery in action against the Huj position. At the crucial moment a Yeomanry brigade, under Colonel Wiggin, was moving up to the east of the infantry, and quickly grasping the situation, he gathered his leading squadrons, five of the Worcesters and Warwicks, and rode out to give battle.

Anxious not to become seriously involved in a territory obviously unhealthy, the Turks fired a few volleys and started to retire, leaving machine-gun detachments and the artillery to break up the cavalry formation and discourage a mounted pursuit. The powerful howitzers tore gaps in the opening ranks and spurred the troopers to desperate reprisal. The poet's pen is far more potent than that of the historian, and

half a century ago the laureate would have immortalized to the world the almost forgotten ride of unsupported troopers against accurate and concentrated modern artillery.

The going was hard, and salvo after salvo crashed out with rapid and intense fire across the level plain, littered with men and horses as the galloping troopers deployed. In spite of the intensity of the defense and the severe casualties, which included two squadron leaders, the charge was driven home. A few teams swung round, limbered up, and galloped out of action; others too late realized that their chance of escape was lost, and fired point blank into the mass as it surged up the slope. Horses crashed disemboweled on the guns at the impact as the unflinching gunners met their death, and the charge swept on to capture the machine-guns which were then swung round to harry the retreating Turks as the Gloucester squadron galloped wildly up in support. Three Austrian howitzers and nine field-guns were captured. A heavy price had been paid, but after the loss of artillery at Beersheba, Gaza and Sheria, the blow to the enemy just then was beyond computation. Disaster once more had followed that insensate obsession of certain military leaders for attempting a hopeless and wasteful counter-offensive under conditions when every man and gun was of ten times the value on the defensive.

Crippled and late, the Fifty-fourth Division rejoined the Twenty-second Corps, which had needed every adjunct for the imperative duty of holding up the advance on the coastal sector, where it was still pressing the right wing relentlessly while von Kressenstein was preparing new and strong reserve posi-

tions for the English Army. Farther retirement now would uncover the western routes to Jerusalem while the Seventh Army waited impotently on the steep hills to the eastward, guarding the main road to the Holy City, and utterly ignored until it reached westward through Beit Jibrin for a belated counter-stroke.

Turkish Headquarters had expected a lull, or at most a pursuit by the cavalry through a region admirable for defense. An army which had been deadlocked on the edge of a desert for nine months and has just captured thirty miles of fortifications by a desperate culmination of elaborate siege operations is not expected to step forward without an hour's delay as an army of invasion. Reorganization alone would be necessarily formidable. Along the whole front, however, the army had stepped briskly from the debris of the field-works and started an impressive sweep through Palestine. Both Turkish armies were extended to block the march to Jerusalem. Assured a procession of magnificent defensive positions, the Seventh Army had no alternative to a deployment in the hills, to command the main road north to Jerusalem toward which strong forces were expected to push. A second logical line of advance was to the railroad, which would take time and energy to restore, and bristling with many advantageous points to be hotly contested. After the British Army had pushed forward a few miles on a basis that would need tremendous reorganization of supply, and the Turks had regathered to meet this advance on a broad front, Allenby coolly thwarted their dispositions.

He halted the Fifty-third Division for watchful waiting on the eastern sectors with cavalry holding

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the flank toward the Jerusalem road, and retired the Tenth, Sixtieth and Seventy-fourth Divisions southward toward Karm, where they could depend on the Sinai railroad. This reduced the strain on the original transport service almost to normal. The Fifty-fourth Division remained at Gaza. Bringing up the Seventy-fifth Division in support, he concentrated his entire energy in sustaining the brilliant advance of the Fifty-second Division along the coast as already recorded, and the mounted forces on the right between the main road from Gaza and the railroad. Thus he confined himself to the task of driving the Eighth Army north without a moment's respite. Even for these comparatively light forces, supply problems at first were formidable. For use on the Palestine roads some lorries had been gathered in readiness, and the Fifty-fourth gave up its entire transport and eked out a week on its small reserve of supplies in order that the race to the north could be sustained.

By following the campaign on the war maps, with each move and counter-move marked by a flag, the impression is given of a chess problem. The area was almost square—the trench line and road, Gaza to Beersheba, formed the base, the sides were marked on the right by the road from Beersheba to Jerusalem, and on the left by the coast line, Gaza to Jaffa, with the road from Jaffa eastward across to Jerusalem in the north to complete the parallelogram. And after the game had progressed, we seem to follow a chess champion who, suddenly withdrawing from play those pieces which had assured him superiority, solved the problem by skilful use of his knights and pawns.

Many facts were overlooked by certain writers who

emphasized the enormous numerical superiority of the British troops. Allenby made the supreme moves for the capture of Jerusalem in a continuous offensive with two divisions suffering like the Turks from casualties, fatigue and sickness, and mounted forces from which on successive days brigades had to be retired because of the thirst and exhaustion of the horses, for water remained an intolerable problem. He successively defeated and separated the combined armies which comprised nine infantry and one cavalry divisions, based on excellent defensive positions adjoining the railroad, and retiring on well-organized communication, by forces which had raced some sixty miles from their base.

Each move in the game was strategically masterful, daring in conception and tactically perfect. Following the skilful turning of the Wadi Hesse, Ascalon (where Cœur de Lion reached victoriously for Jaffa) and Mejdcl, with its ammunition depot on the branch railroad, were rapidly taken. The sudden retirement of the Eighth Army in the night, before the reserve positions in the rear were completed, caused tremendous confusion at von Kressenstein's headquarters at El Tinch, the junction of the main line with the new western branch toward Gaza, and both systems were congested with salvage sent north and with supplies unloading for the new positions selected to save the junction station for Jerusalem. The roads were jammed with convoys, ammunition and troops awaiting orders, while the staff in the midst of chaos wrestled with eleventh-hour plans. Sighting venturesome patrols at midday on the ninth, scouts rode in and prematurely reported that the cavalry had broken

through, and a wild panic of the *impedimenta* ensued. At the height of the confusion came the air raid, which had been ordered by the mind that had foreseen this acute congestion in its unfailing power to judge enemy conditions. The staffs were dispersed, the telegraph ruined and the bombs caused the terror that is contagious. Simultaneously there was a frantic stampede without sense of direction, and the aircraft, swooping low, inflicted the more harm by causing irretrievable tangle and a wide and representative dispersion. No semblance of order could be restored until the next day, when the time had come for actual evacuation, though the ammunition wagons were rounded up and distributed. Some fugitives actually reached Jerusalem with stories of dire disaster.

The new battle opened next day, when the Fifty-second Division, marching fourteen miles over the dunes through a blinding sandstorm, captured the outlying advanced position at Beit Duras which gave access to the new system of the Eighth Army. The coastal plain traversed by the Sukerier River and other wadis had been turned into a fortified zone by entrenching a number of ridges and hills south and north of the waterway, and the long natural ramparts on the eastern side of the plain at Al Mughar and Katrah, southward, which formed a strong barrier to the Junction approaches. Extending from the coast in an easterly direction along the river, the line ran roughly southward, due west of the main railroad, and southeast across it four miles below the Junction station from Yasur to El Mesmiye and Gath. The way was blocked therefore, on the north and northeast, to the troops marching up along the coast and the rail-

road. The Seventh Army had now moved westward through the hills against the line of the British advance, extending the front through Zeita and Beit Jibrin, the chain of Turkish positions covering a front of twenty miles.

Everything was excellently planned. The natural sites for the defenses west of the Junction might have been arranged by Vauban or Brialmont to dominate the coastal plain with unimpeded direct and cross fire. A farther advance north would be exposed to attack on flank and rear, but deployment or dispersion of forces on the extended front would have seriously delayed Allenby's progress, involved troops in the difficult hills in the Seventh Army area, and diverted strength from the main objectives farther north. But Allenby did not deviate from his plan, though some vitally necessary cavalry units had to be relieved after waterless marching. The Australian Mounted Division, however, wheeled eastward, widely extended, and secured the flank, although some of the outposts withstood furious attacks by vastly superior numbers. The attacked Yeomanry had pushed up east of the railroad and captured Gath, the legendary home of Goliath, where the Gloucesters held off a determined effort to pierce the long exposed line. The Tenth and Ninth Australian Light Horse seized and held Summeil and Berkusi, covering the infantry advance farther north.

With the picked battalions of divisions from each army, the Turks made a determined effort to break through the right on the twelfth at two points. Well backed by artillery, these attempts to create a diversion utterly failed. Fighting stubbornly, some of the

outposts were forced back two miles; but reinforcements arrived, the line held and the Australians drove the Turks back next day.

Bulfin had continued to push forward the irresistible infantry wedge along the wide coastal strip with full weight of men and guns concentrated on the enemy's right flank. The Seventy-fifth Division arrived at the exact hour, after a magnificent march to support on the tenth, when the Lowlanders took Beit Duras and the Anzac's dash on the coast secured Ashdod, the site of Dagon's temple where the captured Ark of the Covenant was held. These victories cleared the way to the Sukerier. The Twenty-second Corps completely failed to hold the British back at any point in the coastal sectors. The crossing was forced at dawn on the eleventh, and both divisions cleared the enemy from the north bank, an operation which culminated in the capture of Burkah, the southern key to the enemy's right. The fighting was very stubborn, with a steep natural glacis to surmount in order to reach the first lines on the ridge, commanded by an equally difficult reserve position half a mile in rear. These were successively stormed. The Light Horse was relieved after capturing Tel el Murre, which secured the mouth of the river for landing supplies, and the Yeomanry Mounted Division continued the work of pressing the enemy north along the coast to Bethshit and Yebna.

A terrible thunderstorm had raged during the early hours of the twelfth. From the captured heights the commander-in-chief was trying to obtain a survey of the mountainous area through which his army must soon fight to the east. For days the Judean Range

had been shrouded in haze, but suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, and from Mount Ephraim the hills stood out in definite perspective in the cleared air. The four-day battle was now entering its most critical period, and then the army must turn eastward to the Holy City which rested among the distant crests. Yet many notable Crusaders from that point had looked across those inscrutable hills that had afterward engulfed them in defeat, and though the sight was inspiring, the wide panorama revealed that there would be great difficulties to face in reaching the goal. Near the coast in the captured region a small Zionist colony had made a veritable oasis in the neglected land, as a proof of the potentialities of skill and enterprise when freed from the blighting hand of the Turk.

The Yeomanry made one farther leap north, ready to capture and fortify Yebna, north of Bethshit. With these points covered, the infantry divisions wheeled to the eastward on the guarded plain, and in full strength prepared to strike the decisive blow on El Mughar and Katrah and the more accessible strongholds to the south on the main position west of the Junction Station. With infinite toil two heavy batteries had been brought up from Gaza. Short of barbed wire, in some places the Turks had utilized piles of cacti, which make an adequate *chevaux de frise*, and are not easy for infantry to surmount under a galling fire.

On November thirteenth both the divisions opened the attack against the main Turkish line. Although covered by a heavy bombardment, the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Brigade, which led the assault on the

Katrah-El Mughar system, had to advance four thousand yards across the flat plain, swept by the Turkish artillery and machine-guns. The preliminary losses were heavy, and with the excellent field of fire secured by the enemy, three attacks only gained a footing on the strongly entrenched ridge; but the plan was perfect. A brigade from the Yeomanry holding the northern area now worked round on the flank, debouched from the Wadi Janus, galloped two miles across the open under a heavy fire, and then rode up the ridge, the Scottish Borderers simultaneously storming the front. To the south the Scots Fusiliers flanked the Katrah section and captured the village, including a battalion and some artillery, and by the afternoon the Turks abandoned their strongest position. On the right to the south the Seventy-fifth Division took Yasur and its adjoining redoubt, and stormed Mesmiyeh. Von Kressenstein's right now had been deflected and practically turned on the coast, his center shattered from the west, and his left broken and turned from the south. Leaving a thousand unwounded prisoners in the hands of the victors, by night he was in full retreat north, the Twenty-Second Corps retiring on the coastal sectors toward Jaffa, and the troops on the left along the main railroad to Ludd.

Robbed of its initiative, brought to a standstill by the outposts in its imposing thrust for the marching flank, and then vigorously attacked by the mounted troops on the curving front from El Tineh southeast to Beit Jibrin, forces of the Seventh Army now retired hastily eastward toward Jerusalem, south of the branch railway. Junction Station was taken at day-

break, where two armored cars helped to cut off the rear guard, and a great amount of booty was captured, including two useful trains. Allenby had here cut the last link between the two armies, which were now hopelessly divided. The Seventh, therefore, were forced to defend Jerusalem alone. Facing eastward, the two British infantry divisions paused at the edge of the Judean hills.

The campaign now had entered a new phase which bristled with problems. In fifteen days the army had smashed an almost impregnable line, and two infantry and the mounted divisions had maintained a continuous battle during which some units had marched seventy-five miles from their base. Eighty guns, nine thousand prisoners and twenty million rounds of ammunition had been captured, together with a vast quantity of stores, and the Turkish armies had now lost more than half their effectives.

During the race north to gain the western approaches to Jerusalem, the British had marched and fought too rapidly for their transport, existing for many days on half or quarter rations, and for some on nothing at all; and yet a more buoyant, determined, or united force never marched on to victory. Thirst also was a serious problem, especially for the mounted forces. The men often sacrificed their sleep during a night halt where one or two deep wells would be discovered to draw water laboriously with a single bucket and line for from one to two thousand horses. Allowing three to four buckets per minute, daybreak often found the work uncompleted and supplies frequently gave out. Waterless days, therefore, were not unusual for man or beast. In every area the patient

camels followed with cable carts, so that each unit was linked up by telephone to ensure perfect coordination.

The Yeomanry Division near the railroad, and the Anzac Division on the coast, rode manfully northwest on the heels of the retiring Eighth Army. In both areas, on the fifteenth, the last stand of von Kressenstein's Command gave a thrilling finale to the spectacular drama as the curtain fell on his spirited campaign in Philistia. At Ramleh a strong force with artillery turned at bay on the steep plateau that commands the main road to Jerusalem from Jaffa, and is capped with the ruins of Gezer, the royal city of Canaan which was burned by Pharaoh and given to his daughter, the wife of Solomon, who rebuilt it. The attack was opened from the west by the Australian Light Horse, which had swung round to take Ramleh and Ludd. As they closed rapidly and stormed the heights, the Yeomanry Brigade, which had charged the flank at El Mughar, rode straight up the ridge from the south and galloped along the defenses. The Turks were literally swept off the hill by the combined attack. Leading the charge of the Royal Bucks Hussars, Major A. de Rothschild fell mortally wounded, and his cousin, Neil Primrose, the younger son of Lord Rosebery and brother of Lord Dalmeny, Allenby's military secretary, was killed. This uncovered the Jerusalem road, and the Turks were again routed in the utmost confusion at night, as the victorious troops fell on the rear guard at Lydda (Ludd), and bivouacked at the reputed birth-place and tomb of St. George of England, which now became an outpost to guard the communications and the flank of the army as it wheeled eastward.

On the coastal sector the collapse of the Turkish

right wing was not less spectacular. Reinforced by rested reserves from Jaffa, six miles south of the city, the Turks fought bravely and concentrated a heavy artillery fire on the cavalry, that checked progress. Covered by an advance line of bombers, a mass of Turks charged the New Zealand Mounted Rifles with the bayonet. As the depleted wave broke on the British line and recoiled, the colonials stormed and carried the Turkish position, drove the enemy helter-skelter and pushed on toward the city.

The enemy evacuated Jaffa during the night, and at daybreak on the sixteenth the cavalry entered the seaport of Jerusalem, a most valuable material prize of great strategic importance as a sea base, with good direct communications to the Holy City, thirty-six miles to the southeast. Thus passed the Eighth Army from Philistia and the notable era of von Kressenstein, to whose dogged perseverance and initiative, with an alien command and immense power of organization under tremendous handicaps, his opponents give hearty tribute and spontaneous recognition. He needs no *apologia*, and perhaps no greater testimonial than the immensity of the task he imposed on the Expeditionary Forces for nearly three years in the path of his duty as a soldier which absolved him from our rancor or blame for the tragic waste and folly of the fatuous policy of Turkey as the tool of Germany.

Much work had to be done before Jaffa could lighten the heavy burdens of the Sinai railroad, and the greater difficulties of bringing ammunition and supplies up country by road, while the task of linking up with the Turkish lines proceeded, with the restoration of the bridges and sections destroyed by the



Turkish transport destroyed by low flying aircraft on the Nablus-Beisan Road about midway between Tubar and Nablus.

enemy during the retreat. The possession of the port, however, gave a feeling of security, especially as a wet season with unusually heavy rains increased the burden of transport, although during the storms the so-called harbor proved very dangerous for shipping.

Within twenty-four hours General Allenby was establishing a long chain of outposts north of Jaffa across the Plain of Sharon, on a wide curve southeast across the approaches to Jerusalem through the Judean hills. Threatened with isolation, the depot troops in the south now fell back to Hebron; but the work of opening the road from Beersheba for the moment remained impracticable, as it would have added to the heavy transport problems.

Enver Pasha was in Jerusalem when this debacle started, and Falkenhayn and Djemal Pasha, who were bitterly at loggerheads, were to meet him. Djemal's train was wrecked by Arabs, Enver Pasha hurried out by car by the north road to Nablus, and Falkenhayn arrived alone; but as no local reorganization for the defense of the Holy City was possible, he left Fuad Pasha in control and returned to Aleppo, promising to reinforce the Seventh and Eighth Armies and to send all relief possible from the north. He ordered the Seventh Army to resist only until threatened with complete investment and to avoid a hopeless siege by retiring to Jericho. Bereft of direct military authority, Djemal from the north enforced stringent measures against both Jews and Christians; all the patriarchs were sent north, the Armenians were driven out and the Turkish notables sent out with their families and valuables.

The announcement of the fall of Jerusalem on December ninth came as a great relief to the Allies. Nearly four weeks had elapsed since the victory just recorded had roused eager anticipation, but during the war the preliminary fanfare of practically every great operation had lapsed to a dirge. Hostile and neutral prognostications outlined the dangers and difficulties—Russia was negative and von Falkenhayn now was able to draw as freely on the best Turkish veterans as transport and a disillusioned staff could arrange.

The indomitable Fuad Pasha was now in command of the city's defense—a warrior of the old type with many qualities that command respect. Excellent reinforcements came down by road from Aleppo, and Allenby had to force the narrow pass through Saris on the Jaffa road, a defile where a handful of determined men could hold up an army—his alternatives being mountainous tracks, impossible for guns and impractical for horses. North of Jaffa two first line divisions had reinforced the Eighth Army, and more men and guns were on the way. Thus a formidable force was growing for a thrust which might sever the British communications in the plain, cut them off from their new sea base at Jaffa, and inflict a lasting disaster. Allenby, however, ordered up reserves to reinforce the Anzac Mounted Division to secure the plain, and with scarcely a perceptible pause, advanced into the hills with his forward troops.

His immediate plan was to cut the Shechem (Nablus) road to isolate Jerusalem from the north. Having eliminated the Eighth Army from his immediate sphere of operations, and fenced them off with his

reserves, he turned the Seventy-fifth Division to clear the main road on which his patrols were already in touch with the Seventh Army in the direction of Jerusalem.

On the extreme left flank the Yeomanry Division moved eastward along a steep and inaccessible track with a few mountain-guns. During the second day the horses had to be sent back; but the troopers made good progress on foot, and on the twentieth they crossed Joshua's battlefield at Beth Horon. Driving back strong enemy detachments, this force pushed on the next day, hoping to seize a secure position to hold the Nablus road; but within sight of their objective they encountered a strong force of Turks with twenty-four long-range guns and a mounted brigade reaching for their flank. The enemy were prepared to make a strong defense of their main communications from Jerusalem, and after a fight which proved that farther progress was impossible without adequate artillery, the Yeomanry retired to Beth Horon. On the other flank the Australians were advancing along the railway south of the main road on which the Seventy-fifth Division was making progress.

To many people the highway from Jaffa to Jerusalem is full of picturesque features, but during a hard campaign and being soon faced with several continuous wet days, the troops found advance dreary. On all sides difficult hills and mountains spread as far as the eye could reach. Some of the nearer heights are crowned with gray ruins, villages on the terraces standing in small cultivated belts, with deep glens abounding, filled with olive trees. In spring the valleys are lightened by a profusion of wild flowers; but

as winter approaches, although the sun is often hot and the atmosphere humid, the rocky hills assume a garb of unattractive barrenness, accentuated in the rain and mist that hovers over the stern plateau on which the Holy City is built. Two miles beyond Latron (*Castellum boni Latronis*) the road begins to rise through a steep, narrow ravine walled by rocky heights for four miles, with dwarf forest on the precipitous sides, beyond which villages and ruins become more frequent, with vineyards and figs and olives planted on the spurs, as the road makes its final climb and crosses the plateau to its destination.

On November eighteenth, the Seventy-fifth Division occupied Latron, held by a strong rear guard which was flanked by the cavalry. A day's halt was imperative while the patrols moved through the difficult and dangerous country beyond, which was found to be strongly held by the enemy. The main road had been badly damaged by the Turks, and forces were crowding the heights of the steep defile of Saris, a veritable Thermopylæ for defense with the modern advantage of guns and machine-guns to command the tortuous approach of its four difficult miles. The days had been very hot, but on the nineteenth the weather broke, and the heavy rains and cold nights were a severe ordeal for men without great-coats or blankets.

The gunners brought up 4.9 howitzers to shell the heights with high-angle fire, and next day they covered the advance of storming parties, who clambered up steadily from rock to rock and gained the pass. The Ghurkas attached to the force were past-masters at this style of fighting, but the men of the Somersets and Wiltshires showed no less agility and made good

progress. After the main positions were gained and these troops were storming Kuryet, to the dismay of the gunners a dense fog rolled down and shrouded the area, and at once limited the work of the British artillery, which was unable to estimate the position of the storming party, while the Turkish gunners from Mizpah were still free to fire down the valley. The rifles of the clambering infantry became silent, and to the anxious watchers below the attack seemed to have been brought to a standstill. Then came a sharp burst of firing, followed by guttural yells of triumph and south-country cheers. Covered by the mist, the troops had fixed bayonets and climbed silently to their objectives, which had been victoriously carried. The great Pass of Saris had been won, the village itself was carried during the early afternoon, and Kuryet, which marks the final stage to the Jaffa Gate, was in British hands that evening.

This arduous fighting on the crests continued next day; but the road had been secured beyond Kuryet el Enab, which is an easy ride from Jerusalem, and already the engineers were at work to improve it. A farther advance on the direct route, however, would have ensured heavy fighting in the environs of the Holy City, and Allenby was anxious to avoid damage to the historic site and sacred buildings which this might involve from artillery fire. He therefore turned off the Jaffa road and forced his way northeast through the hills, to drive the enemy above Jerusalem and place his own army across the Nablus road to isolate the city. Drenched by a freezing rain and a foodless night in the open, the infantry drove the Turks from succeeding positions, and the Ghurkas

again vied with British troops during the determined attack, which captured the Turkish artillery positions at Nebi Samwil (Mizpah), three thousand feet in height.

The hill on which the mosque of Nebi Samwil stands is a conspicuous object for miles, and from the captured summit one of the finest views of Palestine may be obtained. Its gain was of enormous importance to Allenby's plan. The mosque and tomb of the Prophet Samuel is revered alike by Christian, Jew and Moslem; but the Turks showed no compunction in shelling the sacred edifice, and some of the damage inflicted appeared to be wanton. From the crest where Rimmon is seen and the mountains of Moab and Gilead are visible, the minarets and domes of Jerusalem stand clear in the near distance above the rim of the ridge which hides a full view of the city. Thus the army stood on the spot where the people of Israel made their solemn vows and elected Saul to rule over them, and where Richard Cœur-de-Lion afterward offered his prayer, as he approached the crest to view Jerusalem:

“Lord God! I pray that I may never see Thy Holy City if I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies.”

Reinforcements and lorry-loads of machine-guns had reached the Turks, and there was now very heavy fighting. Determined counter-attacks on the captured position were repulsed, but the enemy had quickly regrouped his forces against the changed line of advance from the main Jerusalem road, forcing civilians, apparently Armenian, to dig new trenches under fire.

The Fifty-second Division, after a brief halt at Ludd, had also advanced eastward along a very rough parallel track farther north, but only a few field-guns could be taken, and for these double teams were necessary. On the twenty-second they captured Beit Izza, the Yeomanry now gained Beitunia, and the forces were within gunshot of the coveted north road, with the enemy strongly entrenched along the steep ridges on the ten-mile front, from which repeated assaults were repulsed, chiefly by superior artillery.

Three attacks on El Jib failed. Fuad's own Twentieth Corps made a formidable defense, and as the troops were exhausted, a pause ensued until more artillery could be brought up. Picked storm troops were now built up under German direction from fresh battalions, and for three days successive counter-attacks were made against the extended British front, while a special force of three thousand men worked round the left and caused heavy losses in the chain of outposts. The Fifty-second and Seventy-fifth Divisions were now relieved by the Sixtieth and Seventy-fourth (Twenty-first Corps), the cavalry was changed, and rested troops took over the front, which was amended under heavy pressure with the left drawn back and strengthened. On December first fresh enemy attacks were repulsed at Nebi Samwil, and the Tenth Division moved up into line on the left, enabling the other divisions to move over to extend the action to the Turkish defenses on the south of the Jaffa road.

Communications were steadily improved, although the camel transport proved inadequate in the wet season, and was usefully supplemented by donkeys. For ten days there had been little to report except enemy

attacks, but the methodical program was working, and there were a few fine days. The great offensive to capture Jerusalem was ordered for the eighth, and at last Allenby ordered the Fifty-third Division covering Beersheba to march up the eastern road and close on the southern defenses; but before the offensive the weather broke and three days of heavy rain ensued.

Hebron was evacuated, but Bethlehem was strongly held. Furiously shelled from the environs, the fire of British artillery was severely limited to avoid destroying the village of the Nativity, and a furious rainstorm and the difficult road farther delayed the advance after the enemy had been driven north. The cavalry came up, but the infantry were not able to cover the flank when the attack started.

The morning of the eighth could hardly have been worse for storming formidable positions. The deluge spoiled visibility for the artillery, the country was a quagmire, and after the first bombardment, when the troops advanced two miles and drove the Turks back to the main positions, many of the guns became hopelessly bogged as they were moving forward, and most of the strong redoubts were taken with the bayonet without artillery support and in the face of heavy machine-gun fire.

Although the unprotected flank modified the advance on the right, considerable gains were made; but the final progress was slowed by mud and inadequate artillery support, and the early darkness suspended the operations close to the last objectives, when troops were within rifle-shot of the Nablus road. The important ridge on the Wadi Surar was captured with all the massive defenses west and northwest of Jerusalem,

and at the nearest point the British were within a mile and a half of the city gates. Panic seized the Turkish Army, especially the forces holding the Jaffa road and the defenses round to the south of the city. Fearing to find their retreat cut off, they retired during the night in great disorder. At daybreak on the ninth the Worcester Yeomanry pushed round, astride the Jericho road, but the southern defenses were silent. The last stragglers were leaving St. Stephen's Gate and crossing by the Garden of Gethsemane, while the rear guard, beyond the Brook Kidron, was preparing crude defenses on the Mount of Olives. The enemy had retired in a broad curve on the heights, east and northeast, with his right extended on his old positions across the Nablus road to Beitunia, some ten miles north of Jerusalem.

"If cheering is permitted on high Olympus, Richard I will be making a great noise over Allenby!" remarked the *New York Sun* after the capture of Jerusalem, which made a remarkable appeal to popular imagination. Literally thousands of congratulations to Allenby from all parts of the world, the majority from admirers in the United States, and copies of hundreds of hymns and poems relating to the event in many languages, even in Arabic, were forwarded by the authors. One letter which particularly touched Allenby was sent from Chicago by Miss Malla Moe, a Norwegian missionary, who as a young girl in South Africa remained alone in charge of a mission at Bethel from which all her colleagues had withdrawn, braving many dangers and suffering severe privations. When Allenby's column was crossing Swaziland he had offered to provide an escort from the danger zone, but

as the girl refused to relinquish her post Allenby left most of his personal supplies for her use.

The reports concerning the actual surrender of Jerusalem have been so diverse and so far from the truth that it is well to place the true facts upon record. On the morning of December eighth, Jemal Pasha, realizing that the last hope of retaining the city had vanished, issued urgent orders for large numbers of the population to be made ready for immediate departure. The usual Turkish brutality and callousness was shown in the carrying out of these orders. The most prominent among the various sects were naturally selected to accompany the Turks on their retreat, and the large majority of these were old and decrepit. When informed that there was not sufficient transport to convey the hostages, Jemal callously replied that they could walk. This order would have entailed not only agony and misery for these poor unfortunates who were for the most part infirm and ill, but in many cases would have resolved itself into a veritable sentence of death. Mercifully for them, the capture of the city was too swift for the order to be put into execution, and they were saved from their cruel fate by the panic of the Turks themselves as they fled from the city.

The last act of Turkish authority was performed by the governor of Jerusalem himself, who at midnight went to the telegraph office, dismissed the staff and himself destroyed the instruments with a hammer. He was the last civilian to leave the city, and he did so in a cart which he had "borrowed" from Mr. Vester, an American resident. The crash of guns kept the inhabitants within their houses, and with quickening

pulses they awaited their deliverance as their ancient oppressors scuttled away from the city which they had ruled so evilly for centuries. Early in the morning of the ninth, when the last Turk had departed, houses, caves, cellars and hovels discharged their occupants who rushed into the streets with excited shouts of triumph and relief. Mothers, sons, fathers and daughters, with all their kinsfolk, fell on each other's necks, sobbing and laughing with joy at the deliverance. Exactly two thousand and eighty-two years ago to this day, in 165 B. C., when Judas Maccabeus recaptured the Temple from the Seleucids, similar scenes must have been enacted, and as the Jews were naturally the most jubilant at the victory upon that occasion, so as they were the most likely to benefit from the British occupation on December 9, 1917, they were the most enthusiastic at the prospect of the future. There was some very natural looting in the city, but this was very promptly suppressed by the arrival of the British troops. At dawn Izzat Bey left Jerusalem and handed the mayor a letter of surrender, which he took beneath the cover of white flags along the road to Lifta, where he met the first British soldiers, Sergeant Hurcombe and Sergeant Sedgewick, of the 2/19th London Regiment. A few minutes later, Major W. Beck, R. A., and Major F. R. Barry, R. A., arrived, and after parleying with the mayor, they retired and met Lieutenant-Colonel H. Bailey and Major M. D. H. Cooke, but the former refused to accept the surrender of the city without orders from higher authority. Brigadier-General C. F. Watson, commanding the One Hundred and Eightieth Brigade, then appeared, and having calmed the mayor, sent the

message of surrender to Major-General Sir John Shea, who commanded the Sixtieth Division. He was authorized by Lieutenant-General Sir Philip Chetwode to accept the surrender of the city in the name of the commander-in-chief, and this he did about eleven A. M. General Watson was the first British soldier to arrive at the Jaffa Gate, and after reassuring the population, he was appointed to take over the administration of the city and to maintain order.

On December eleventh the commander-in-chief, accompanied by representatives of the Allies, made his formal entrance into Jerusalem, and I can do no better than to quote the description given by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Pirie Gordon, the distinguished journalist and editor of the *Palestine News*, in the official account of the "Advance of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force," published by H. M. Stationery Office:

"The historic Jaffa Gate was opened, after years of disuse, for the purpose, and he was thus enabled to pass into the Holy City without making use of the gap in the wall made for the Emperor William in 1898. When the time came for the great and simple act of the solemn entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem, and the Arab prophecy was fulfilled that when the Nile had flowed into Palestine, the prophet (Al Nebi) from the west should drive the Turk from Jerusalem, the inhabitants mustered courage to gather in a great crowd. They were themselves amazed, for during more than three years an assembly of more than three persons in one place was discouraged by the police by blows, fines, imprisonment and even exile. Eye-witnesses of all three events state that the crowd gathered at the Jaffa Gate to greet the general was larger than that which had met the Emperor William when on his fantastic political pilgrimage, and denser than the

gathering which greeted the revival of the Ottoman Constitution when it was proclaimed, ten years later, at the Damascus Gate, where there is more space. Many wept for joy, priests were seen to embrace one another, but there were no theatricalities such as the hollow reconciliations which made the triumph of the Young Turk in 1908 memorable, and sicken the memories of those who know the horrors and calamities which that triumph was doomed to bring. The General entered the city on foot, and left it on foot, and throughout the ceremony no Allied flag was flown, while naturally no enemy flags were visible.

"A proclamation announcing that order would be maintained in all the hallowed sites of the three great religions, which were to be guarded and preserved for free use of worshippers, was read in English, French, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Russian and Italian, from the terrace of the entrance to the citadel below the Tower of David. When this was done, the chief notables and ecclesiastics of the different communities who had remained in Jerusalem were presented to General Allenby. After this brief ceremony the commander-in-chief left the city by the Jaffa Gate."

The Proclamation contained the following pregnant words:

"Lest any of you be alarmed by reason of your experience at the hands of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore, I make it known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest or customary

place of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred."

After General Allenby had entered Jerusalem modestly on foot, many of the Arab rulers recalled their cherished prophecy—"He who shall save Jerusalem and exalt her among the nations will enter the city on foot, and his name will be 'God, the Prophet'—*Allah Nebi!*"

With the successful culmination of a whirlwind campaign there was no slacking of effort. Allenby's indomitable determination and energy now methodically faced the manifold problems for the improvement and administration of the captured territories, and for the more difficult duty of preparing for the next campaign. With remarkable recuperative powers, both the reinforced Turkish armies were reorganized and the demoralized battalions were stiffened with new troops from von Falkenhayn's strategic reserves. The two armies were divided by a rough trackless country, but each was still astride roughly parallel lines of advance, and were still based on the main communications. The German element was making desperate efforts to revive Turkey with material help and moral assurance, and it may be claimed that the loss of Jerusalem rankled as strongly in Berlin as in the center of fatalistic fortitude at Constantinople.

For the moment, however, it was impossible for the British Army to move, because the railroads first had to be restored, and this took time. With heavy rains, the water supply for the troops yet remained a serious difficulty, and even in Jerusalem it was utterly inade-

quate. Transport and water still remained the great problems. The destruction of steel bridges on the railroads caused a long delay, as the efforts to send up supplies through the mud for the simultaneous rebuilding failed, and each had to be rebuilt in succession as the construction trains could proceed over the restored sections.

For water supply, work on fourteen pumping stations was immediately started in the hills and reservoirs were dug in waterless areas. For Jerusalem it was decided to modernize and restore the rock channels, reservoir and Roman aqueduct constructed by Pilate during the Herod régime, and probably neither cleansed nor improved since. The channels were choked with the accumulated filth of centuries and proved to have been a useful receptacle for hiding murdered bodies. The Pool of Siloam was practically liquid filth, and the vast rain-water cisterns indescribably dirty. By installing pumps and a new reservoir in the hills, a great supply of spring water was provided and sent to Jerusalem by the rejuvenated work of the old Roman engineers.

The Sinai Railway was extended to Gaza. The old railway system in south Palestine was restored in six weeks with trains running to Jerusalem, and a branch started to Jaffa. The standard gauge was then extended by adding an additional rail so that the rolling stock of both systems could be used, and a branch from the main line was rapidly built to Beersheba.

Shortly after the capture of Jerusalem a very self-important officer was desirous of being appointed to take over the administration of the city. Allenby, however, thought otherwise and when the person

responsible made the suggestion he replied firmly, "No." Thereupon the officer said, "But it is already arranged." Allenby once more snapped out "No," The officer in a quandary wailed, "What am I to do," and Allenby roared, "Go away." And he went—double quick, too!

The civil administration in Jerusalem effected wide reforms without any drastic regulations or irritating tyranny, and the whole of the occupied area rapidly settled down when the Turkish Army had been driven back more definitely. These military operations started before Christmas. The enforced evacuation of the strengthened Eighth Army from the proximity of Jaffa was a very neat affair. The Turks were strongly entrenched on the heights on the north bank of the Auja River, which was forty yards wide and in flood from the rains. Light pontoons, canvas boats and wooden bridges in sections were constructed under cover. The attack was carried out by night on December twentieth in a heavy downpour by Major-General Hill and the Fifty-second Division, already adepts at this type of surprise by which they had repeatedly outwitted von Kressenstein. All the material had to be carried for more than two miles across the mud in a pouring rain, and then the troops were ferried across on a heavy torrent, and at other points used the frail bridges, many swimming as these were swept away. Landing in silence, the dripping troops fixed bayonets and stormed the difficult positions, winning a rapid victory. Next day the Fifty-fourth Division moved up against the enemy's left wing and at night stormed the defenses farther inland before Mulebbis. With gunboats cooperating along the coast, both divi-

sions then advanced and drove the enemy back to a line more than ten miles north of Jaffa and the Jerusalem road.

The efforts of the Twentieth Corps to widen the area above Jerusalem led to heavy fighting. The forces holding the Mount of Olives were first driven out, and a new interest now is attached to this sacred spot, as many of the British troops killed in the area of the Holy City lie buried there in a quiet cemetery which now has been carefully laid out and preserved. On Christmas Day much activity was observed in the Turkish lines on the eve of the delivery of the planned offensive. On Boxing Day, as the Sixtieth Division prepared to push along the Nablus road toward Mount Ephraim, the counter-offensive was launched by the reconstructed divisions of the Seventh Army for the recapture of Jerusalem from the north and east. The Turkish troops fought with remarkable gallantry and succeeded at some points in gaining a footing in the outer line of the British defenses.

Allenby met the onslaught by launching a counter-offensive by the Seventy-fourth and Tenth Divisions on the steep ridges held by the enemy north and northeast of the city on a six-mile front, with special weight on the Turkish right. Two miles of ground were gained, and as the heavy attacks on the northeast and east died down, the Sixtieth and Fifty-third Divisions advanced, and after severe fighting the entire area was extended from three to six miles. By the end of the year the two Turkish armies were consolidating, however, on a new line which extended from the coast above Jaffa on a wide front across Palestine, curving round the northeast of Jerusalem and southward be-

fore Jericho to the Dead Sea; but they were strictly on the defensive and beyond range of mischief either to communications or Jaffa and Jerusalem.

For seven weeks the Army "rested," building roads and strengthening the wide chain of defensive positions on a front of over fifty miles, with the main forces of both sides toward the coast and on the sectors round the north and east of Jerusalem, linked by strong outposts in the center. The weather continued to be wet, but on February nineteenth Allenby struck eastward at Jericho and toward the Dead Sea.

East of Jerusalem the country is wild, dreary and exceedingly difficult in a territory torn by some terrible convulsion which has rent the mountains asunder and left the chaos in the deep fissure with a cooled cauldron of sulphur, bitumen and lava, and the chemical waters of the Dead Sea, one thousand three hundred and twelve feet below sea-level. There can be few districts in the world so appalling in their desolation and forbidding austerity as the valley of the Jordan. The mountains, gaunt and scarred, descend sheer to the plain, and all is of a gray-yellow tinge which forces a terrible depression upon the nerves of the observer. Descending to Jericho by a winding, precipitous road, there is to be seen on the left the traditional spot where Christ is reputed to have sat on the Mount of Temptation during the Forty Days. There is no one who can look at this dreary site, now marked by a colossal crucifix, without realizing that no more suitable place in the world could have been chosen for such an incident. In the plain of the valley there is a deep, overbearing silence. Here no bird sings and neither flower nor pleasing shrub rears its head. It

is only the home of the unspeakable—the snake and the scorpion—while over all hangs a pall of the finest dust, finer than flour, like the crumbling decay of dry-rot and death.

Far in the distance towers Mount Nebo, from which Moses looked out across the Jordan to that promised land which he was never destined to enter, and it is almost impossible to realize that when he gazed into the valley it was then luxuriant with vegetation, whereas to-day Jericho is the only place where there is a patch of verdure.

The cavalry rode through the gorge of the Wadi Kumran and seized the Turkish workshops and “naval base” on the north shore of the Dead Sea, and reached Jericho from the south on the twenty-first. The advance of the Fifty-third and Sixtieth Divisions across the torn country between Jerusalem and Jericho was necessarily slow, and the enemy had excellent positions for delaying actions. Some of the troops were only able to advance three miles the first day, but the forces steadily closed in over the most difficult terrain, often in single file under heavy fire. A destroyed bridge checked the advance of the armored cars and guns by the road, but mountain artillery did excellent work. After heavy fighting on the twentieth, the enemy withdrew across the Jordan next day, holding strong bridge-heads west of the river.

Fast motor-boats were now brought up country to operate on the Dead Sea, and this unique “Dead Sea Navy” with machine-guns made some exciting raids. The “flagship” was the *Miranda*, that famous racing craft which, under the pennant of the Duke of Westminster, had in pre-war days carried off many prizes

at Monte Carlo and other resorts on the Riviera. The little fleet was commanded by a subaltern, who was familiarly known as "Admiral of the Dead Sea Fleet," and his chief amusement in this area of mosquitoes and reptiles was to annoy the Turks by racing over toward the farther shore, dropping overboard an hermetically sealed petrol-can, then circling round it while he peppered it with his machine-gun from the stern.

It was now decided to force the Jordan; but the river was flooded, and early in March swimmers who tried at night to get a cable across on the flank for pontoons could make no headway. A picked detachment finally swam over unobserved on the twenty-first, and rafts soon ferried a force to the opposite bank, where the work continued under fire. Pontoon bridges were waiting, detachments also crossed the Dead Sea, and with protected bridge-heads established on the eastern bank, the bridges were built, and the Cavalry, Camel Corps and the Sixtieth Division drove the Turks from their lines along the river, detaching the eastern or Jordan group (Fourth Army) from the Seventh Army, which drew back northward and closed up on the Eighth Army flank.

Under constant pressure Allenby delivered heavy blows against the entire northern front in March, and the combined forces straightened and entrenched on a new line from the coast almost due east to the Jordan, but now some twenty-two miles north of Jerusalem, to block an advance to Syria.

With the Jordan group and the adventurous German units driven well east of the river, operations were started for a march of a column under Major-General Sir J. S. M. Shea with the Sixtieth (London)

Division, supported by the Anzac Cavalry and Imperial Camel Corps, to raid the communications of the enemy forces acting against the Sherifian Army in the Hedjaz.

Sherif Feisal was operating to the southeast of the Dead Sea, and had captured a large section of the railroad across Arabia. A strong column with German units was sent south from Damascus to check the Arab Army which was capturing the Turkish garrisons in the Hedjaz and dominating the country. Feisal's forces were now retiring before superior numbers, and Allenby determined to reach adventurously fifty miles eastward to create a diversion and, if possible to cut the Hedjaz railway above these Turkish forces.

Es Salt was captured and some guns taken, but Amman was found to be strongly occupied and fortified, and aeroplanes gathered to raid the Arabs inflicted heavy losses on the British camels. Shea's column had practically no artillery, and the attack was abandoned. The unfortunate Armenians at Es Salt flocked to the British troops for protection, and they were taken to Jerusalem when the column retired after blowing up several culverts and an important railway bridge, destroying a convoy, and capturing one thousand Turkish and German prisoners.

The Turks now drew back their advanced forces in the Hedjaz, and the Arabs destroyed farther sections of the railroad to the south. A second raid on Es Salt at the end of April with the idea of ejecting the Turkish forces was not entirely successful. The cavalry swept into the town and took many prisoners, and the headquarters staff narrowly escaped capture.

Great damage was done to convoys which were concentrated at this junction of the great caravan routes on which the Turks were depending until the culverts and bridge of the railroad could be restored at Amman, and wagons and ammunition were destroyed. But strong Turkish forces moved up and the Sixtieth Division was soon heavily engaged. On May first the Turks attacked in force, and the Third Cavalry Division from the Seventh Army flank crossed the Jordan to the north, cut off the Fourth Brigade Australian Light Horse, menaced the main British communications, and threatened to envelop the flank. Having brought the frontal attack to a standstill, the column now started to withdraw in good order. The Light Horse fought their way out by a devious route across the Wadi el Abiad, their artillery causing heavy losses as the enemy attempted to close in. But the precipitous tracks were impossible for wheels, and one gun of the Honorable Artillery Company fell into the ravine. The teams had to be unhitched therefore, and the artillery and transport abandoned. A few horsemen fell from the slippery heights, but the troops got through, and the column returned safely with nearly a thousand prisoners and many machine-guns. As the Turks were now heavily reinforced, ambitious operations east of the Jordan were suspended temporarily. The Camel Corps also had destroyed the waterworks at Kalaat as they moved down east of the Dead Sea, and this deprived the railroad of water for over a hundred miles.

The great German offensives on the Western Front had created an urgent need for troops, and just as he had prepared to attack the main Turkish armies

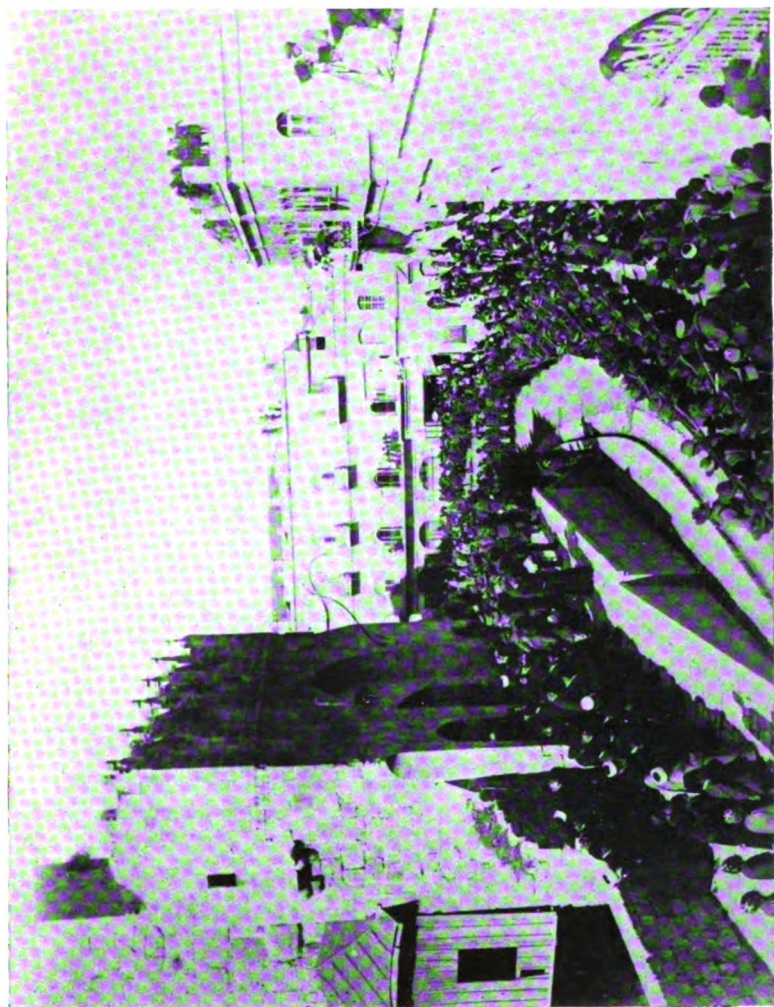
and march north, Allenby was obliged to send off some of his victorious divisions to stem the German flood in France. The Fifty-second and Seventy-fourth left in April, the Yeomanry in May, followed by important siege artillery, and ten other battalions were embarked in rapid succession, all being replaced by Indian troops. On the coastal sectors the Twenty-first Corps had forced the Eighth Army back for nearly three miles on a twelve-mile front by a surprise attack on April eighth and captured Rafat. A few weeks later the Turks were ejected from the crest of a high ridge farther north, though perhaps none of them guessed the tremendous purport of the operation which deprived them of an excellent observation point near the coast, and few of our own troops realized what was in the chief's mind. Some of the Indian forces had seen service in Mesopotamia, but many battalions of the later contingents were new units. A great deal of special training was necessary, therefore, during the vast reorganization, and for a time it looked as if the Palestine command must now rest on its laurels, and that yet another deadlocked area had been added to the relentless list.

Allenby's determination, however, was to put Turkey decisively out of the war by destroying her armies, and with the forces available this would need new preparation and a careful strategic conception. The Germans proclaimed that the massed attack on the Western Front had stalemated the Palestine campaign, and there were even hints of recapturing Jerusalem.

Important German contingents were now serving with the three Turkish commands in Palestine, a fact that greatly inflamed the tribes across the Jordan

who had long been told that the *Jehad* had arrived, and were not slow to perceive the incongruity of a Holy War directed and supported by infidels. The front held by the reorganized Seventh and Eighth Armies was steadily strengthened and improved, and was protected by some very difficult ground before it in many places. Discipline also was far better. A certain latitude which had grown up during the long inaction in the desolate region in the south had had serious consequences when the armies reached the richer districts near Jaffa and Jerusalem. Taught to live on the country as much as possible, the troops had roamed at will when off duty, taking any food or articles from the inhabitants under duress; and large numbers had remained absent without leave, often discarding their uniform for stolen clothing and enjoying lawless liberty until they were pointed out and caught during the periodic round-ups imposed by their German taskmasters.

The British raiding east of the Jordan had a remarkable moral effect in Turkey. It was soon realized that however strong was their main line north of Jerusalem, the loss of control of the Jordan crossings farther south had opened to Allenby a direct route to cut them off from Medina and Mecca and the Red Sea ports, which would not only cripple their efforts to subdue the Arabs, but would encourage the wavering loyalty of the Beni Sukhr and of other nomad tribes north of the *vilayet* of the Hedjaz. The scattered forces of the Fourth Army, therefore, were regrouped east of the Jordan across the Jerusalem road, to guard Es Salt, and Amman to the southeast, the Army Headquarters and depot on the Hedjaz railroad, and were



Reading the Proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, Jerusalem.

placed under Fevzi Pasha, formerly commanding the Seventh Army. This greatly lightened the attacks on the Arabs farther south.

The Turks now repeatedly attacked the British outposts, and these forces retaliated by daring raids and night surprises, in which the Indian Cavalry enthusiastically supported the Australians and proved a good match for the Turkish mounted forces and the fierce Irregular Kurdish horsemen. It was soon evident that a major attack by the Fourth Army was contemplated against the Jordan positions. Allenby was inspecting the hospitals and depots in Egypt and enjoying a few days' rest in Alexandria in July when the blow was delivered. It was completely repulsed, and the enemy succeeded only in occupying Abu Tellul, which was retaken by the Light Horse, who captured most of the force, including two hundred discomfited Germans. At no time, therefore, was it necessary to employ the reserves on the eastern front.

During the battle a cavalry patrol discovered a concentration of the enemy on the flank toward the Dead Sea, and a force of cavalry approached undiscovered and charged, routing the enemy with heavy loss. This daring attack was led by the Jodphur Lancers, and Sir Pertab Singh was in the field with his famous regiment. His long expressed wish to lead a charge might have been gratified, but the officers of his staff, it is rumored, purposely delayed their start when the forces moved off, and to his great chagrin the venerable Maharajah came up with the supporting squadron when the charge had been driven home. Sir Pertab was a superb warrior, brave as a lion, and one of the greatest gentlemen it has ever

been my privilege to meet. His courtesy was proverbial, and once again greatness was proved by simplicity of character. A warm bond of friendship existed between him and the chief, who admired him as a soldier and valued him as a man.

The Maharajah of Patiala also visited his own regiment by the Jordan, a force which he raised and maintained and which did excellent service. British troops suffered severely from malaria in the low valleys, but the Indian soldiers were ravaged with influenza.

Apart from raids on all sectors from the coast to the Arabian front, the forces were not called upon to undertake any operations upon a large scale for some time. Meanwhile, Allenby set to work to perfect his plans and train his troops for a farther advance.

He visited Cairo, and was there received with tremendous enthusiasm, for this occasion was the first upon which he had entered the Egyptian capital in an official capacity.

I had been fortunate enough to be selected for attachment for special duty to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who had come out from England bearing personal messages of encouragement from His Majesty the King, and in his name to decorate in the theater of war those officers and men who had earned distinction, whether for personal gallantry or for other work well and conscientiously carried out. His Royal Highness's mission was an unqualified success, and his presence brought us once more into close and affectionate contact with the Royal Family, while he himself, by his extraordinary tact and remarkable personality, proved an inspiration to the thousands who saw and spoke to him.

One never-to-be-forgotten sight occurred at Moascar when the Duke inspected the Seventh Indian Division commanded by Major-General Sir Vere Fane. The date was the anniversary of the march of the division into Bagdad in 1917, and right well was it celebrated both on parade and off. The whole division was drawn up in review order on the burning plain outside Ismailia, and was composed of many fighting regiments with whose names one could conjure. The Leicestershires, Black Watch, and Seaforth Highlanders stood side by side with Punjabis, Sikhs and Ghurkas, and side by side received hard-won decorations from the hands of the Duke. But the most thrilling moment came at the end of the review when His Royal Highness stepped forward and, raising his helmet, called for three cheers for the King. Unevenly but surely they came. As far as the eye could see, one by one companies raised helmets on the point of bayonets, until the movement had the appearance of a huge brown ocean comber rolling slowly but unerringly into the far distance, while from near and far arose a roar of mighty human voices acclaiming the King, billowing, sweeping, crashing, until it died away in a whisper to be lost in the stillness of the desert.

It was upon this occasion that I was first privileged to come into close contact with Allenby, and in later days, when I was living in his house on the staff of the military secretary, and meeting him for many hours daily, I looked back to the review at Moascar as the beginning of my good fortune.

A few weeks later at Jerusalem the Duke of Connaught held an investiture in the courtyard of the ancient Tower of David, and there he decorated Allen-

by with the Knighthood of the Order of St. John in Jerusalem, a fitting climax to the capture of the Holy City.

The chief paid visits of inspection to every division, brigade and regiment, and the element of personal touch and interest which he brought into being upon these visits was a constant source of gratification to all ranks, who were outspoken in their praise for his humanity and democratic bearing.

In the service Allenby had the nickname of "The Bull," partly from his physical build and partly from the stentorian voice which he possesses, and of which he makes full use when roused. An amusing story is told of him in connection with this nickname. There can be few people in this world who do not own to a "fad," and one of Allenby's "fads" to save time was to have the roads clear for his car. If any unfortunate driver, whether of a general headquarters car or a lorry, blocked the way of the chief's car, there was the dickens to pay, and many a time have I seen Willie Naper, Chief A. D. C., familiarly dubbed "The Squireen" by Allenby and Dalmeny, jumping about like a cat on hot bricks by the side of a blocking vehicle and threatening blood and murder. There was one bright division general who, knowing of the "fad" on the part of the chief, determined that nothing should hold up his car upon the occasion of his visit to the division. He therefore stationed, at various intervals over several miles, signalers whose duty it was to warn all and sundry of the imminent approach of the commander-in-chief's car. All went well until Allenby began to notice these "flag-waggers," and, being very observant and highly interested in everything, he

eventually stopped his car and walking up to one of the signaling party, conducted a conversation which ran something like this:

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: "What are you doing?"

SIGNALER: "Signaling, sir."

C.-IN-C.: "I can see that, but for what reason are you signaling?"

S.: "A warning that you are approaching Divisional Headquarters, sir."

C.-IN-C.: "Oh, and what form is the message taking?"

S.: "Three letters, sir."

C.-IN-C.: "What are they?" (Confusion, a blush and dead silence on the part of the signaler.) "Come on, what are they?"

S. (After a minute's hesitation) : "Please, sir, 'B. B. L.' "

C.-IN-C.: "'B. B. L.' ? What does that mean?"

S. (confused, terrified, but caught) : "Please, sir, 'B——y Bull's loose!"

The commander-in-chief's comments are not recorded.

The task of the Royal Army Medical Corps was no light one for, in addition to the usual round of illnesses and wounds which accompany war, a perpetual fight was being waged against the dread malaria which attacked the troops serving in the Jordan Valley in its most malignant form. Allenby has paid many tributes to the work of the doctors and nurses, and, indeed, no praise could be high enough for their continual devotion and untiring zeal.

I can not resist telling a story of a scene in a

casualty clearing station in which I happened at the time to be a patient, near Ludd.

A young officer was carried in from the Jordan Valley, stricken with malignant malaria. The shadow of death was on his face, and he was pulled back from the grave by the superhuman faith and skill of two doctors and two nurses. For more than twenty-four hours they battled with death; they never left his side, and all the time they whispered to this youngster, calling him back and preventing him from passing over the border-line. Four times they took him to the operating theater and inoculated him, and hour after hour they forced champagne between his parched lips; but after twenty-seven hours they triumphed, and only then did they relax and allow themselves to be relieved. The senior medical officer was an Irishman, and he came over to me and, sitting down by my bed, broke down and sobbed like a child. The whole episode was one of the most supreme efforts imaginable, and was only typical of the many splendid deeds performed by doctors and nurses who were not actually present in the firing-line.

During the period of training no pains were spared to amuse the troops and to make the days of waiting pass as pleasantly as possible. In this work the Y. M. C. A. were preeminent, and Allenby bestowed the highest praise upon this organization which, whether in Egypt or in Palestine, did wonders in heartening and comforting all ranks. Every town possessed its Y. M. C. A. hut, and in almost every little wayside village was to be found a small center working under the egis of one of the officers of the Y. M. C. A. At general headquarters an open-air cinema was estab-

lished among the sand-hills, and once every fortnight a huge semicircle of officers and men gathered round to roar with laughter at the antics of Charlie Chaplin, or to make fatuous and highly diverting remarks about the characters in some soul-stirring and romantic drama.

Allenby is a superb horseman and when he decided to ride forth his staff prepared for a hard day. This quality made a strong appeal to the Arabs to whom the chief's car was a great source of wonder although they showed far greater delight when he appeared on horseback to cross inaccessible country, and at subsequent periods when he rode with a magnificently mounted escort of desert chiefs for he then maintained a pace which surpassed their supreme test for manhood. In an appreciation of Allenby's genius the famous military expert, Colonel Repington, thus referred to his peace-time cavalry training: "Those who rode and worked with Allenby in those days of practical study had to be well mounted and untiring, for the general rode fast and far. I learned daily to respect and appreciate his sterling qualities as a soldier and a man. I know no other British commander who more nearly approaches the Wellington type . . . except that Allenby has attained everything by hard work alone." The German Staff excused the loss of Jerusalem by a tribute to Allenby's masterly use of mounted troops which, however, could no longer play a dominant rôle against the strongly entrenched heights in the northern areas, and to the east the desert imposed severe limitations. Yet at this moment he was planning a cavalry campaign which for speed and decisions was to rank with

the greatest in history and summarily to end all Germany's vast ambitions in Asia.

Among the superstitions and illiterate troops of which some interior Turkish battalions were formed, Allenby was credited with supernatural powers. A large party of Turkish prisoners was halted by the roadside as the general approached. Stopping his car Allenby made his usual inquiries as to their welfare, smiled genially at the Turks, saluted and passed on. One group had been cowering in abject fear and at once started a voluble explanation to their own sergeant. They had been discussing a project for escape, and the soldiers firmly believed that Allenby was a wizard who read all things in men's minds. Had he not at every turn forestalled their plans and circumvented their most secret moves? They momentarily expected therefore that he would order them out for execution, and even when he had departed they were eager with disclaimers and keen to put the blame on the originator of the idea.

Lady Allenby, who had come out to Egypt soon after she had received news of her son's death and was devoting herself to many forms of useful service at the base, made a brief visit to the forward army areas chiefly to visit the hospitals and to strengthen the links for various organizations before the great battles were renewed. She rode out to Arsuf which overlooked the front line while the shells of the heavy guns hurtled overhead as the bombardment of the Turks opened, and highly delighted the troops by her presence. During her brief sojourn in Jerusalem she became a universal favorite with the American colony, and also in the various religious communities

so widely different and partisan and among whom Allenby was one of the very few men who was loved and respected by every faction because of his impartiality and tolerance to Moslem, Jew, Greek, or Catholic. The Grand Mufti removed his antique Rosary, each bead symbolic of one of the ninety-nine names of Allah and presented her with the priceless token with a charming speech partly in Arabic but closing in French.

The Red Cross Commission from the United States was highly popular in Jerusalem, and Colonel Finley who was in charge was very greatly liked by all classes with which he came in contact. Few men have done so much toward the creation of a strong bond of understanding between the two nations and his warm appreciation of the work of the British Army in Palestine and of its commander which he published so widely, deserves a special tribute. Among other notable American visitors at Headquarters were Kermit Roosevelt and Judge Brandeis.

I have before me a report of the celebrations connected with the Fourth of July, 1918, in Jerusalem, and set it down just as it was written on that very day, for it is of deep interest to America.

Beneath a glaring sun, with no booming of cannon except that which came occasionally from the front out toward Jericho, across the hills, the American Red Cross celebrated the Fourth of July in Palestine.

The Commissioners had selected this day for the opening of the Administration Building and the formal initiation of the work. The substantial, many-roomed building near the Jaffa Gate and just outside the Russian compound, whose spacious buildings are being used, one as the Red Cross Hospital and the other as

the living quarters for the Staff, was once the home of Lord Bute, but has been temporarily assigned by the Military authorities to this beneficent use. The men and women of the staff, without regard to rank, worked day and night to make it ready for the day, and when the afternoon came its great Oriental rooms, some of which look out upon the Mount of Olives, had a Western coloring of flag and flower and a real Fourth of July aspect.

The Chief of Police, Major Haddad, who himself celebrated the day with ardor, because he claims America as a foster mother since she had given him his education at Beirut, had posted his men in picturesquely effective positions to prepare the way for the approach of his commander-in-chief and the other guests.

Such an assembly of representative guests has probably never been gathered in the history of the celebration of this day. The first to come was the Moslem Mayor of the City, and with him the Moslem Commissioner of Education, in garb distinctive, each with his attendant, the *Mufti* of the Mohammedan community, the high representatives of the Latin Patriarchate, the Greek Patriarchate and the Armenian Patriarchate, the Bishop of Jerusalem all in white, and the head of the Zionist Commission, the scholarly Doctor Weizmann. Then came the Governor of Jerusalem, an Englishman of the Rooseveltian type, of great vigor and charm and breadth of interest, a son of the famous Dean Storrs; then the genial Administrator of all the occupied area, Sir Arthur Money, who had also been Chief of Staff at the conquest of Bagdad, each with his large staff of splendid young English officers. Then came the Spanish Diplomatic Agent, in his court costume, a courteous and capable young man, who is also charged with looking after the affairs of the United States in Palestine; and after him men of high position representing France and Italy, who had wished to share with us in the joy of the day.

Finally there came the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Edmund Allenby, in light khaki, covered with dust from his ride of twenty miles across the hills from general headquarters,—a man of powerful figure, with a determined face and with the kindest of eyes, just the type of man whom the civilized world would wish to lead it in the recovery of its Holy Land.

The guests were received by the Commissioners, Colonel John H. Finley, Colonel E. St. John Ward, Major Waters and Major Lowenstein in the room of the Commissioners. The Commander-in-Chief then took his place in the doorway leading to the larger room, where all the members of the staff were gathered with the few other Americans in Palestine. Colonel Finley, on behalf of the Commission, then made a brief address as follows:

“We welcome, to celebrate the opening of this building on this, America’s Natal Day, with you, Sir Edmund, and with us, the high officials under your command in Palestine, especially those who have to do with the administration of the Occupied Area; the Diplomatic Representative of Spain who is with such courtesy and consideration also caring for the interests of the United States, the high representatives of France and Italy here who have desired to share the joy of this day with us; His Honor, the Mayor of the City, and the Commissioner of Education; the heads of the great religious organizations in Jerusalem, the *Mufti* of the Mohammedan Community, the representatives of the Latin Patriarchate, the Greek Patriarchate and the Armenian Patriarchate, the Chairman of the Zionist Commission, our brothers in relief work in Palestine; the Chairman of the Syria & Palestine Relief Committee, which has already given such splendid service under Bishop MacInnes, whom we doubly welcome in his dual capacity; and all others, especially our fellow American citizens who, far from home, keep this day in their hearts.

"I beg leave, Sir Edmund, to present to you this brief address:

" "To General Sir Edmund Allenby:

" "Representing the American Red Cross, whose President is the President of the United States, whose membership consists of more than twenty-two millions of people, supplemented by a Junior Membership of nearly ten millions of people, whose mission is to give succor to body and spirit in the wake of war, famine, pestilence, fire or earthquake, and whose messengers of this mission are gathered about me and before you this afternoon, I have the great honor to offer to you, the Commander-in-Chief of the most appealing section of the "far flung battle line," filial and cordial greetings on this day which we celebrate as our Nation's birthday and which you can keep with us because it is the birthday of a daughter of England. We have been accustomed to call it Independence Day, but that is, after all, only a synonym for birthday, the day on which the child comes into existence apart from the Mother.

" "But to-day, when the sons of Mother and Daughter are fighting side by side for a world freedom and justice, we celebrate it as *Interdependence Day*. We of our country have been dependent upon your watchful Navy and your indomitable Army for safety of our own coasts, our own homes. Now we come, it may seem rather tardily, but yet whole-heartedly, inviting your dependence on what our Nation has arisen to give not only through its Army and Navy but also through its agencies of mercy and relief and reconstruction.

" "Under the benign and noble governorship of General Sir Arthur Money and sympathetic care of Colonel Storrs, the realization of whose plans would bring the apocalyptic city to the site of the Old Jerusalem, we offer that which is but the symbol, a very practical symbol, of our Country's desire to cooperate with you in holding for civilization this most sacred

bit of planet which your arms have recovered. We have brought surgical and medical supplies, medical, engineering, industrial and social skill, material for raiment and for the establishment of industries, plows, water pipes, sanitary equipment, and much else, that have temporarily congested your railroad, but will ultimately contribute as we hope to the rehabilitation of the land that has in many parts been permitted to deteriorate till it seems that Isaiah's prophecy of destruction has come upon it.

“ ‘But the antiphonal prophecy of restoration has also happily come into fulfilment and that which we proffer is but a modest intimation of what the people of all the Nations and of all the Faiths which had their cradle here (Jewish, Moslem and Christian alike) will be eager to put at your command for the beautifying of this Holy City, for the clothing of the sacred hills, for the cleansing of the villages, for the blessings of children, for the enrichment of the life of those who keep this spiritual and physical homestead. The genius of the world—its architectural genius, its artistic genius, its engineering genius, its industrial and agricultural genius, its spiritual genius—will come to your gates if only you will give the nations the vision of that which rises before your eyes, and will let them bring their glory and honor into it.

“ ‘We celebrate this birthday far from our own coasts by bringing to our Mother, whom you will represent to the world immortally, our first National gifts for this Holy Land. They are not ornamental, they are practical. They are of the homely genius of our land. They are America's new “Fourth of July” speech to Great Britain, uttered not in word but in deeds, in the land of our common love.’ ”

General Allenby made a response which moved every one present. He spoke slowly, hesitantly but impressively, as one who goes with certainty to one's objective. What he said needs the face and manner of this great figure, standing in the doorway, under the two flags, to give it full significance.

In substance it was as follows:

"Colonel Finley, members of the American Red Cross and invited guests, I wish to thank you for your invitation to be present on this occasion and for your cordial words of welcome and appreciation. Much has been done in Jerusalem since I entered here in company with the heads of the French and Italian detachments on December 11, 1917. At that time the American Military Attaché accompanied me and I remember that he assured me of the very special interest of America in the capture of Jerusalem and in the future development of the country. Though there were no American troops participating at that time, for America had not declared war on Turkey, yet I was assured that the heart of the American people would respond with peculiar interest to the appeal of the new opportunities for development of this Sacred Land.

"There is inevitably a certain amount of destruction in war. You have come to help set right the wrongs and to rebuild what military force has destroyed and it is for this work that we particularly welcome your cooperation.

"I wish to take also this opportunity of extending my thanks to the heads of the various communities and representatives of the various institutions in Jerusalem who have done me the honor to be present on this occasion. I would thank the Mayor of Jerusalem and the Commissioner of Education; the *Mufti*, as the head of the Mohammedan Community, the representatives of the Armenian Patriarchate, the Greek Patriarchate and the Latin Patriarchate, the Bishop of Jerusalem, the Spanish Consul and the representatives of the French Mission.

"I was warned not to attempt to make a Fourth of July speech but I am glad to greet the Americans to Jerusalem and especially the members of the American Red Cross Commission to Palestine, on this, their National holiday."

Then the Americans sang the *Star Spangled Banner*

and both English and Americans heartily united in singing *God Save the King*.

Many looked longingly after the sun as it went down, in the consciousness that it was lighting the noon-day of what was doubtless America's greatest Fourth, but proud to have had a part in this historic observance.

In these days long after the war anti-English sentiments are still expressed in America and anti-American feeling still exists in England. This attitude is not merely pitiful, it is criminal. Upon high occasions such as I have just described, when some stirring incident brings British and Americans together, all the latent emotionalism of the two peoples is apparent and with flagwagging and words they unite in mutual praise of one another. It were well if these words led to deeds, for the two great peoples may yet be banded together again to save civilization. It is only by the *will* to understand one another and the determination that misunderstandings shall be met in a sympathetic and open manner that England and America will be able to consolidate their highly natural friendship. To this end it is the plain duty of individuals of both nations if they love their Country, actively to check and destroy this pernicious and childish habit of sneering at one another.

Upon this Fourth of July, 1918, a reception was given in Jerusalem by that remarkable American, Mrs. Spafford, who thirty-seven years before had led a band of "Spaffordites" to Jerusalem to await the coming of the *Messiah* whom they believed would arrive in a golden flaming chariot.

With his army in process of reorganization, and the Seventh and Eighth Armies in strength, it was of course obvious that Allenby could not deplete his forces guarding the Jaffa-Jerusalem front to make large concentrations for an attack on the Fourth Army

east of the Jordan to close communications to Arabia and the Red Sea and drive the enemy from the field. It was, however, perfectly safe to utilize most of the army to attack on the northern front, for the steep precipices and difficult terrain east of Jerusalem, and the terrible climb from the Jordan Valley would make any attempt on the Holy City from that direction highly improbable. The whole Fourth Army front, therefore, could be contained by a comparatively small number of troops.

The growing uneasiness and vigilance of the enemy in the eastern area showed, however, that he expected an attack in force, and contrasted with a more easy-going sense of security on the northern front which is inevitable when for some little time nothing serious happens, especially with the fatalistic mentality of the Turkish soldier. All this admirably suited Allenby's purpose. He raided to the east with Australians, New Zealand and Indian Cavalry, and from the air he made wide reconnaissance beyond the Jordan. The troops marched everywhere ostentatiously. Thus the enemy increased his precautions in Gilead to hold Moab, and his anxiety increased when the munitions which had reached the Arabs with the mountain battery of the French contingent, and the British armored cars, enabled the picturesque force to march northward, east of the Hedjaz railway, and demonstrate to the east of Amman, while the British were raiding from the west. In addition to the army of Emir Feisul, the Arab forces of Sherif Nazin were also extremely active.

The Druses, the quaint *Muwahhidin* or Unitarians of Syria, who mingle the teachings of the New Testament and the Pentateuch with those of the Koran, and

dwell in the mountainous district of Lebanon and in the Haurân, were raiding farther north and waiting to cooperate with the Arab Army. All these signs colored the belief of the Turks that Allenby was preparing to make his threats on Es Salt and Amman decisive, whereas in actual fact he was making preparations to withdraw cavalry divisions from the Jordan entirely, and was secretly pushing forward his final plans to smash the northern front. Chaytor, with the Anzac Mounted Division and an infantry force of seven English and Indian and West Indian negro battalions, continued these impressive demonstrations to the eastward which would presage an attack in force, and the enemy was completely misled.

In August some more Handley-Page bombers arrived, one of which was piloted over from England by Brigadier-General Borton. The Germans and Turks now had excellent machines at the front, but the united British squadrons drove them from the air a few days before the campaign reopened, and crippled enemy observation.

In September the Eighth Army held a front from the coast at Arsuf, twelve miles north of Jaffa, eastward to Furkhah along the Wadi Kana, with the Seventh Army continuing the front for twenty miles, crossing the Jerusalem-Nablus road twenty-six miles north of the Holy City, to the Jordan, with cavalry on the flank. The two armies were roughly on a parallel with their old Gaza-Beersheba front in the south, and still across the main roads and railroad to Northern Syria with their flanks covered, the right on the ocean, the left across the Jordan which flows for one hundred and sixty miles along its deep valley through

the Sea of Galilee due south to the Dead Sea. Almost at right angles, extended east of and parallel to the river, the Eighth Corps and other elements of the Fourth Army continued the line due south, with a division at Maan along the Hedjaz railroad.

Again Allenby's plan was masterfully simple, and almost mathematically precise. He determined to attack in full force along the coast to break through and roll up the right of the Eighth Army on the plain, and immediately to launch the cavalry through the gap so that they could march rapidly northward in the Turkish rear while the battle was proceeding. Determined attacks would then break up the two armies while the mounted forces were sweeping northward along the coast to pass through the narrowest part of the Samaria hills to the Plain of Esdraelon. The mounted forces under Chauvel, who was to direct this advance, were the Fourth, the Fifth, and the Australian Cavalry Divisions. These forces were to be distributed to cut all lines of retreat by holding El Afule, seizing Nazareth where the headquarters of the Yilderim Army Group would be captured, while a division would continue down the valley of Jezreel to seize Beisan and the important bridge across the Jordan beyond. Thus every avenue of escape between Mount Carmel on the coast and the river would be closed on the north, and the Palestine railroad blocked, when the armies broke and were driven up country by the infantry. For this accomplishment the cavalry would be forced to march rapidly from sixty to eighty miles across a hostile country and break through the passes before any large forces could be gathered to secure them upon receipt of news that the armies had

met defeat. East of the Jordan the Arab Army and the armored cars would push north across the waterless hinterland and seize Deraa, the junction of the Hedjaz and the Palestine railroad.

It would be difficult to find a parallel for a program so decisively yet simply planned. The withdrawal of two cavalry divisions from the Fourth Army front was carried out without discovery, while Chaytor made a demonstration with his composite forces which had been left to cover the eastern front. The cavalry corps was concentrated in the vicinity of Jaffa, most of the mounted troops bivouacking under cover of the orange and olive groves. The task of bringing up and distributing three hundred and eighty-three guns and five divisions in the coastal area was difficult, but again the groves were utilized with remarkable ingenuity in the neighborhood of Ramleh and Ludd, and arrangements were made for supplying the forces with food and water.

The defenses of the Eighth Army front were based on sandy ridges with an elaborate system of trenches, machine-gun posts, and artillery positions extending eastward from the sea for ten miles to the railroad, which was blocked by entanglements, and the fortified village of Gilgal that served to hold the main coast road north which also passed through it. These defenses across the plain were of considerable depth, with a reserve system and artillery positions more than a mile behind, along the river Falik, and were built on the German plan with elaborate field-works linked with trenches and strongholds based on hamlets of the district. East of the railroad the defenses were extended across the foot-hills to the mountainous

region north of Jerusalem, where successive ridges were strongly fortified, especially along the Nablus road, with lines reaching down into the Jordan Valley.

The Twenty-first Corps under Bulfin covered the left, the Twentieth Corps under Chetwode the right, with a composite force which covered the center and enabled his two divisions to close up on either flank to avoid the strongholds on the Nablus road, when the subsidiary attack took place. From the sea the Sixtieth, Seventh, (Meerut), Seventy-fifth, and Third (Lahore) Divisions were concentrated in overwhelming force to smash and turn the Turkish right, with the Fifty-fourth and the French contingent extended over the foot-hills toward the center, and the Tenth and Fifty-third widely apart on the right.

The coastal attack was to open on the nineteenth, leaving the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps to push forward against the Seventh Army north of Jerusalem some hours later, when the elements of demoralization and direct support from the flank might be expected after the overwhelming blow on the coast. To prepare for this advance the Fifty-third Division launched a preliminary attack at night on the eighteenth, pushed down the valley and captured El Mugheir, which dented the front and enabled the division to enfilade the strong lines before Chetwode. After a surprise attack had accomplished this local gain, the Turkish armies settled down quietly with no premonition of the approaching blow.

In spite of the general tension which was plainly apparent, every one was in the highest spirits and full of confidence. The evenings at the chief's house on the top of the hill at Bir Salem were brightened after

work by the presence of many generals who relaxed themselves by spending hours full of laughter and light talk. Chaffingly titles were bestowed upon prominent officers, and the chief selected the title of "Allenby of Armageddon" for himself and dubbed his Chief of Staff "Baron Bols of Beersheba."

Mr. Hampson Gary, the American diplomatic agent in Cairo, and his wife were warm favorites of Lord Allenby and so too were their children, a boy and a girl. At the time when Allenby was about to start his final campaign all four were asked to breakfast at general headquarters, and the children asked the chief what his plans were. Without a moment's hesitation Allenby sent for his maps, and then and there showed the two children just what he proposed to do and where he intended to get.

Surely there can be no other instance in British military history of a commander-in-chief in the field taking two children into his confidence. If, as I hope, those two youngsters still remember the occasion, they may store it in their memories as a unique and historic honor.

In the cool of the evening of September eighteenth I strolled with the commander-in-chief through the vineyards which surrounded his house, and he discussed the flora of the district as though he had never a care on his mind, whereas within a few hours he was to launch an attack against the enemy which meant victory or disaster to the Allies.

The secret of "Zero" had been carefully guarded, and even I, who was living in the chief's own house and coming into contact day after day with the general staff, did not know the actual hour until after dinner

that night, when Allenby turned to me and said: "I want breakfast at four o'clock to-morrow morning."

At four-thirty on the morning of September nineteenth we gathered, a group of about twelve officers, outside the door of the chief's house, while four huge cars without lights stood silent as we watched and waited. Suddenly Allenby's voice boomed out "Zero!" and, looking up toward the front, we were treated to a remarkable sight. Along the whole line, as far as the eye could see, some fifteen miles from Rafat to the sea, there leaped up a sheet of flame, interspersed with a myriad of red and green Verey lights, followed a few seconds later by the thunderous roar of the artillery, the first move in that magnificent feat of arms which, as Allenby stated in his despatches of October 31, 1917, "resulted in the destruction of the enemy's army, the liberation of Palestine and Syria, and the occupation of Damascus and Aleppo."

The crash of zero hour in Palestine early upon the morning of September 19, 1918, sounded the death-knell of the Turk and the Central Powers; the roar of the guns and the leap forward of the infantry knocked out a keystone of the structure of the enemy hosts—Turk, Bulgarian, Austrian and German—paved the way for the final disruption and sealed the Allies to victory. In that early hour before the dawn the commander-in-chief's cars raced through the cool air toward the great stage upon which the curtain had been rung up. We flashed through Bir Salem, Ramleh, Jaffa and Sarona to Arsuf.

As we drove along from Jaffa, I noticed the amazing contrast between the state of the road at that time and forty-eight hours before, when I had passed over



The ford at the mouth of the Auja showing the Turkish positions captured by the One Hundred Fifty-Seventh Brigade on December 21, 1917.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught decorating the Commander-in-Chief at Jerusalem in the courtyard of the ancient Tower of David.

exactly the same route. Then the whole road was a moving mass of infantry, artillery and transport, trekking forward to various points allotted to them. On either side of the tracks lay camps of Indian troops, mingled with their British comrades, great villages teeming with life. On that memorable morning the whole countryside seemed deserted. One wondered whence all this host had disappeared, and then almost with amazement one realized that it had passed into the distance—ever advancing toward, and, as subsequently transpired, beyond its goal.

Allenby is one of those supremely optimistic men of whom there are perhaps too few in the councils of the great. A colonel commanding a cavalry regiment told me afterward that a few days before the final sweep Allenby called together a conference of commanding officers at Ramleh and, producing a map, stood in front of them all, and with a sweep of his forefinger from Jaffa northward said: "*That's where I am going.*" They stood almost astounded, for his finger had swept northward for over sixty miles to Beisan and Afule. He completed his remarks by saying: "*There are no objectives, but I want the whole Turkish Army, and I am going to have it.*"

This was no arrogant gesture on his part. It was no attempt to "impress," or to state a desire in a grandiloquent manner. Allenby is too big a man for that sort of thing—too big in mind, perception, and, above all, in trust. He had picked his leaders. He trusted them, and he knew that his armies were wholehearted and to the very last man keen as a razor edge. Therefore this gesture was one of profound trust and pride in every officer and man who was serving under

him. He knew that, given all the keenness and loyalty of which he had been assured, this final attack was definitely to become a defeat of the enemy armies of the East such as had never before been conjectured. Allenby's own spirit lived in his officers and men, and as a result, his forecast was not only correct but was surpassed, for within forty-eight hours the whole Turkish host was defeated and surrounded, and the most complete victory in the history of the war had been fought and won at an infinitely small cost of life.

At about five-forty-five on the morning of the nineteenth we stood above Bir Zeid, where but an hour before the surprised Turkish infantry had been overwhelmed by the suddenness of the British onslaught.

The following hour will always shine in my memory as one of the most wonderful in my life. I was indeed privileged to be a member of the party of less than a dozen who witnessed one of the most romantic and inspiring sights it could befall any one to witness. There were present, I remember, in addition to the Chief, Major-General Sir Louis Bols, Chief of General Staff, Major-General Sir John Shea and his A. D. C., also Lord Dalmeny, Captain W. Naper, and one or two others whom I can not recall.

We stood upon a grassy knoll at the edge of the cliffs which dropped to the sea for a sheer hundred feet and looked out across the undulating country of the Plain of Sharon. It was a glorious eastern morning, a haze hung over the sea, and the sun was just strong enough to make the wearing of a helmet a relief. Far in advance on the right could be heard the intermittent sputter of machine-guns, and from the rear came the deafening blast of the siege batteries, while

on the left from the sea mist came stabs of orange-red light as the two British destroyers lashed the right flank of the enemy with a tornado of shells. On the right, in the middle distance, queer dark patches could be seen moving toward the British lines, and field-glasses disclosed the fact that they were parties of prisoners already being escorted in great numbers to the rear.

Our attention was then deflected to the sea-shore, and as we gazed down upon that narrow strip of sand, there swept into action from behind a cliff the cavalry corps of British, Indian and Australian horsemen. They passed in a majestic stream along the broad sandy beach, and, as they rode, word was passed to them that the commander-in-chief was standing on the cliffs above, and they raised their arms in salute. The breach was open, and this mighty host was sweeping forward into the Unknown—to victory or disaster.

I confess to sentiment at this moment, for I was deeply moved, and I thrilled until I literally shuddered, for I realized that along this identical road, centuries before, had ridden Cœur-de-Lion and his Knights to fight for an ideal, a quest not so vastly different from that upon which these soldiers of the Empire had set out this morning in September, 1918.

I watched Allenby for some minutes, and, though for the only time during the years I have known him I saw one flash of emotion cross his face, he looked unutterably proud, and his keen eyes were as hard as steel with determination and hope. To say that the whole attack went "according to plan" is far too meager a description, for it was such a magnificent success that within forty-eight hours the Turkish

armies were practically surrounded and put out of action, except for the remnants which fled north in confusion and despair straight into the arms of the watchful cavalry.

In detail the battle would be difficult to describe. There was one short terrible bombardment for fifteen minutes, and before the Turks could rally, the infantry were charging. Although the Turkish machine-guns did serious execution, they were soon engulfed by an irresistible wave of bombers; but for a time losses threatened to be heavy, and the enemy artillery kept up a strong barrage. The fortified villages were stoutly defended, but Allenby's short bombardment had allowed no time for counter-preparation by the Turkish gunners to limit the greatest intensity of the assault. On the sea front the machine-gun fire in many places was very strong; but along the somewhat marshy shore the Sixtieth Division swept through the entrenched system like a flood, and within two hours, with Indian troops assisting, these London troops were fighting desperately with their backs to the sea, pushing the Turks eastward and holding the supports from the frayed flank as they beat down opposition to allow the cavalry space to get through.

Riding over the broken wire, the leading cavalry brigades were soon across the Falik, and the three divisions were sweeping on twenty miles north by midday while the Turks were still fighting desperately to seal the ever-widening gap. The Eighth Army flank was bent steadily back from the coast, and it was soon resting along the railroad, fighting stubbornly along the foot-hills and ridges, facing westward but ten miles from the coast. Many of the British troops in

the gap had fought and marched for twenty miles over the heavy sand-dunes and marsh, hammering back the Turkish right wing from its determined efforts to hold the flank on the sea.

The operations were strangely significant. With the two battalions of Algerian *Tirailleurs*, the French detachment comprised the Regiment *Légion d'Orient*, built up by two battalions of Armenians and a Syrian company, troops which fought all day with great courage in the stubborn battle in the foot-hills and the fortified villages. The French cavalry detachments were devout Moslems from Algeria. The British Fusiliers in the composite command were Jewish battalions recruited in England, but with many of Russian and German association, who enlisted to fight in the Holy Land. Thousands of devout Indian Moslems were striving manfully to knock out the Turk, or riding cheek by-jowl with crack British cavalry for the same object.

As the flank was rolled from the coast plain, the enemy concentrated in the broken region along the edge of the mountains, and the battle raged for thirty hours with little chance to send up food or water in the disorganized area. The second day was well advanced before the Eighth Army was fully crumpled. At nightfall on the nineteenth Chetwode started his attack on the strong front of the Seventh Army. The Fifty-third Division had already wrapped round the left flank by its initial advance, but had to face powerful counter-attacks, and the Tenth Division farther west had to capture successive heavily wired positions. Though the Eighth Army was breaking up, the Seventh continued with frenzied effort to hold the Nablus

road, and fought on with the German battalions until the Twenty-first Corps had forced its way so far from the coast that the Eighth Army had been turned entirely and was driven so far back eastward that it was soon curved into the Seventh Army area toward Nablus (Shechem), which was taken. Then both armies fled; but they had been shepherded between the continuation of the great north road and the Jordan, to break up and flee in the utmost confusion, though at first the rear guards were well organized, and, with very well served machine-guns, inflicted some loss and delay. The confusion in the rear areas of both armies was incredible; but in the uncovered coast sections the sudden advance had spread panic far back along the communications, and every departmental unit, transport, convoys and guns started a mad stampede northward.

The Royal Air Force and Australian Flying Corps were beyond all praise for their magnificent work in harassing the enemy's forces as they retreated. From Tul Keram to Anebta the western road followed by the side of the railway through a narrow valley which soon became a death trap. As the enemy struggled to get clear with their transport and guns, aeroplanes swooped upon them, flying low, and not only dropped bombs, but used Lewis-guns and even revolvers upon the stricken hosts. Again and again the machines hurtled by until the valley was the most appalling shambles the mind can conceive. Hundreds of dead men, horses and oxen lay inextricably mingled with guns, wagons, horses and all the *impedimenta* of an army. Vereshchagin painted no scene of war's horror to approach this one.

In the midst of this terrible holocaust I saw a remarkable sight. The Air Force had evidently dropped a very heavy bomb some little distance from the road, and concussion had instantly killed six oxen attached to a wagon, together with the drivers. The oxen were standing rigid, and the two Turks sat upright upon the driving seat, one still grasping the brake with the grip of death. Owing to the heat all were abnormal in size, and it was a revolting sight which caused a feeling of nausea.

Along the Messudie-Jenin road the same terrible slaughter occurred. As the enemy retreated, the Air Force bombed the head of the pass and then flew up and down the confused hordes, pouring upon them a continual hail of bombs as machine after machine reloaded its supplies and returned. This valley earned the name of "The Valley of Death." With these scenes before them large numbers of the retreating troops turned back with the white flag and surrendered to enjoy the best rations they had ever known, and excellent treatment, too good according to many, for Allenby was considered by some to be too generous to prisoners. Thousands now began to pour in, but the main bodies of the crushed armies struggled painfully north.

With its miraculous start the cavalry had already reached its objectives. The Fourth Division rode through Megiddo (Armageddon) and was passing through the defile to the plain at daybreak on the twentieth. The contact squadron of the Lancers in advance discovered a Turkish force with several machine-guns racing to hold the pass. Armored cars brought the Turks to a standstill as the Second

Lancers debouched and charged on the flank as the enemy brought his guns to action. The Division, therefore, was able to get through to the plain and envelop the junction station at El Afule, capturing ten trains, the aerodrome, a German lorry-convoy, and eight hundred prisoners. The main road was now cut. The Tenth Brigade swept on eastward to Beisan, and the Nineteenth Lancers captured the important Jordan bridge beyond. On the twenty-first staff cars of the retreating Seventh Army came into view and were captured, and the flow of fugitives grew stronger hour by hour. But all roads to the north were covered, and forces were also thrown across the Jordan. The main body of the Seventh Army was encountered fleeing in good order on both sides of the river. When the roads were found to be blocked, the Turkish batteries came into action to try to break through. On both banks the cavalry were able to flank the guns, and on the Twenty-fourth Rushdi Bey and his Sixteenth Division were captured intact. The Tenth Cavalry Brigade marched eastward to join hands with the Arab Army, which had captured Deraa, and the line therefore was complete from the coast into the desert across the Hedjaz railroad and the Haji route to Damascus from Mecca.

The Australian Mounted Division and French cavalry detachments worked in support of the Fourth, having detached forces to cooperate with the infantry and to convoy prisoners. The Third Light Horse Brigade captured Jenin on the twentieth and turned to receive the first rush of the Eighth Army, capturing eight thousand exhausted prisoners in thirty hours. The German contingent attempted to stand, but was

charged and captured. The Fourth Brigade pushed on from Beisan along the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee. Semakh was captured after a severe fight on the twenty-fifth, and during the afternoon Tiberias was taken.

The Fifth Cavalry Division, which came out in the spring of 1918, seriously depleted after heavy service in France, had been brought up to strength by the inclusion of other units, and was also in the van of this open fighting. From El Afule the Thirteenth Brigade pushed north to surprise Nazareth, high on the hills that border the north of the great Esdraclon plain. Through a beautiful and fertile valley of corn-fields, with its sides lined with fig and olive groves, the ascent is steep to "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built," and the sun was just reddening the eastern sky on the twentieth when the troops rode up toward the historic town of the Annunciation from the great battlefield of three nations on which the last remnants of the Turks were soon to be destroyed.

As the brigade entered Nazareth, the Turkish Headquarters was completely surprised. Marshal Liman von Sanders and other staff officers were asleep when the cavalry were discovered and an alarm raised; but most of the High Command leaped into their cars and escaped, leaving all their effects, while the German guards swept the streets with machine-guns until driven to the outskirts. Liman von Sanders escaped capture by a hair's breadth, and then only by the smallest turn of the Wheel of Fortune. A cavalry officer reined up in front of the building which afterward was discovered to have been the German General's quarters, and was buttonholed by two excited

nuns from the neighboring convent. These good women volubly attempted in French to explain something to the British officer, who, not understanding the language, merely smiled indulgently and replied: "All right. Presently. Presently." This officer rode off to meet his comrades, and the two good nuns were thus foiled in their attempt to inform him that Liman von Sanders was in an upper room of the house in his pajamas, and could be led out captive as docile as any lamb!

Immediately this officer had taken his departure, von Sanders ran out by the back door, leaped into his car, and scuttled for Damascus, ten minutes before his house was surrounded. The headquarters was searched, documents removed and the cavalry took out two thousand prisoners, including important staff officers, when they returned to El Afule to assist in the cordon.

By the twenty-fourth the Seventh and Eighth Armies had ceased to exist, except for the few miserable remnants which trickled foolishly to the desert. The whole of the artillery and transport had been captured, and the work of the cavalry was finished. But Allenby lost no time. As a few squadrons escorted droves of prisoners down country, where the infantry was already swamped with its captures, the Mounted Corps was ordered to take Haifa and Acre. An enemy column from the Haifa garrison was met on the way to help Nazareth, and was collected after a fight.

Allenby's mind was already reaching north. Haifa is built on an excellent roadstead, and the harbor would afford a sea-base of vast importance for an army that had practically leaped into the unknown.

The slopes of Mount Carmel were found to be occupied, and the Mysore Lancers rode over the rocky slopes held sacred by the memory of Elijah, while the Jodhpur Lancers, with the loss of their Indian colonel, galloped into the town, sweeping through the streets in a picturesque fight and captured a large number of Turks. Their English colonel was killed soon afterward.

Some of my most treasured possessions are a series of messages in Lord Allenby's own handwriting, written on the little slips of buff army paper so familiar during the war, sent in reply to the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams which poured into him from all countries. I still possess those written to Foch, Petain, French, Haig, Pershing, Balfour, the King of Egypt, as well as to many other persons of note and societies all over the world, and I mention this because, as I write, I have before me a telegram which the chief sent to that splendid veteran, Sir Pertab Singh, a message which once more shows Allenby's great heart and his desire to pay homage to gallantry and to give pleasure. The message is dated September 24, 1918, and addressed to Sir Pertab Singh at Alexandria, where he was convalescing after the strain of too active soldiering.

"Congratulate you on the brilliant exploit of your regiment the Jodhpur Lancers, who on the twenty-third September took the town of Haifa at a gallop, killing many Turks with the lance in the streets of the town and capturing seven hundred prisoners. Their gallant Colonel, Dalpat Singh, fell gloriously at the head of his regiment. He was buried with full military honors this afternoon."

Acre is ten miles beyond Haifa, and the historic city which Napoleon called the Key to Palestine, with vast fortifications that have endured attacks for seven hundred years, was taken by the Thirteenth Cavalry Brigade, its garrisons retreating after a few desultory volleys.

For a very brief pause the advanced forces halted on the great battlefield of Palestine—Esdraelon, or the Plains of the Megiddo, the scene of Barak's triumph, and the place where Josiah received his death wound, with Mount Gilboa, Tabor, Nain and Endor on its boundaries, and the valley of Jezreel where Saul and Jonathan were overthrown. Jezreel in its Greek form has given the name Esdraelon to the whole plain, which in history is named in Hebrew *Ar Mageddon*—after the fort of Megiddo—the inspiration of a wide field of conjecture after Allenby's battle in relation to the prophecy of the Apocalypse for the great fight between Good and Evil.

Facing north, the wider area above Jerusalem covered by Allenby's second campaign was again clearly marked by almost parallel lines. As in the first advance, the left was still defined by the coast; then came the western road linking up the towns on the sea front; next the Palestine railroad, and the great central highway, literally the Dan to Beersheba line, which marked the extreme right during the Jerusalem campaign. Passing northward through the Holy City to Nablus, Jenin and El Afule to Nazareth, this road now formed a main artery of the advance in the broader field also traversed by the Jordan on the right, some eighteen miles farther east, with more

small curves than any river known, but again marking a line due north from the Dead Sea to the Sea of Galilee. On the extreme right flank from sixty to seventy miles inland, making devious detours, the Hedjaz railway and the Pilgrims' road progressed due north from the Hedjaz to Damascus. With the base marked by the road from Jaffa through Ludd, Jerusalem and Jericho, north of the Dead Sea, and over the Jordan to Amman, and the northern border outlined by the route from the ancient port of Tyre eastward through the verdant valleys of Mount Hermon to Damascus, the area is again plotted out like a vast oblong chess-board on which every move in the game could be readily followed, although it covered nearly eight thousand square miles to the Damascus line, from which the cavalry were again to leap forward in their magnificent ride to Aleppo.

The infantry now was clearing up and taking stock. In the Twentieth Corps area, the Irish regiments (Tenth Division) were at Nablus, the center of a fertile country where the despoiled Christian communities were overjoyed at their deliverance. The city has, perhaps, the most beautiful surroundings in Palestine, and it is the old metropolis of the Samaritans, a remnant of whom have survived centuries of persecution, plunder and enforced exodus, and retain their strict religious observances, their industrious character, and their feud with the Jews. Even to-day it might be said: "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans"—yet no other Christian people has enjoyed so great a respect from the Turk. British troops were resting near Jacob's Well, where the Woman of Samaria drew her water, and were halted

on the road to Galilee. The Welch and Ghurkas of the Fifty-third were overlooking the Jordan Valley, having pursued the enemy for twenty miles during the operations of the Twentieth Corps, which had taken six thousand prisoners and one hundred and thirty guns, and ushered the Seventh Army to lines of retirement where the cavalry was waiting.

The Twenty-first Corps was scattered; the hard-fighting London and South of England troops of the Sixtieth and Seventy-fifth Divisions were sending hordes of prisoners to the base and were moving to Reserve. The Third (Lahore) was marching up country to garrison important points, and the Seventh (Meerut) moving on to Haifa, followed by the Fifty-fourth (East Anglian) Division, which had battalions recruited from Allenby's own county.

Most of the cavalry had marched and fought for a hundred miles with little food and no rest. On September twenty-fifth the Fifth Division was at Haifa, the Australians on the Sea of Galilee, and the Fourth Division at Beisan and on the Jordan, holding a line from the ocean to about forty miles inland.

With scarcely a pause for rest, a farther step in Allenby's brilliant and far-reaching plan then was unfolded—the cavalry were to take Damascus. Great campaigns have raged for its possession, and the vigor of the city's defense once led Tamerlane to invoke massacres, unequaled until this war, when the Turkish régime, now reaping a just measure of retribution, finally exterminated the Armenians with a ferocity and lust which placed the modern Turk of the "Union and Progress" brand beyond the pale; a fact which obliterated pity for the beaten foe when it became

known that some of these very troops were stained with innocent blood.

Spectacular legions have marched out and failed before Damascus. Allenby's quiet order to Chauvel and his tired cavalry corps to capture the city indicated no pomp or pageantry with its terse but complete instructions for the march of one hundred and twenty miles at a moment's notice, and it was based on the quiet confidence in the ability of his troops and an organization ready to support this rapid advance. Soldiers who had seen much service pondered deeply when they contrasted these prompt decisions with attempts in other fields which had failed utterly through long delay for preparation and because some great essential was lacking. From a pre-war viewpoint such a plan would have been considered fantastic.

The news had come to Allenby, already anticipated by his intuitive brain which ever foresaw and took precaution, that the Fourth Army could now be brought to bay without a battle, and he reasoned out exactly the hour and place, and promptly arranged for each emergency. The Fourth Army had halted one day too long east of Jerusalem. The rout of the Seventh and Eighth Armies had made its position difficult; but the leap of the cavalry had not entered into the calculations of the Turco-German staff, and the region along the Hedjaz railway was too remote for worry as to the security of the long line of retreat north. The commander, therefore, waited for orders and to warn the forces in the south, and on the twenty-second he was still preparing to evacuate, packing up as he watched for developments against his immediate front, before he started his transport north. The main

forces of the Fourth Army prepared to fight a vigorous delaying action along the Jordan and on the excellent reserve positions at Es Salt and Amman, and then to get clear as the Turk had done so frequently. The report of the Arab formations on the line of march was disquieting, but the Third Cavalry Division, which had been on the Seventh Army flank, had escaped eastward and was available, and there were garrisons on the chain of depots and posts along the rail and road communications, with no very definite news of Feisal's strength or direction.

The Fourth Army, which only evacuated the Jordan line after stubborn fighting against Chaytor's steady advance, turned in full flight, after strong rear-guard action, on the twenty-fifth when Amman fell. Up country our Fourth Cavalry Division started for Damascus on the twenty-sixth, followed by the Fifth Division and Australians next day. With this long arm reaching up into Asia there was a note of bathos in the Turkish report that "though the enemy had reached Amman he had been checked, and was unable to press the pursuit."

Chaytor's small composite force east of Jerusalem had been acting with effective rapidity. On the twentieth the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and the West Indians had moved up west of the Jordan, along the Jericho-Beisan road, and on the twenty-first captured the bridges east of the main battle area to prevent the crossing of fugitives from the scattered armies. The New Zealanders thus captured remnants of the Fifty-third Division, together with its commander, as it fled pell-mell to the Fourth Army area down the road from Nablus to Es Salt. On the twenty-second Chaytor

drove the enemy from his front along the Jordan and advanced over the terrible country against the main positions farther east, capturing Shunet Nimrin. The New Zealanders farther north crossed the Jordan by the Nablus road and swept down to Es Salt (Ramoth Gilead) which was captured on the twenty-third, and the forces closed on Amman, which was taken after heavy fighting two days later, with the Fourth Army in full retreat along the Hedjaz railway and the Pilgrims' road. The strong rear guard was cut off and captured and the retiring columns were harried unmercifully by the Air Force; but no other pursuit was necessary as the doomed army was urged forward on the "long traverse" toward Damascus.

Chaytor now had other work on hand and consolidated at Amman; the cavalry, having cut the railway at Kalaat and Ziza, taking more prisoners, extended southward. The Second Corps, which had evacuated Maan and lesser posts southeast of the Dead Sea, came racing up on the twenty-eighth straight into the trap. When Ali Bey found the enemy waiting, he halted undecided at Kastal station with a train-load of sick. His idea of marching round and arranging a shuttle service above the gap was frustrated by the waiting cavalry, and the next day the commander threw up the sponge, surrendering with four thousand, and sixty-six officers and men, who were marched off, followed by an angry crowd, which were restrained with difficulty by the troopers. In addition, several hundreds of Turks were taken who were too weak to walk. In these operations across the Jordan Chaytor took ten thousand prisoners, fifty-five guns, and eight hundred tons of ammunition.

The capture of Amman (Rabbath Ammon) is of special interest, as it is the site of the ancient Philadelphia, with magnificent ruins of the city built by Ptolemy Philadelphus to replace the Ammonite stronghold before which Uriah was slain. Now from Amman one of the final blows had been struck, which forced the Turk to abandon the vast region of Arabia, to evacuate his ports on the Red Sea with the loss of Mecca and Medina, more than a million square miles of Western Asia, and the ambitious railroad that linked the Red Sea with the Black.

As the Jordan section of the Fourth Army marched from Gilead across the plateau of Bashan, the last unit of the Yilderim Group which had made so great a bid for enforcing Turkish supremacy, its exhausted rear guard was now stoned ignominiously by lurking assailants from adjacent heights. Stragglers died from thirst or were killed by revengeful coreligionists whom the troops had wronged, and men were stripped and wagons looted by those who now extended their immemorial custom of plundering passers-by to these once feared despots, whose prestige was so utterly shattered. As the forces marched wearily over the sun-scorched plain, raiding nomads from the desert plateau to the east, and the pacific dwellers from the fertile ridges to the west, lay behind rocks and forgot their variant creeds as they sniped the common enemy. The Arab forces had cut the line near Deraa; the expected help by relief trains from Damascus therefore failed, and the desert warriors under Lawrence hung remorselessly on the flank of the retiring forces, avoiding battle but harassing the columns night and day.

A Turkish soldier who was taken prisoner said "El Nebi (i. e. Allenby) is a witch." This was a general superstition among the Turks because of Allenby's uncanny knack of being able to foresee all the tactics of the enemy. The chief certainly has extraordinary eyes and I have heard officers say that he has been able to read their minds as if they were open books.

More than a million Christians from Asia Minor had been driven into the Syrian Desert to meet death in various forms. It seemed a slight act of retributive justice that the demoralized Turks should now find themselves spurned and attacked on all sides by the wild inhabitants as the last vestige of discipline was shed, and the army became a rabble in its headlong flight across the debatable Haurân. But now the Turks turned in revenge to loot and massacre across a lonely district in which no women or children were left to tell the shameful story. The Haurân has a bad name for lawlessness and fanaticism; but in addition to the outlaws of the Lejah or marauding Bedouin, there are noble patriarchal tribes with codes that teach a lesson to more boastful forms of civilization, and a fundamental of the Druse law also had been violated by this cold-blooded slaughter of women.

Lawrence and his Sherifian Camel Corps and armored cars captured several stations and covered the Mezarib road, rounding up the smaller flanking columns which were marching with artillery and harrying the main forces. The Arab Army had many organized allies, but by that last insensate act of cruelty the whole country was roused and intent upon rending the Turk. The detachments which attempted

detours to reach Damascus, or moved by night in their race to pass within the *Gate of God*, were utterly engulfed in the fury of the hate their actions had inflamed, and then, just as help was starting from Damascus, Allenby's trap shut.

Riding northeast to head off the main Turkish columns before they reached the city, two of Chauvel's cavalry divisions were following the western road, converging to this line of retreat; but the Fourth Division on the right, which had moved first, had immediately crossed east of the Jordan in rear of the retreating army. The Second Lancers and Central India Horse, after capturing Zebda, attacked Irbid on the twenty-seventh, and at night turned out a halted column from this line, taking many prisoners and machine-guns. These were driven toward Deraa where other Turkish troops were encountered farther to the east. Contact was now made with the Sherifian Army, which had held up superior forces at the junction after cutting the railways. Lawrence's Camel Corps and Feisal's horsemen at one A. M. on the twenty-eighth drove out the rear guard and captured the town. Bombed repeatedly from the air on a previous day, it was near here that the Arabs had extended in a watercourse, and crouched motionless among the rocks with their tired kneeling camels while the German airmen overhead searched fruitlessly for the forces which they had been attacking, but which had mysteriously disappeared when they returned with more bombs from the aerodrome at Deraa.

The cavalry now drove the Turks through Mezerib, with the splendid Arab horsemen and the Camel Corps assisting in the pursuit and covering the outer flank.

Strong delaying actions were attempted, but rear guards were ridden down and the guns captured by both commands, which took hundreds of prisoners. Several parties broke away and made off across country to a certain death. A disordered mob of soldiers, guns and wagons in a confused mass were harried toward Kiswe, as the Yeomanry and Jacobs' Horse, leading the advance, cleared several near-by villages. At Kiswe the enemy attempted a final stand at the town and on the railroad, with batteries on the hill above the station to check the pursuit, while an effort was made to draw breath for the last march to the capital from which help was expected, and which was already in sight from the *jebel*. For the moment it looked as if considerable forces would march or trickle in to augment the Damascus garrison.

The Australian Division, with the French squadrons, had started their march on the twenty-seventh from Tiberias, following the famous Jerusalem highway which from Nazareth skirts the western shore of the Sea of Galilee by Capernaum and Bethsaida, and continues along the upper Jordan by Joseph's Well toward Lake Huleh. Although this region has fallen to ruin, it teems with historic interest. Near Huleh the main road crosses the Jordan by the "Bridge of Jacob's Daughters," and thence runs directly northeast to Damascus, with a less used road continuing north through Dan and Cæsarea Philippi.

The Australians found a gap blown in the ancient bridge, and the forces driven from Nazareth entrenched beyond to hold the crossing. Between the two lakes the Jordan is rapid but narrower. Any delay in pushing across country to reach Damascus in

time to cut off the Fourth Army would have proved serious. The cavalry, therefore, swam with their horses across the Jordan above and below the bridge, enveloped most of the Turks and their battery, and on the twenty-eighth marched to El Kuneitra, the summit of the long ascent from the Jordan Valley. Pushing on at daybreak across the volcanic plain beyond Sasa, opposition developed in this difficult country, and there was heavy fighting before the "Wadi of the Persians" and the canal which supplied Damascus with water were passed. Then on a prepared line, where the road passes between the two hills capped by Juneh and Kaukab, a force of two thousand five hundred Turks was found holding a formidable position on September thirtieth. The situation was critical, and threatened to spoil the entire plan by leaving the exits from Damascus open to the north. The Australians were in no mood to be balked. The Twelfth Light Horse rode out on the right, as the guns opened a sharp bombardment, and swept against the flank as the Fourth made a frontal attack, and the large Turkish units broke and fled to Damascus, losing heavily as the cavalry rode them down. News of the approach of the Division created great confusion in Damascus, and forces were thrown out too late to change seriously the plan of envelopment, which worked out perfectly in spite of the delays. Determinedly overcoming all opposition, the Australians rode round the western environs and covered the roads leading out from the city to Tyre, Beirut and Aleppo, closing all avenues of escape just as part of the garrison was evacuating.

The next stage in the plan more directly affected



General and Lady Allenby with the Bishop outside St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem.

the fortunes of the Fourth Army. Marching across to the Sea of Galilee from the coast, the Fifth Cavalry Division had been following the same road to Damascus, and had closed up behind the Australians during the delaying actions. When the advance was cleared, the Division was forced to act rapidly. Toward Damascus the western road converged rapidly with the direct northern route on which the Turkish forces were already streaming toward Damascus, and the Turkish Cavalry Division which should have been covering the retreat at Kiswe was pushing its jaded horses to the limit to reach the city. Men with the freshest horses were already passing by as the Fourteenth Brigade cut across from the Nazareth road. Without a moment to spare the Sherwood Rangers, the Deccan and the Poona Horse turned across the northern road south of Damascus and halted the Turk in his tracks. Farther south the Eighteenth Lancers, Gloucester Yeomanry and Hodson's Horse wheeled from the road and appeared on the flank of the flying Turks on the western approach to Kiswe.

Again Allenby's simple strategic plans had worked perfectly. As the sun set on September thirtieth, the Fourth Cavalry Division was driving the remnants of the Fourth Army northward—for several miles Turkish transport, guns and troops were strung out on the sacred road and its adjoining tracks, with forces halted to rest and reform at Kiswe under the welcome cover of the guns, while the cavalry and other units were already far up the road toward Damascus. But east of the railroad the Arab forces were moving in on the outer flank, and British forces suddenly appeared in the west just as the news came that they were also across the roads to the north.

The miserable remnant of the Fourth Army was encompassed within reach of its goal; the troops suddenly realized that the long race was lost as some of their cavalry came streaming back seeking an outlet. The last stand at Kiswe was more spectacular than serious, and the enveloped forces surrendered with the remaining artillery.

Most of the Turkish Cavalry Division also was rounded up with its commander, and thus the residue of the harassed army found peace and security at last, though hundreds of frantic men, terrorized by false rumors of British vengeance, dropped their arms and tried to crawl through the gaps at night, those who escaped to the east meeting a miserable fate in the wilds.

The headquarters and garrison at Damascus were utterly paralyzed by the unexpected investment on the north, and were too concerned in trying to find a way of escape to plan any organized defense of the city, although their numbers should have made it possible. The approach of the British threw Damascus in a turmoil. Turks were mobbed in the streets, the high officers could not hire carriages or horses to escape, and there were fierce fights as they strove to take vehicles by force, the soldiers themselves overturning carts and carriages seized by the Germans, many of whom were killed by their erstwhile dupes.

At dawn on October first detachments of the Tenth Australian Light Horse entered Damascus from the north, and part of the Fourteenth Cavalry Brigade from the south reached the "*Street that is called Straight.*" Colonel Lawrence and the Arab forces entered simultaneously by a different route, and re-

ceived a frenzied demonstration from the populace. Chauvel formally entered at eight-thirty A. M. and took over the oldest city in the world, which had been captured by his bold exploit with a celerity beyond belief.

On the outskirts during the night the Australians had been making important captures. The French cavalry covering the defile on the Beirut road held up a strong column marching out during the night, and the guns caused heavy losses until the four thousand men finally surrendered. Before sunrise on the first the Light Horse held up a loaded train steaming out with eight guns and five hundred troops. A second Turkish division escaped from the east of the city, and by a long detour swung round to the Aleppo road, where it was pursued by the Third Light Horse, charged and captured with all its artillery. Other forces from Damascus had tried to fight their way out on the north without success. The Australians closed the operation with a total of twenty-five thousand prisoners and thirty-nine guns. The Fifth Division took ten thousand, and twenty-seven guns, and the Fourth, in its longer drive north, twenty thousand, with guns and transport abandoned for miles along the line of march.

Damascus was a rich and satisfactory prize. Aptly called the Pearl of the East, this perennial city proved a veritable center of romance, with its bazaars stocked with rare products of the arts and craft of the Orient, and its mosques and buildings excellently preserved, and exhibiting almost every era of its kaleidoscopic history in stone and marble, with the gilded crescents on the minarets of the mosques towering above its picturesque and garish architecture.

With the tremendous strain on transport rapidly overcome by the occupation of the ports on the coast, Allenby immediately determined to extend the area of the gains to the very gates of Syria. On the coast the Seventh Division was marching steadily north. The famous Ladder of Tyre proved an immense obstacle, but the top was rapidly blown off by the engineers and a road built across it for the guns and lorries to pass. On October eighth the infantry marched into Beirut, capturing the garrison as French warships entered the port. After a few days the division marched on up the coast and occupied Tripoli, which was captured by armored cars and the divisional cavalry as the main force moved in.

Leaving the Australians with the Arab forces to hold Damascus, Chauvel started north on October fifth with the Fourth and Fifth Cavalry to march on Aleppo. On the eleventh Baalbek was captured, and Homs was occupied on the fifteenth, one hundred miles from Damascus. By this time the cavalry was seriously depleted and the horses exhausted. With armored cars and the Fifth Division, however, a column was formed to reach for Aleppo, which was held by eight thousand Turks. A strong detachment of the Arab forces had now arrived to participate, and early on the evening of October twenty-fifth this force entered the outskirts of the city after heavy fighting. The Turks evacuated, leaving a strong rear guard across the road to the northwest. These fresh and rested Turkish troops fought stubbornly, and although the Indian Lancers charged with splendid dash on the left and broke through, the remainder of the enemy line stood firm and the position proved

too strong for the single depleted division and the armored cars. During the night, however, the Turks withdrew and were closely followed, only to turn to bay once more twenty miles to the northwest.

Word had been sent for the Australian Division to move up in support, but before the reinforcements arrived to push forward to Alexandretta, the Armistice was declared. Thus the Fifth Division had marched and fought for five hundred miles practically without rest. From the opening of the battle of Jerusalem on September nineteenth Allenby had advanced his front some three hundred and twenty miles. Over seventy-five thousand prisoners had been taken, including three thousand seven hundred Germans and Austrians, while *matériel* captured amounted to three hundred sixty guns, eight hundred machine-guns, two hundred ten motor-lorries, eighty-nine railway engines and vast reserves of ammunition and stores.

Thus terminated a campaign which, apart from its spectacular aspect, was a splendid achievement of military genius, consummated by the determination and marvelous hardiness of all who took part in it. The crushing defeat of the Turks was so complete and the subsequent pursuit was so swift, that it is difficult to describe the culminating phases with any real clarity. In six weeks a nation which had always been, and as far as can be seen will still always be, a source of dire trouble to the peace of the world had been hurled precipitately out of areas which it had misruled for centuries, and had been reduced to a cipher incapable of taking any further part in the World War.

Allenby's staggering success at the very outset of the final campaign swiftly decided the fate of all the other enemy Powers, for although Bulgaria surrendered a few days after the start of the offensive in Palestine, there is little doubt that the Turkish debacle was the final straw which caused that country to hasten the end. The Armistice was signed with Turkey on October 31, 1918, and eleven days later the Germans, too, were forced to capitulate.

Syria was conquered not by the highly trained army which had captured Jerusalem, but by a heterogeneous force which, under the guidance of a master hand, had been rapidly improvised and molded into an exceptionally efficient fighting machine, when a large proportion of the veteran troops had been transferred to France.

The *London Times*, in a remarkably fine leading article in its issue of December 31, 1918, summed up Lord Allenby's achievement as follows:

"Historians will dwell on it with admiration and delight. Its object was achieved with artistic completeness. It was fought over country that enshrined the most sacred memories and traditions, whose familiar place-names stir the deepest emotion of all who read the despatch. . . . No other allied military conception during the whole war, in fact, was so symmetrical in its design, so naturally dramatic in its setting, so perfectly fitted in its execution to the highest hopes of its author."

The whole campaign was a supreme triumph for the British Empire, for, apart from the handful of French and Italian troops which were present in the Holy Land for the sake of national *amour propre*, it

was conceived, conducted and won by units from the Empire alone. The victory, complete beyond the dreams of the ordinary soldier, would, however, never have been translated into the realms of fact had it not been for Allenby's superb strategy which defeated the enemy in detail. With classic precedents established in the East by Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, the campaign remains one of the most remarkable ever known—a battle of forty-seven days, which covered an advance of three hundred and twenty miles, and threatened a far wider area, with Alexandretta as the base, had not the enemy sued for peace.

By Allenby's victory, however, far greater results were attained than the mere conquest of Syria, the forced evacuation of Persia, and the elimination of the Turks from the war.

The Dardanelles were at last opened to the world, and the Allies occupied the forts of the Straits and the Bosphorus. The Turkish fleet was surrendered unconditionally and all relations with the Central Powers were at an end. The way now was open to reach the most vulnerable section of the main front in the West through the weakened and disheartened countries of Bulgaria and Austria. The fighting in Palestine was in very truth a cavalry campaign from first to last, and in its results eclipses those of any other in history.

Promoted to G. C. M. G. early in 1918, for his eminent services upon the termination of the war His Majesty the King conferred upon Allenby the G. C. B. and created him a Viscount, while a grateful country voted him fifty thousand pounds through its elected representatives in Parliament. Foreign Powers vied

with each other to do him honor, and the list of decorations conferred upon him are so remarkable that they are worthy of record in full. He received from Serbia the Grand Cordon of the White Eagle, from Egypt the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Nile, from Greece the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Redeemer, from Roumania the Grand Cordon of the Crown and the First Class Order of Michael the Brave, from the Hedjaz the Grand Cordon of the Nahda, from China the Grand Cordon of the Striped Tiger, from Japan the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun, from Belgium the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold, from Italy the Grand Cordon of the Order of Savoy, while the United States conferred upon him the rare honor of the American Distinguished Service Medal, and Belgium and France added their *croix-de-guerre*.

His return in 1919 was the signal for a demonstration of gratitude and admiration in the streets of London, and was the beginning of a round of festivities designed to do him honor. He received the freedom of the City of London, which also presented him with a sword of honor. Of all the distinctions which were showered upon him, he was proudest of that bestowed by Felixstowe, the home of his youth, for he felt that the honor was equally shared by that wonderful old lady, his mother. His final joy lay in the fact that she lived to welcome him home, and that he was able to tell her that to all his successes and all his triumphs she had contributed in great measure by her unflinching devotion and indomitable spirit. Nothing could prove this assertion more sublimely than the following sentence from a letter written by the great soldier to his

mother on November 6, 1918: *"I remember in the dark days of last spring how you refused to be depressed. Now you see the justification of your brave hopes. Such people as you make victories."*

When the war closed, the administration of the occupied territories bristled with problems, which were faced first by the military authorities with a remarkable absence of friction, when consideration is given to the number of racial and religious susceptibilities which were involved. The promulgation of a mandate for France over Syria placed the subsequent disagreements with the Arab rule at Damascus outside the sphere of British responsibility. The complications which resulted when Transjordan, which was part of the area in which the British Government had promised to support the independence of the Arabs, came under the mandatory area of Palestine were solved by a proclamation which excluded this Arab state from the Articles relating to Palestine, and placed a British representative at the capital, Amman, under the direction of the High Commissioner at Jerusalem, to assist the Amir and his ministers in a separate administration.

In Palestine the chief interest centered in the decision to establish the National Home for the Jewish people, and thus to materialize the hope which has survived for two thousand years for the return to the Promised Land in fulfilment of the prophecy. For many years the Zionist organizations had worked for this end with but little success. Immediately Allenby's conquest of Palestine seemed assured, the British Government pledged itself to this policy in the form of

the famous letters from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Lord Rothschild, as the representative of the Jewish community in England:

“Dear Lord Rothschild,—I have much pleasure in conveying to you, on behalf of His Majesty’s Government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to, and approved by, the Cabinet.

“His Majesty’s Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

“I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

“Yours sincerely,

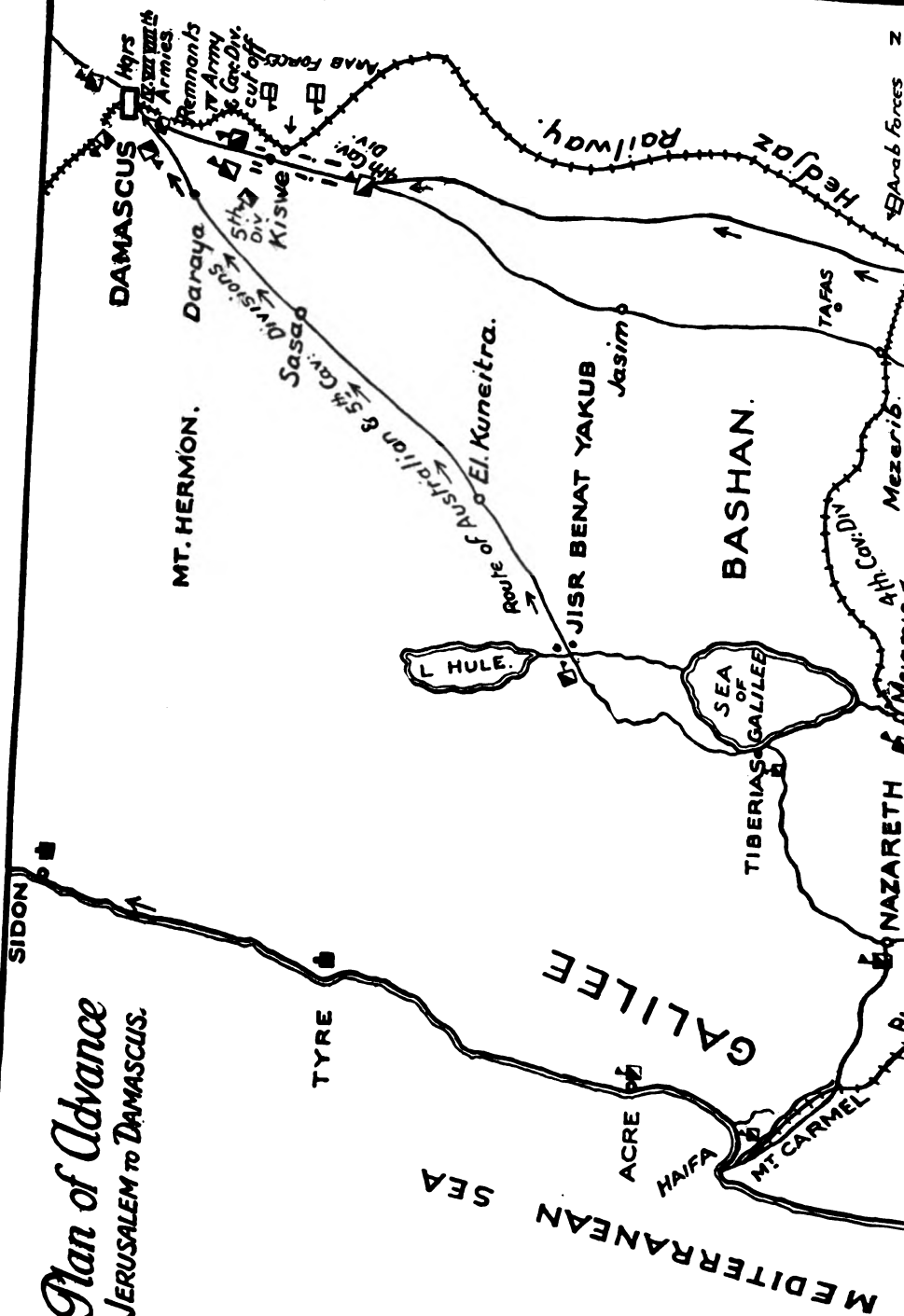
“ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR,”

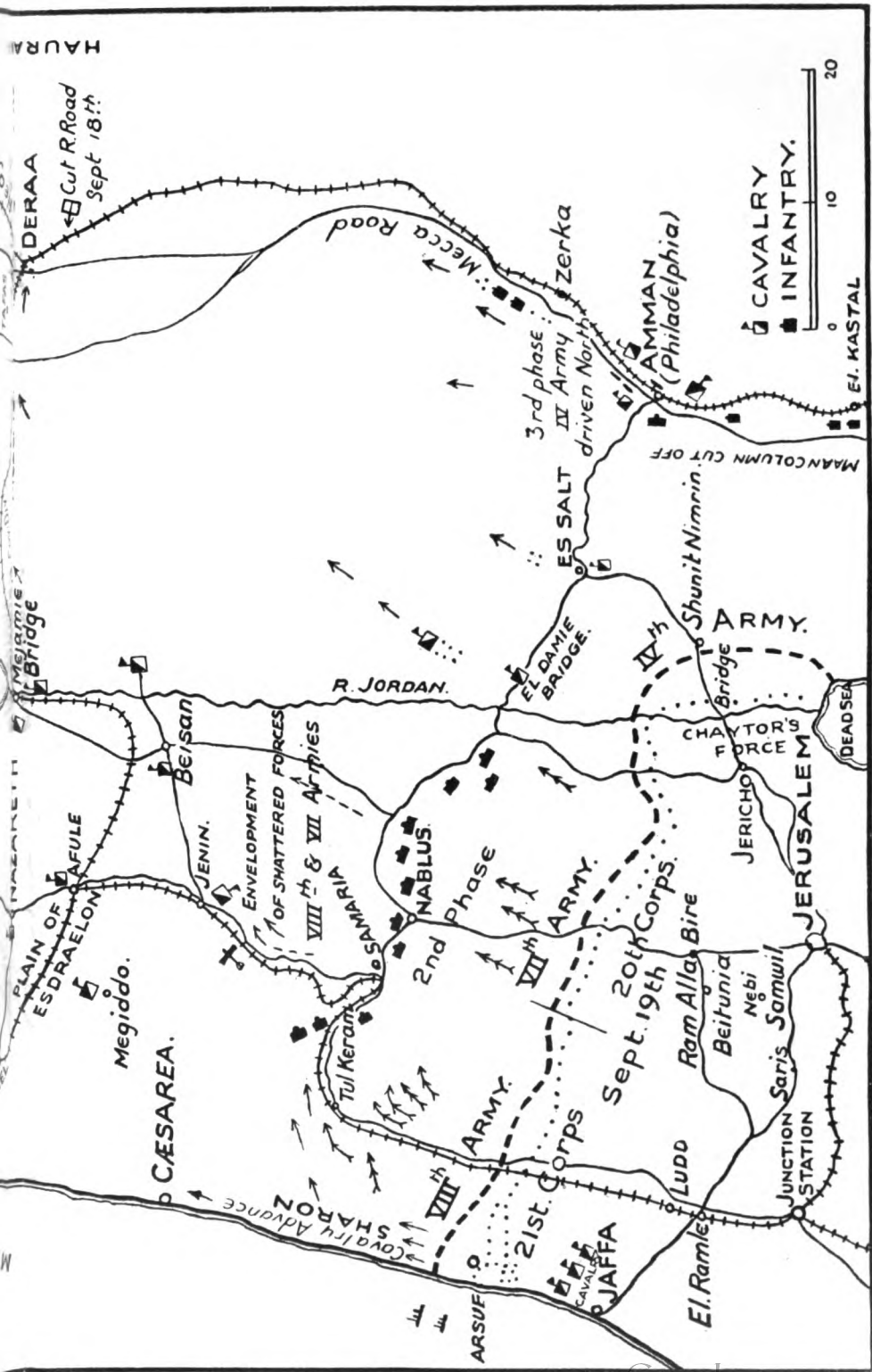
On June 30, 1922, the Congress of the United States unanimously endorsed the project, in the following terms:

“Whereas, the Jewish people have for many centuries believed in and yearned for the rebuilding of their ancient homeland and,

“Whereas, owing to the outcome of the World War, and their part therein, the Jewish people are to be enabled to recreate and reorganize a national home in the land of their fathers, which will give to the House of Israel its long-denied opportunity to reestablish a fruitful Jewish life and culture in the ancient Jewish land; therefore be it

Plan of Advance JERUSALEM TO DAMASCUS.





“Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the United States of America favors the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of Christian and all other non-Jewish communities in Palestine, and that the holy places and religious buildings and sites in Palestine shall be adequately protected.”

The desire of the Zionists to find a refuge for the millions of persecuted Jews in the *Pale*, which took practical form when the *Chovevé Zion* movement was started in Odessa and spread through the broad belt of territory conquered by Russia in the eighteenth century, and notably in Lithuania and Poland, took the practical form of seeking to establish a great Jewish colony, a sanctuary for the oppressed. In a wider aspect the ideal of rebuilding the Jewish nation in Palestine remained a vision with no immediate signs of fulfilment until Allenby's victory. A vast immigration to an unsettled country like Palestine has proved impossible, of course, and enthusiastic dreams have relapsed to practical achievement by a slow and conservative movement to build up self-supporting agricultural communities, which each year prove capable of sustaining an increasing number of settlers.

As a result of the British military occupation under Allenby, the country gained a tremendous asset by the extension of railroads linked across the desert to Egypt. Railways, roads and water supply developed by the Palestine command provided a great foundation for progress and prosperity, and when the victory was completed, the work was continued with

untiring energy. This achievement opened the country at once to tourists, who flocked to the Holy Land in increasing numbers, and from the outset proved a source of revenue and a great incentive to local improvement and industry. Thousands of motor-cars now pass through once inaccessible regions, and the influx of visitors has had a most useful influence in taming fanaticism and bridging the gulf between East and West.

When Palestine was conquered, there were already forty important Jewish agricultural settlements producing chiefly grapes, oranges and tobacco: a work greatly aided by the practical help extended by the Department of Agriculture in Washington. There were some excellent German schools established for the Jews, but these fell into disfavor when the German language was made compulsory, a fact which retarded the idea of the founding by Berlin of a Germanic colony and the securing of peaceful penetration by means of Jewish emigration from the Fatherland. Of the fifteen million Orthodox Jews in the world to-day, it is estimated that nearly twelve million speak *Judisch Deutsch* or Yiddish. In Palestine, the *Sephardim*, Spanish Jews exiled from the Peninsula, many who had wandered far into the Orient, with others drawn from widely different countries, formed distinct communities. To secure unity of purpose and a common language, Hebrew has been declared an official language with English and Arabic, and is being taught universally in the schools.

The whole world is interested in this great experiment which is a direct outcome of Allenby's campaign. The greatest difficulties remain to be solved in regard

to the attitude of the Moslem population so greatly in the majority, and at first easily inflamed by agitators, who declared that they were to be expelled from their lands. As the belief has now spread that their rights are to be safeguarded, the era of discontent and disorder would appear to be passing, and, as measures are enlarged to ensure their cooperation in the administration of a country in which they remain the vast majority, security and progress will be maintained. The fact must remain that in Palestine is founded a National Home for the Jewish people, but this is a very different conception from that which expected the establishment of an exclusive National Entity. Very solid progress has been made, and the country is already beginning to blossom now that the blighting hand of the Turk has been removed.

Few things can have caused Allenby greater surprise than the warmth and spontaneity with which the various races, tribes and creeds greeted the commander-in-chief when he made an extensive tour with Lady Allenby of all the regions of his conquest. Addresses and demonstrations were made in towns and villages from every Christian, Jewish and Moslem community; the Arab tribes rode in for miles to act as his escort and the unostentatious visit that he had planned became a triumphal progress, with the unusual spectacle of an entire people turning out to welcome the conqueror of their country as their deliverer. Just as Allenby's personality had impressed itself upon all with whom he came into contact in Paris in 1919 when he was called from Egypt to attend the Peace Conference and calmed the troubled waters, so once more from the diverse peoples

who inhabited the regions which had been the scenes of his triumphs of military conquest that personality exacted a tribute of supreme homage.

An incident hitherto unrecorded emphasizes Allenby's influence in the Near East. After the Armistice the Turks discerned differences in the policies of the Allies, and as their wont, started to evade some of their solemn obligations, to haggle over agreements and encroach on specific terms. Allenby is always terse and explicit. He took a warship across to Constantinople, his unexpected landing creating a tremendous sensation in the Turkish capital where thousands crowded the streets when it became known that the "Conqueror of Turkey" had arrived. Avoiding all ostentation, however, he went quietly in turn to each State Department, enunciated his demands in definite terms which defeated subterfuge and left no loopholes for quibbling, and in a few hours he had settled serious frontier questions which threatened to create trouble in the occupied areas. He also formulated an agreement on the cooperative working of the railroads, the evacuation of Turkish forces and many other military questions. By his prestige and reputation for straight-forward dealing all his points were conceded and loyally put into effect by the Turkish Ministers.

Had he remained in power in the Near East and assumed control in Constantinople the whole lamentable trend of events might have been changed. The Turk was by far the best beaten enemy; but when the chief British forces had been disbanded in Asia there was no truly strong hand or unified policy to ensure a reasonable enforcement of the terms accepted by Turkey at the Armistice and at the Peace Conference.

In an imbroglio of divided counsels and with no stalwart influence to combine the Allied forces on the spot, various elements were allowed to unite unrestrained and to rally those minor factors which grew so rapidly that they overturned the responsible Turkish Government and built up a formidable power in Asia Minor to thwart the Allies and to negative explicit terms of the Armistice which had halted Allenby's victorious advance. This defeated power therefore was able to destroy with impunity all semblance of the Islamic-Christian political cooperation planned in a more enlightened and tolerant era by Solomon nearly five centuries ago. Thus the vast sequestration of the wealth and possessions of Christian communities remain in Turkish hands; persecution and massacre of Christians have raged unchecked; and the sacrifices of the war have not only failed to achieve the great ideal for the liberation of Christian territories and peoples from Moslem misrule, but have allowed the Turk to drive the hapless people in millions from their lands. All their hopes were destroyed however, when the United States declined to take an active and impartial part in solving Near East problems, and British labor forced a truce with Russia which sealed the doom of Armenia.

PART IV
POST-WAR—EGYPT

PART IV.

POST-WAR—EGYPT

The Situation—Pre-War History—El Azhar—The Egyptian—Cromer and Kitchener—The Milner Commission—Intrigues—Allenby's "Policy"—Zaghlul—Assassination of the Sirdar—The British Community in Egypt—Moscow and Islam—Allenby's Triumph—His Prestige as a Soldier and Statesman, and His Place in History.

EARLY in 1919 it was apparent that Egypt was on the verge of a serious upheaval, and that reactionary forces were at work which, if successful, would result in a distasteful retrograde movement to throw the country back into the chaos from which it had emerged under the skilful leadership of Cromer and Kitchener.

Dangerous riots occurred in many places, the most serious of which took place at Assiut, accompanied by atrocities that are the inevitable outcome of Eastern fanaticism and which necessitated the despatch of a punitive force under Major-General H. J. Huddleston to the affected areas toward Assiut.

The situation in the Delta was every bit as dangerous, notably in that hotbed of intrigue, Tintah, and it only needed one successful *coup* against British troops to ensure rebellion and massacre from end to end of the country.

Britain, emerging victoriously from the World War, found her prestige in Egypt shattered and respect for her word utterly at a discount.

There are many reasons for this unfortunate state of affairs, but to detail them with all their attendant

pros and cons is outside the province of this book and will be dealt with later by impartial historians.

At the same time a general survey of the situation is necessary in order that a clear vision may be gained of the difficulties and intrigues which faced Allenby when he became high commissioner.

In 1910 several Egyptian extremists proceeded to New York and joined the mixed coterie of agitators, which was composed of diverse creeds and races, but which, in spite of the fact that many of its members had not the remotest connection with the British Empire, discovered a popular and remunerative bond in the propagation of virulent Anglophobia.

Germans, professed Socialists who became rabid Imperialists in 1914, were the chief inspiration of the group, and these pseudo-intellectuals made common cause with the younger set of Irish agitators. They were later joined by plausible Indians, whose turbans and philosophy soon became valuable social assets. Many society women in New York conceived a violent predilection for lectures on Oriental mysticism with which anti-British propaganda was deftly blended, and the result was seen in the domestic scandals which arose as the outcome of their intimate associations with such riff-raff.

Affiliations were soon apparent with the poisonous group of Russian anarchists who established their headquarters in the Bronx, and among whom there appeared, to assume the leadership, Leon Bronstein, better known now to the world as Trotsky. Young and earnest students from almost every country in the world were soon attracted and became the easy prey of disgruntled and utterly unprincipled blackguards.

Although these polyglot groups were loosely linked, yet there was formed a highly dangerous nucleus for the widespread Bolshevist organization, whose machinations bore fruit when the Russian group, in open alliance with German agents, flocked back, many on British ships, to destroy Russia, betray the Allies and subsidize universal unrest and destruction.

Direct links were thus formed with Egyptian agitators, and it would be impossible to estimate the amount of mischief sown by this agency in the fertile field of Egyptian suspicion and discontent.

A far more potent factor was the legacy of the old Pan-Islam program arranged by the Young Turks with the close cooperation of Germany, and which was a political stratagem under a religious cloak for the purpose of permeating Western Asia, Egypt, and the whole of Northern Africa with a wide organization of propaganda and intrigue. This plan, perniciously active in 1913, aimed at the subversion of British and French influence, the stirring up of a united Moslem sentiment in Asia against Russia, and, in the event of a European war, a general preparation of the ground for a vast *jihad*.

The Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, was a strong supporter of this policy, and was up to his neck in a swamp of intrigue when war broke out in 1914, and he scuttled off to Turkey to remain an exile forever.

The declaration of a Protectorate in 1914 must be regarded as a war measure necessary when the nebulous bond with Turkey was severed.

The Egyptians had been informed that the war was being fought in order to vindicate the rights of little nations, and the reward to be given to Egypt for its

cooperation and loyal support was, when once the war had been brought to a successful conclusion, self-government. During the years 1914-1918 the cause of Nationalism had grown rapidly. It declined for a time after the defeat of Turkey, but flared up again when Mustapha Pasha flouted the decisions of the Peace Conference and created a new and potent Turkey from the ruins of the old régime.

The war-time experiences of the Egyptians themselves had in many cases been unfortunate and unhappy. Volunteers had been sought for from all over the country, and it is true, without doubt, that thousands were impressed into the Egyptian Labor Corps against their will. It is only fair to say that this was effected without any connivance upon the part of British authorities, but was accomplished by the usual system of *baksheesh*. Just as recruiters in England received one shilling for every man whom they induced to join the colors, so the Egyptians had a system of reward proffered to them. Owing to the fact that Egyptian mentality can rise little above the gaining of *baksheesh*, grave abuses were prevalent, and many of the *fellahin* were practically sold to the British by a series of intermediaries who all succeeded in lining their pockets in the process. This undoubtedly caused the *fellahin*, who in the past had received more encouragement and sympathy than almost any other people within the scope of the Empire and who therefore were accounted as the most loyal, to revolt against authority and demand that their oppressors should be swept out of the country. They had neither the intelligence nor the will to realize that the oppression to which they had been subjected was the work of their

own countrymen and in no way due to their protectors, the British.

There was a minor contributing cause to discontent which was nevertheless serious and which, so far as I am aware, has never received adequate attention.

There was a type of temporary English and Australian officer who made it his business to assume deep and intimate friendships with Egyptians of the commercial classes and to accept hospitality and gifts to a degree that was almost criminal. These Egyptians were not in the habit of giving something for nothing, and as they desired, above all, recognition of their social status, to be acquired by comradeship with British officers, they were not unnaturally aggrieved and disgusted when they found that their officer friends, of whom they openly boasted, quietly ignored their presence in public. The evil went even deeper than this assumption of intimate friendships, but I deliberately refrain from giving chapter and verse from actual experience because I have a deep horror of giving pain and a profound contempt for those who write for the purpose of raking over a refuse heap, or defaming those who are no longer, by reason of death or other circumstances, able to defend themselves. I am, however, convinced that reprehensible behavior, sometimes thoughtless but often deliberate, on the part of English and Australians of all ranks was a cause of deep resentment on the part of the Egyptian people.

Upon the outbreak of war Lord Kitchener left Egypt a peaceful and reasonably contented country. He was revered with a depth of feeling amounting almost to worship, and British prestige was at its zenith. In 1919 a revulsion of feeling swept the coun-

try which was seething with discontent, and the cry being raised, "Egypt for the Egyptians," a demand was made for the complete evacuation of the British.

Closely examined, the disorder was far from representative. In the Moslem University of El Azhar there are nearly ten thousand students from almost every country in the Orient, and the curriculum is said to have changed but little since the days of its foundation by Saladin. Yet parades and strikes organized by this heterogeneous crowd of Pan-Islamic zealots have been taken to represent the voice of Egypt, and they have, at any rate, widespread influence among the mob.

It must be realized that the average modern Egyptian is in breeding an unholy mixture of Arab, Maltese, Turk, Greek, Italian and Levantine Jew, and consequently to deal successfully with him is a task about as difficult as attempting to thread a piece of frayed wool, composed of many colored strands, through the eye of an ordinary needle. Further, the majority of students who pass out from El Azhar and other colleges in Egypt have received an education which fits them for clerical work only, and they are such notoriously bad clerks that preference is given to Armenians and men of any other nationality rather than to them. The Egyptian is a poor commercial man, the result being that most successful business houses are owned and run by foreigners, and it seems improbable that the leopard will ever be capable of changing his spots.

A feeling akin to despair comes to those who, having knowledge of these facts, are treated to tirades against Imperialism in Egypt from Labor leaders and



Allenby leaving the Abdin Palace after interviewing the King of Egypt.

ill-informed Trades Unionists who have no smattering of an appreciation of the failings of Eastern peoples. Before presuming to criticize and dictate, these people should have personal experience of dealing with natives, and should live for a while among them in obscurity, and without the blare of publicity which they court and enjoy. Possibly then there would be less sentimental rubbish talked about the brotherhood of, and equality for, those of all races and colors.

At the same time, behind the riots and murders easily provoked by the mongrel underworld which infests every Oriental city, there are no doubt regular political organizations and self-determination societies of greater standing that have welcomed and encouraged the demonstrations and disorders which are deplored by every stratum of moderate opinion and commercial interest.

The situation, however, aroused more serious proportions when it was realized that the outcry for evacuation came not merely from the pestilential student class, but from those in higher positions who were presumed to be warm friends of the British, and even from the *fellahin* who in pre-war days had been the staunchest and most loyal supporters of British influence.

Led by Zaghlul Pasha, fanatical and misguided, nearly all parties united in a demand for complete independence, and Lord Allenby, whose personal prestige as the conqueror of the Turks stood higher than that of any other living man, and who was therefore in April, 1919, called upon to grasp the reins of government by assuming the difficult post of high commissioner, found himself facing a desperate situation.

He had to choose between a policy of conciliation or the enforcement of repugnant repressive measures which would have necessitated large armed forces and would have ill-accorded with the British championship of small nations and subject peoples for which it was alleged the war had been fought.

Too often during the post-war period has Allenby's administration in Egypt been compared with that of Cromer and Kitchener, and compared unfavorably.

The conditions were in no way similar, for neither of those great pro-consuls was faced with the extraordinary and unparalleled situation that had arisen after a titanic struggle which had changed the face of Europe and upset all preconceived ideas as to nationalities and their diverse aspirations throughout the world.

Had anybody else been supreme in Egypt after the war, it is possible that the country once more would have run with blood and become the cockpit for a permanent struggle between the Orient and the Occident.

Allenby was up against far greater odds than those which culminated in battles such as Tel El Kebir and Omdurman. As the years had passed, communications between distant Islamic countries had become easy, and agitators were able to spread their pernicious doctrines over a far wider area than had been possible only a few years before the war.

As a soldier Allenby might have welcomed the prospect of another campaign, but as a humanitarian he knew the world was sick of carnage and was still dazed by the tragedy of human folly and its attendant misery. He understood well enough that the British peoples would not at the moment tolerate any further

warfare, and so he set himself to search out a policy of conciliation whereby Egypt could attain to its aspirations of self-government with adequate safeguards for the security of the Empire.

He was a soldier pure and simple, with little experience of administration and an admitted lack of knowledge of Orientals, for until he became commander-in-chief in the Middle East in 1917 he had never come into contact with colored people other than those with whom he had been concerned in his South African campaigns.

In spite of hectic political troubles which needed a firm hand the people of Cairo quickly responded to the personality of Lord and Lady Allenby. They received the utmost respect when they rode abroad and in a very few weeks they had entirely overcome the hostility which was expressed openly on the streets to Europeans. Nothing perhaps was more significant than the first garden party given at the residency which some people feared might result in a rebuff. In the beautiful grounds which were brilliantly illuminated, representatives of every faction and opinion enjoyed the high commissioner's hospitality. Members of the extremist *Wafd*, *Zaghlulists* and even the faculty of the rigid and exclusive College of El Azhar who had seldom attended secular functions, came in large numbers and expressed their most cordial respect to Lord and Lady Allenby. These men were bitter opponents to British control under the Protectorate, but many of them became strong supporters of the high commissioner in the difficult task of launching Egyptian independence.

When Allenby arrived in Egypt there was a gen-

eral strike of civil servants of every degree and all orders of the Council of Ministers were ridiculed. He immediately ordered that no salaries would be paid to absentees from duty and added that all who were not at their posts on the following day would be considered to have resigned and would be struck off the lists. In spite of appeals and promises by the leaders of the strike committees, all officials trooped back to their posts. Almost immediately the common people took heart and refused to pay the levy of twenty-five piasters per head which the committee were collecting under duress in the various districts.

In 1919 the government sent out a commission under Lord Milner to inquire at first hand into conditions and to submit a report with recommendations as to the policy henceforward to be pursued. Although disorder and strikes challenged the visit of this commission, the memorandum arranged with Zaghul Pasha afforded a good working basis if Egyptian public opinion had any stability of definite principles.

For over two thousand years the country has by its own inability to govern itself submitted to alien control. The aged civilization, therefore, has not continued in conscious form, and the *fellahin* remain distinct from the other citizens of mixed ancestry and tradition and the offshoots of Turkish domination who swarm in the cities and make politics, policies and problems so baffling and difficult of solution. An orgy of cruelty, oppression and corruption of many centuries had left its mark upon the common people, and when the country passed beneath a beneficent British influence which advised, assisted and managed essential services but levied no tribute, the *fellahin* for

the first time were able to raise their heads from an oppressive subjugation. Roosevelt's dictum, "Govern or get out," is forcible and to the point, but his words were spoken in a different era.

The conclusions formed by the Milner Commission did not suit certain persons in England, and therefore the recommendations were ignored and so the high commissioner seemed bound to continue a policy which from its repressive tendencies could only lead to the most disastrous results. Allenby flatly refused upon one day to preach black to the Egyptians and upon the second to preach white.

He promptly resigned and was recalled to England to confer with the Cabinet, but for some reason or another his resignation was not made public property.

It is at this point that matters require clarifying and it is to be hoped that the time is not now far distant when some one in possession of the true facts will be able to disclose them.

Is it conceivable that the Cabinet was at first in favor of the recommendations of the Milner Commission, but was gradually urged to refusal by some who were opposed to the terms of the report? When Allenby was recalled from Egypt to confer with the Cabinet, was there a set intention of accepting that resignation? Then when Allenby maintained his ground and, pointing out that British prestige could only be restored by the honoring of the promises made to Egypt, refused to jeopardize the British reputation for justice and truth, did the Cabinet, since no one suitable could be found at the moment to replace him, ask him to return with the famous Declaration of Independence practically in his pocket?

When the government had decided upon the grant of independence, the issue was at once apparent—the difficulty of securing an adequate electoral franchise, and in this reform, which was Allenby's final task, lies the greatest hope for the country.

Upon examination the famous Declaration concerning Egypt in 1922, which relaxed the control of the Protectorate and conceded internal independence, clearly stipulated British rights, assumed the defense against all foreign aggression or interference, "direct or indirect," and also the protection of (1) foreign interests, (2) minorities, (3) the Sudan. In point of actual fact British responsibility and control were far more patently defined than in any previous period before the war.

It is obviously a mistaken idea to speak of "Allenby's Policy in Egypt." Allenby had no policy but merely carried out the orders of the British Government, which itself appeared at the time to be quite incapable of forming any real policy. The government had made promises which, after investigation by an impartial tribunal, were recommended for fulfilment, but an attempt was made to evade obligations. Imbued as he is with a tremendous sense of justice and honor, Allenby once more proved the greatness of his character by refusing to be a party to dishonesty, and with magnificent courage and candor resigned his post.

The government realized the false step it had made and bowing to the inevitable, carried out its obligations. From that moment Allenby did nothing but accept his orders from the government and carry them out to the letter.

If, indeed, he was responsible for the tenor of the agreement, then surely he can lay claim to clear and far-sighted statesmanship. The old form of undefined tutelage, which in the past admittedly achieved wonders, could not have survived the war, and insistence upon an arbitrary Protectorate against the expressed wishes of the majority would have been incompatible with our position and highly dangerous to the peace of the whole world. In the present form of government in Egypt we simply assume a high and dignified responsibility for the protection of foreign and our own interests, without encroaching upon the rights of the people or interfering with their domestic concerns. We safeguard the Debt, the Canal and the Sudan, and are present to guide Egyptian officials who are admittedly in need of our methods and integrity to bring their work to a successful issue.

In accordance with the Declaration, the Constitution was drawn up and independence proclaimed on April 19, 1923. Following upon the elections, under its accepted provisions, Zaghlul Pasha became Prime Minister and promptly demanded complete independence, thus attempting once more to set back the hands of the clock of time. There rallied around him all the elements of disorder and disaffection, but on the whole in a much more chastened spirit than any which had prevailed under the Protectorate.

With amazing conceit, which in the strength of its concentrated essence must be the peculiar possession of Egyptians, Zaghlul Pasha saw himself as Liberator, Dictator and almost *Allah* Himself. Surrounded by corrupt sycophants, who desired nothing more than publicity and *baksheesh*, he was sadly swayed toward

the side of disruption and lost his head mainly from vanity, although it is only fair to admit his personal sincerity.

In spite of many blunders and unfortunate occurrences during the war, Egypt has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. The country has practically paid its way, the general standard of living has never been so good, and this in itself is a significant tribute to British influence.

Moderate Egyptian, as well as resident foreign, opinion contrasts this condition of affairs with the vicissitudes and trials of all the other war-burdened countries, and more especially those of Turkey, and resents the attempts of Zaghlul and his satellites to bring Egypt to the same level of unrest.

Encouraged by the conciliatory attitude which Allenby adopted and which they mistook for weakness, the agitators continued their diatribes against the British and succeeded in enrolling in their ranks many who later realized the evil they had wrought. Eventually the very extreme section propounded the theory that the only way to procure consolidation to revolution among the Egyptians themselves, and to draw the attention of the outside world to their alleged grievances, was to assassinate some high British official. This again is typical of the mentality not only of the Egyptians, but of all revolutionaries, whether they be from the East or the West, for resort to violence of this particular *genre* is generally regarded as evidence of revenge for a cause that has been lost.

The assassination of Major-General Sir Lee Stack, the Governor-General of the Sudan, in Cairo on November 19, 1924, caused a dangerous crisis which focused

the eyes of the world upon conditions in Egypt in general, and the difficult task before the high commissioner in particular. Widely divergent views were expressed in the press of all countries, and while some journals in England attributed the crime to a policy of feebleness on the part of Allenby, many in the United States and France bluntly asserted that it was the direct outcome of the interference of the British Government in exercising too rigid a control over the internal affairs of a nation in defiance of the "self-determination" conceded.

The consensus of international opinion, however, agreed that it was the act of virulent agitators and symptomatic of the general unrest prevalent in all countries, and therefore not necessarily a reflection of Egyptian opinion as a whole.

Whatever the reason, the fact remained that an atrocious murder had been committed and a gallant soldier, a true and loyal servant of his country, had been brutally slain to satisfy the inordinate vanity of a clique of unmitigated fools and rascals.

Zaghlul Pasha and his followers little dreamed of the swift retribution that was to follow, and did not realize until too late that their futile so-called policy which culminated in this insane outrage was to prove the death-blow to their aspirations.

Always ready to hear both sides of every question and ever eager to seek peace and ensure it where compatible with British justice, Allenby acted with incredible swiftness and, stung to the quick by the insult to British dignity and the cruel murder of a personal friend, in a few hours paralyzed Egypt by the sternness of the vengeance he exacted.

The warm-hearted conciliator and friend was no more, but in his place stood a judge inexorable and adamant, demanding satisfaction for murder most foul and wanton.

There were no signs of vacillation in the decisive action Allenby took in dealing with the crisis, and every impartial authority on Egypt has expressed admiration for the consummate skill with which he handled the serious emergency and extricated both countries from an *impasse* which seemed to offer no solution short of war. Many cast back their memories to another political murder some ten years before, a murder which, at first apparently insignificant, became the pivot upon which nations with their millions swung to an appalling conflict which left the world gasping and spent. So, too, this senseless murder in Cairo might have proved the spark to the tinder of the whole world of Islam, provoking a conflagration which in its fury might have placed the Great War in the realms of insignificance.

Thus bloodshed upon a huge scale was imminent, but by his cool courage and determination Allenby dominated the situation and firmly enforced every demand for reparation with a dignity and authority that compelled unequivocal compliance and evoked respect not only from the outer world, but from the very people whom he was castigating.

When the Egyptian troops were ordered to withdraw from the Sudan, they swore to die at their posts rather than to obey. The situation was exceedingly grave, for one tactless step would have precipitated a *jehad* beyond conjecture in its intensity and far-reaching disaster.

Allenby infused the new Egyptian Cabinet with his cool reason. While he was unbending in his firmness, he yet worked through official channels, thus dealing with the Egyptians themselves in a sphere in which British administration was still paramount.

Great credit is due to the new Premier Ziwar Pasha, who proved himself to be a strong man and who saw that the act which had caused the crisis was only a foretaste of what might be expected should British protection be withdrawn from the country.

The danger of forcible expulsion from the Sudan was avoided and the Egyptian troops moved out peaceably.

Then in a moment danger once more threatened, for mutiny in two Sudanese regiments broke out in a small flame which might easily have swept across that vast territory of a million square miles like a prairie fire, not from sympathy with, nor even from interest in, the troubles of Egypt, but from that indefinable spirit of unrest so prevalent in Asia and Africa to-day.

The ferment can be traced in part to the influence of Moscow, but its unreasonableness defies analysis or classification and is without definite control or objective. Beneath the unruffled surface of interior tribes lie fanaticism and warring instincts, which, when stirred, are apt to produce a raging maelstrom of murder and rapine.

The dangerous local fire was sternly extinguished, but wide alarmist and provocative measures were avoided. Sanity and order were quickly restored by cool confidence associated with justice and balance, and the danger was averted.

After infinite pains, Sir Lee Stack's murderers

were discovered, arrested, brought to trial and sentenced by an Egyptian tribunal without disorder or reprisal. There were some who advocated a British court-martial with a summary and perhaps salutary example which would only have endowed the assassins with a halo of martyrdom and caused widespread resentment, but Egypt was given full opportunity to prove her own good faith and by her own courts to vindicate the cause of law and justice.

Allenby's task was rendered considerably more difficult by a factor concerning which it is extremely difficult to write with restraint. I refer to the attitude of certain members of Anglo Egyptian society itself. The high commissioner has in many speeches spoken warmly of the cooperation afforded him by the British community in Egypt and it is indisputable that the majority was loyal; but it is an unhappy fact that there was a minority which did not hesitate to undermine, by thoughtless or deliberate innuendo, the authority of Lord Allenby. These people from time to time came home on leave to England and spread stories in official journalistic and private circles which were ridiculous in their lack of truth, and deplorable in their design to cause trouble and loss of confidence.

It is with the greatest reluctance that I touch upon this matter at all, but while I have been urged to speak out more plainly, I have also been pressed to avoid the subject entirely. The former I will not do because I am convinced that those who made hostile criticism did so thoughtlessly and never realized that, whether made in England or Egypt, they soon came to the ears of Egyptians themselves and in the coming gathered momentum, assuming a value in their suggestion of

division among the British themselves out of all proportion to their importance. The latter I can not do because of the information given to me from several sources and confirmed by unimpeachable authority, that remarks of a decidedly disloyal character were made quite openly by certain persons who from their position should have known better. It is the very fact that such incidents took place which makes it necessary for me to write about them, for a small minority which harbors such thoughts and gives utterance to them is highly dangerous and deserves the contempt of all right thinking people.

Lord Allenby needs no *apologia*, and it would be the gravest presumption on my part to appear either to defend or to criticize his actions. It would be equally wrong, because I profoundly dislike and distrust the Egyptians themselves, to avoid setting down what I believe to be the truth as regards Lord Allenby's own attitude.

It must be remembered that, primarily, adverse criticisms upon any subject have their origin among those who think that their dignity or livelihood are likely to suffer. The two main sources of criticism of Lord Allenby's régime arise from soldiers who are unable to continue their iron-handed sternness of war days, and civilian officials who realize that before long they will lose their posts and be replaced by Egyptians. With both these classes it is possible to profess the deepest sympathy, but they should not lose their heads and unduly criticize the actions of the man who, after all, only carried out direct orders and was the servant of the government.

What the future holds no one can foretell, but it

is plainly the duty of all who hold subordinate posts to support those who are set in authority over them with unquestioning loyalty and trust. This was perhaps the superlative lesson learned during the terrible period of 1914-1918, and peace requires its trusted leaders and loyal colleagues no less than war.

During the latter period of his time in Egypt Lord Allenby was face to face with a far bigger problem than the mere disaffection of Egypt and its demand for self-determination, for this was but part of a vast movement which was spreading from end to end of the North African coast. Encouraged and actively helped by emissaries from Moscow, the native races attempted a combination with the avowed intention of sweeping all Europeans from their territories, and the sequel is to be found in the difficulties which beset the French and Spanish in their campaigns against the Riffs. Had Allenby been more severe at the outset or less severe when circumstances demanded stern action, there is little doubt that the whole of the population of North Africa would have united and created a situation the dangerous possibilities of which are beyond conjecture.

As to the Bolshevik alliances and interests,* it is true that the tenets of Moscow are utterly irreconcilable with those of Islam; but the influence, with its insidious methods of propagation, is perhaps stronger than is generally realized. The situation that exists in Asia is eloquent, for practically the whole of the northern and central Moslem States have become imbued with the Soviet creed, and an area of one million

*In a recent public statement, Abd El Krim, leader of the Riffs, when denying the presence of Germans or Bolsheviks with his forces, stated: "Bolshevism is incompatible with the teachings of the *Koran*."

five hundred thousand square miles of independent countries of Islamic faith has passed from the sway of Khans and Amirs to close alliance with Russia.

When Lord Allenby assumed his post in Egypt, the country was a blaze of political intrigue and disaffection, but after six hard years he left it without a serious cloud upon the horizon. His patience, tolerance and fairness have won the admiration and even the affection of all shades of Egyptian opinion, and this was signified by the remarkable demonstrations which occurred upon his departure for England. He has strengthened the hands of moderate and stable interests and imbued all right-thinking Egyptians with a strong sense of responsibility in the conduct of affairs. The overburdened British taxpayer should remember with profound gratitude that Lord Allenby's methods have avoided the additional heavy burden of a serious armed conflict which for a long time threatened to be the only alternative to an abject surrender to the hosts of reaction.

Perhaps the finest tribute paid to him upon his resignation was that of the *New York Times*, which in a leading article said:

“Occupied as he has been since the completion of his military campaign with what were probably the most difficult administrative duties in any part of the British Empire, he has had no popular recognition, save in his own home country, of his brilliant contribution, consummate of its kind, to the history of mankind. The luster of that superb service no minor achievement should dim. The Egyptian task he must have accepted from a sense of duty and with a consciousness that, however well he might do at work, success in it would not add to his renown. He must have known,

moreover, that an outstanding personal achievement was practically impossible because he was not as free to act as in his Palestine campaign and was dependent upon political conditions over which he had no control. Without attempting to appraise his work as high commissioner, one may recall the supreme labor of this warrior-statesman, who is worthy to be remembered along with the greatest in the days of the Old Testament and beyond the greatest of the Crusaders in the Middle Ages."

Again, in a remarkably able article in the *Spectator* of June 20, 1925, a correspondent summed up Lord Allenby's character with such skill and insight that I venture to quote the concluding paragraph. He wrote:

"Lord Allenby is a great man because of his simplicity of character. In France his love of children, the poorer and more ragged the better, was proverbial. In Egypt his pet stork became a legend. His favorite charger bore a name famous in classical English literature. A man whose temperament is so cool and whose mind is so detached that he can buy a bag of sweets for a little village girl while waiting news from a raging battle, and who can walk unattended into a wood and find mental recreation from arduous labor by talking (literally talking) to birds, is capable of great things."

As a soldier Lord Allenby will always be remembered with glowing admiration for his daring qualities, and as the leader of always victorious armies he will be counted among the greatest of those who have served the Empire, while for all time he will be associated with Jerusalem and the deeds which culminated in its capture and freedom from centuries of notorious misrule.

As a statesman his name will live as one who in Egypt restored the waning prestige of Great Britain and enhanced its reputation in the eyes of both native and foreign peoples as the just protector of the country from outside aggression and internal reaction and oppression. He laid the solid foundations upon which will be built that structure of peaceful and progressive cooperation between Great Britain and Egypt which must surely be completed ere long.

In days to come, when the history of our time is written with that calm deliberation and judgment which only the passage of years can bring into due perspective, the name of Allenby will stand out in high relief, and will be accounted among those of the greatest who have devoted their lives with great signal success to the incomparable story of the British Empire.

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